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BONAPARTE.

Printed by W H Ashton

Harper & Brothers, New York

THE
HISTORY

OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JAMES M. LEBLANC.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

JOHN W. LLOYD, SON, & CO., 41, LUDGATE ST.

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ROMANESQUE

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BY
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

"La vérité, rein que la vérité."
"Magna est veritas et prevalebit."

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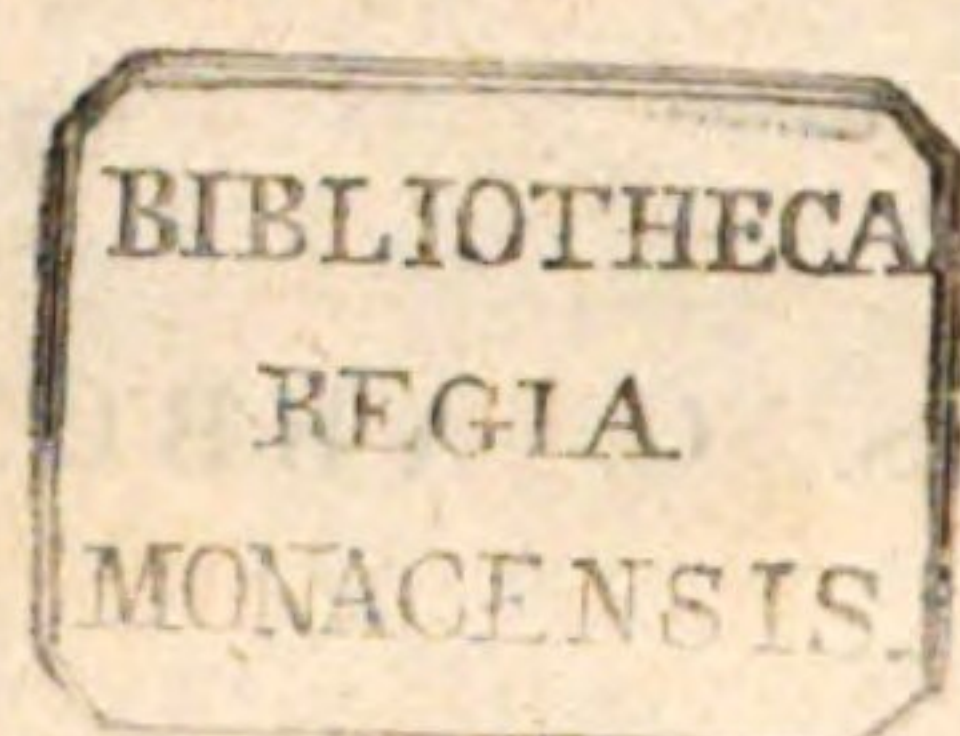
VOL. I.

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SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL,
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HISTORY

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE



P R E F A C E.

THE history of Napoleon has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon because he abhorred war, and did every thing in his power to avert that dire calamity ; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him ; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country ; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and all hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind ; because he had a high sense of honor, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man. Such was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The narrative contained in these pages is offered as a demonstration of the truth of this assertion.

The world has been bewildered by the contradictory views which have been presented of Napoleon. Hostile historians have stigmatized him as a usurper, while admitting that the suffrages of the nation placed him on the throne ; they have denounced him a tyrant inexorable as Nero, while admitting that he won the adoring love of his subjects ; he is called a bloodthirsty monster, delighting in war, yet it is confessed that he was, in almost every conflict, struggling in self-defense and imploring peace ; it is said that his insatiable ambition led him to trample remorselessly upon the rights of other nations, while it is confessed that Europe was astonished by his moderation and generosity in every treaty which he made with his vanquished foes ; he is described as a human butcher, reckless of suffering, who regarded his soldiers merely as food for powder, and yet, on the same page, we are told that he wept over the carnage of the battle-field, tenderly pressed the hand of the dying, and won from those soldiers who laid down their lives in his service a fervor of love which earth has never seen paralleled ; it is recorded that France at last became weary of him and drove him from the throne, and in the next paragraph we are informed that, as soon as the bayonets of the Allies had disappeared from France, the whole nation rose to call him back from his exile, with unanimity so unprecedented, that without the shedding of one drop of blood he traversed the whole of France, entered Paris, and reascended the throne ; it is affirmed that a second time France, weary of his despotism, expelled him, and yet it is at the same time recorded that

this same France demanded of his executioners his beloved remains, received them with national enthusiasm, consigned them to a tomb in the very bosom of its capital, and has reared over them such a mausoleum as honors the grave of no other mortal. Such is Napoleon as described by his enemies.

The judgment which the reader will form of the Emperor will depend upon the answer he gives to the three following questions :

1. Did Napoleon *usurp* the sovereignty of France ?
2. Having attained the supreme power, was he a tyrant, devoting that power to the promotion of his own selfish aggrandizement ?
3. Were the wars in which he was incessantly engaged provoked by his arrogance ?

These are the questions to be settled ; and documentary evidence is so strong upon these points, that even the blindest prejudice must struggle with desperation to resist the truth. The reason is obvious why the character of Napoleon should have been maligned. He was regarded justly as the foe of *aristocratic privilege*. The English oligarchy was determined to crush him. After deluging Europe in blood and woe, during nearly a quarter of a century, for the accomplishment of this end, it became necessary to prove to the world, and especially to the British people, who were tottering beneath the burden of taxes which these wars engendered, that Napoleon was a tyrant, threatening the liberties of the world, and that he deserved to be crushed. All the Allies who were accomplices in this iniquitous crusade were alike interested in consigning to the world's execration the name of their victim ; and even in France, the reinstated Bourbons, sustained upon the throne by the bayonets of the Allies, silenced every voice which would speak in favor of the monarch of the people, and rewarded with smiles, and opulence, and honor, all who would pour contempt upon his name. Thus we have the unprecedented spectacle of all the monarchies of Europe most deeply interested in calumniating one single man, and that man deprived of the possibility of reply. The writer surely does not expect that he can thus speak in behalf of the Emperor and not draw upon himself the most vehement assaults. Claiming the privilege of expressing his own views freely, he cheerfully grants that privilege to others. It is even pleasant to share the reproach of one who is unjustly assailed.

It would, indeed, be a bitter disappointment to the author of this work should it not prove to be a powerful advocate of the cause of peace. It is impossible to frame a more impressive argument against the folly of war than the details of the crimes and woes of these awful wars waged by the Allies against the independence of France. All who engaged in them alike suffered. Multitudes which can not be numbered perished in every form of mutilation and agony upon the field of battle. From millions of homes a wail of anguish was extorted from the hearts of widows and orphans louder than the thunders of Marengo or of Waterloo. All Europe was impoverish-

ed. Brutal armies swept, like demons of destruction, over meadows and hill sides, trampling the harvest of the husbandman, burning villages, bombarding cities, and throwing shot and shells into thronged streets, into galleries of art, and into nurseries where mothers, and maidens, and infants cowered in an agony of terror.

War is the science of destruction. Millions were absolutely beggared. Every nation was, in turn, humiliated and weakened. England, the soul of this conflict, the unrelenting inciter of these wars, protected by her navy and by her insular position, succeeded, by the aid of enormous bribes, in inducing other nations to attack France in the rear, and thus to draw the armies of the Emperor from the shores of Britain. Thus the hour of her punishment was postponed. But the day of retribution is at hand. England now groans beneath the burden of four thousand million dollars of debt. This weighs upon her children with a crushing pressure which is daily becoming more insupportable.

The plan of this book is very simple. It is a plain narrative of what Napoleon did, with the explanations which he gave of his conduct, and with the record of such well-authenticated anecdotes and remarkable sayings as illustrate his character. The writer believes that every incident here recorded, and every remark attributed to Napoleon, are well authenticated. He is not aware of any well-established incident or remark which would cast a different shade upon his character that has been omitted. The historian is peculiarly liable to the charge of plagiarism. He can only record facts and describe scenes which he gleans from public documents and from the descriptions of others. There is no fact, incident, or conversation narrated in these pages which may not be found elsewhere; and it is impossible to narrate events already penned by the ablest writers, and to avoid all similarity of expression.

The writer can not conclude this Preface without expressing his obligations to Mr. C. E. Doepler, for the beautiful series of illustrations which accompany the work, and also to Mr. Jacob Wells for the maps which he has so accurately constructed.

It has been the endeavor of the author, during the progress of the work, not to write one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. In that solemn hour it will be a solace to him to reflect that he has done what he could to rescue one of the greatest and noblest of names from unmerited obloquy.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BRUNSWICK, Maine, 1854.

CONTENTS TO VOL. I

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Corsica—Charles Bonaparte—Family Home—Birth of Napoleon—Death of his Father—Napoleon's Estimate of Maternal Influence—Country Residence—Napoleon's Grotto—His Disposition—His Mother's Dignity—Her Character drawn by Napoleon—Anecdote—Count Marbœuf—Giacominetta—Napoleon enters the School at Brienne—Early Espousal of Republican Principles—Love of severe Study—Contempt for Novel Reading—Religious Education—Snow Fortification—The disobedient General—Intimacy of Paoli and Napoleon—The Writing-master—Love of Retirement—Appointment in the Army—Mademoiselle de Colombier—Kindness of a Genoese Lady and its Requital—Avowal of Republican Sentiments—Anecdote—Serious Embarrassment—Soirée at M. Neckar's—Napoleon's Reply to the Bishop of Autun—Its Effect—Visit to Corsica—The Water Excursion..... Page 17

CHAPTER II.

DAWNING GREATNESS.

Salicetti—Magnanimous Revenge—Attack upon the Tuileries—Key to the Character of Napoleon—Foundation of the American Republic—Anecdotes—Interview between Paoli and Napoleon—Napoleon taken Prisoner—Paoli and Madame Letitia—Embarkation of the Bonaparte Family—The English conquer Corsica—Love of Napoleon for his Island Home—Surrender of Toulon to England—The French besiege Toulon—Napoleon's Plan for its Capture—his indomitable Energy—Regardlessness of himself—The Volunteers—Junot—Assault and Capture of Little Gibraltar—Evacuation of Toulon—Lawlessness of the Soldiers—Inhuman Execution—Anecdote..... 41

CHAPTER III.

THE AUSTRIANS REPULSED, AND THE INSURRECTION QUELLED.

Ceaseless Activity of Napoleon—Promotion—Departure for Nice—Attack upon the Austrians—Arrest of Napoleon and Deprivation of his Commission—Temptation and Relief—Defeat of the Army of Italy—Studious Character of Bonaparte—His Kindness of Heart—Infidelity in France—New Constitution—Terror of the Convention—Napoleon is presented to the Convention—Preparations—Results—New Government—Napoleon's Attention to his Mother—Pithy Speech..... 58

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—PIEDMONT.

Napoleon's Appearance and Character—His Benevolence—Josephine Beauharnais—Eugene—Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Napoleon takes Command of the Army of Italy—Departure from Paris—Feeling in England—State of the Army at Nice—Ascendency of Napoleon over his Generals and Soldiers—Influence of Letitia—Napoleon's Designs—His Proclamation—Toils and Sufferings of the Army—Efforts to win the Friendship of the Italians—Battle at Cera—Haughty Treatment of the Sardinian Commissioners—Proclamations..... 71

CHAPTER V.

PURSUIT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

Strong Temptation of Napoleon—His Wishes for Italy—Sensation in Paris—Remembrance of Josephine—Conditions with the Duke of Parma—Napoleon outgenerals Beaulieu—The Bridge of Lodi—Its terrible Passage—Entrance into Milan—Support of the Army—The Courier—Letter to Oriani—Appointment of Kellerman—Insurrection at Milan—Banasco—Pavia—The Venetian Bribe—Lofty Ambition—Origin of the Imperial Guard—Terms with the Pope..... 88

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF MANTUA.

Mantua—Trent—Raising the Siege of Mantua—Lonato—Castiglione—Letter to the People of Lombardy—The Austrian Flag of Truce—The faithful Sentinel—Movements of Wurmser—Battle of St George—Anecdotes—Love of the Soldiers for their General—Influence of England—New Austrian Army collected—Appeal to the Directory—Herculean Labors—Cispadane Republic—Napoleon's attachment to Corsica Page 109

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF MANTUA.

Napoleon at Verona—Rebuke of Vaubois' Division—The intercepted Messenger—The Storm of the Elements and of War—The Retreat—Battle of Arcola—Devotion of Napoleon's Generals—Letter to the Widow of Muiron—The Miniature—Message to the Pope—Madame De Staël—Napoleon's Frugality—Threat of Alvinzi, and Retort of Napoleon—Rivoli—The Capitulation—Napoleon's Delicacy toward Wurmser—The Papal States humbled—The Image at Loretto—Prince Pignatelli—Terror of Pius VI.—Singular Moderation of the Conqueror 125

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH UPON VIENNA.

Humane Advice to Venice—Honor to Virgil—Proclamation—Prince Charles—Tagliamento—Stratagem—Enthusiasm of the Soldiers—Battle of Tarwis—Retreat of the Archduke.—Refusal of Napoleon's Overtures for Peace—Consternation in Vienna—Negotiations for Peace—Revolt of Venice—Venetian Envoys—Napoleon Conqueror of Italy—Valteline—Power of Napoleon 145

CHAPTER IX.

THE COURT OF MILAN.

Napoleon's tireless Activity—Conference at Campo Formio—The Court of Milan—Happiness of Josephine—Temptations—Jealousy of the Directory—Proclamation—Appearance of the young General—Rastadt—Advice to his Troops—Arrival at Paris—Quiet private Life—Delivery of the Treaty—Reply to the Institute—England pertinaciously refuses Peace—Abuse of Napoleon by the English Press—Uneasiness of the Directory in view of the Popularity of Napoleon 158

CHAPTER X.

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Dreams of Napoleon's Boyhood—Decision respecting England—Egypt—Napoleon's Plea—His grand Preparations—Proclamation to his Soldiers—Advice to the Commissioners at Toulon—Embarkation—Napoleon's Power of Fascination—Surrender of Malta—Preparations for meeting Nelson's Squadron—Disembarkation at Alexandria—Proclamation to the Soldiers 173

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO CAIRO.

Sentiments of the Turks toward Napoleon—Proclamation to the Egyptians—Napoleon's Views of Religion—Labors in Alexandria—Order to Brueys—March across the Desert—Mameluke Horsemen—Joy of the Army on seeing the Nile—Repulse of the Mamelukes—Arab Sheik—Cairo—Charge of Mourad Bey—Entrance into Cairo—Love of the Egyptians—Battle of the Nile—Touching Letter to Madame Brueys 186

CHAPTER XII.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

Government of Desaix—Excursion to the Red Sea—Combination against Napoleon—Insurrection in Cairo—The Dromedary Regiment—Terrible Sufferings—El Arish—Dilemma—Joy of the Soldiers at Rain—Jaffa—Council of War—Statement of Bourrienne—March upon Acre—Letter to Achmet—Plague—Charge upon the Band of Kleber—Arrival of Napoleon—Tempting Offer of Sir Sydney Smith—The Bomb-shell 204

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE ABANDONED.

Terrible Butchery—Bitter Disappointment—Napoleon's Magnanimity to his Foes—Hostility against Dueling—Proclamation—The French retire from Acre—Humanity of Napoleon to the Sick—Baron Larrey—Indignation of Napoleon—He arrives at Cairo—The Arab Courier—Land Victory at Aboukir—Bonaparte determines on returning to France..... Page 223

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

Political State of France—Napoleon's Estimate of Men—Peril of the Voyage—Napoleon's Devotion to Study—Answer to the Atheists—Testimony to the Religion of Jesus Christ—Arrival at Corsica—Landing at Frejus—Sensation at Paris on receiving the News—Enthusiasm of the Populace—Anguish of Josephine—Enthusiastic Reception of Napoleon by the Parisians—Interview between Napoleon and Josephine 238

CHAPTER XV.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY.

Political Intrigues—Efforts for the Overthrow of the Directory—Affectionate Remembrance of Josephine—Success of Napoleon's Plans—Bonaparte in the Hall of Ancients—His Calmness in the Council of Five Hundred—His Humanity—Delicate Attention to Josephine—Alison's Tribute to Napoleon..... 258

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSULAR THRONE.

Causes of the Failure of Republicanism in France—Meeting of the three Consuls—The Consuls and the Gold—Napoleon visits the Temple—Recalls the banished Priests—The shipwrecked Emigrants—Liberty of Conscience—Constitution presented by Napoleon—Removal to the Tuileries—Selection of state Officers—Sympathy with the People—Emptiness of Bonaparte's private Purse—Thoughts on Washington and the United States—Vast Plans of Improvement—War in La Vendée 272

CHAPTER XVII.

PACIFIC OVERTURES OF NAPOLEON.

Letter of Napoleon to the King of England—Lord Grenville's Reply—Dignified Answer through Talleyrand—Irritating Response of Lord Grenville—Desires of the French respecting their Government—Remarks of Mr. Fox in the British Parliament—Reply of William Pitt—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Renewed Endeavors of the Allies to conquer Napoleon..... 291

CHAPTER XVIII.

COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

Letter of Louis XVIII. to Napoleon—His Reply—The Duchess of Guiche—Conversation of Napoleon and Bourrienne—Memorable Words of the First Consul—M. Defeu—The wealthy Nobleman—Magnanimous Conduct of the First Consul—A Day at the Tuileries—Napoleon's prompt Measures for the Purity of his Court 299

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Renewed Attacks by England and Austria—Proclamation—Generosity to Moreau—Napoleon's Plans for himself—English Caricatures—Pass of the Great St. Bernard—Grand Preparations—Enthusiastic Toil of the Soldiers—The young Peasant 310

CHAPTER XX.

MARENGO.

The Fort of Bard—Consternation of Melas—Solicitude of Napoleon—Proclamation—Desaix—Montebello—Arrival of Desaix—Terrific Battle—Death of Desaix—Consequences of War—

Instinctive outburst of Emotion—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Terms of Capitulation—Napoleon enters Milan—Enthusiastic Reception in Paris Page 320

CHAPTER XXI.

HOHENLINDEN.

Duplicity of Austria—Obstinacy of England—Responsibility of Pitt—Battle of Hohenlinden—Treaty of Luneville—Testimony of Scott and Alison—Universality of Napoleon's Genius—Letter of General Durosé—The infernal Machine—Josephine's Letter—Absurd Reports—Madame Junot—Hortense 333

CHAPTER XXII.

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

Treaty with the United States—Election of Pope—The Queen of Naples—Coronation of the King and Queen of Etruria—Madame de Montesson—Right of Search—Heroism of Nelson—Death of the Emperor Paul—Succors for Egypt—Condition of England—Determination of Napoleon—Uneasiness in England—The Sailor's Mistake—Cornwallis—Terms of Peace—Napoleon's Attachment to Fox 348

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATIONAL REFORMS.

General Exultation—Lord Cornwallis—Mr. Fox—Deputies from Switzerland—Intellectual Supremacy of Napoleon—Address to the Swiss Deputies—The English in Paris—Dissatisfaction of the English Aristocracy—Joy of the People—Napoleon's Defense of Christianity—Testimony of the Encyclopædia Americana and of Mr. Fox—The Tones of the Church Bell—The New Pope—Religious Library of Napoleon—Re-establishment of Christianity—Noble Proclamation—Religious Fête—Triumphal Monument proposed—Testimony of Lady Morgan—Moral Reforms—Testimony of Ingersoll 363

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

Peace in France—Trials of Josephine—State of Morals—Josephine's Plans for Hortense—Louis Bonaparte—Italian Republic—Congress at Lyons—Incessant Activity of Napoleon—Solicitude of England—Schools—Origin of the Decoration of the Legion of Honor—Election as First Consul for Life—Reproof to Lucien and Eliza—Review—Renewal of Difficulties with England. 374

CHAPTER XXV.

RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

Congratulations sent to Napoleon—Dissatisfaction of the English Government—Peltier, the Bourbon Pamphleteer—The Algerines—Violation of the Treaty of Amiens by England—Remonstrances of Fox—Indignation of Napoleon—Defenseless Condition of France—Interview with Lord Whitworth—England commences the War—Testimony of Ingersoll—of Thiers—of Hazlitt—of Scott—of Alison—of Lockhart—Remarks of Napoleon 394

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

Verdict of History—Power of England—Seizure of French Ships—Retaliatory Seizure of English Travelers—Preparations for the Invasion of England—Tour through Belgium—Plans for crossing the Straits of Dover—The young English Sailor—The Secretary—The Camp at Boulogne—Consternation of England—Testimony of Wellington—Plans for the Assassination of Bonaparte 406

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BOURBON CONSPIRACY.

Conspiracies in London—Countenanced by the British Ministers—Jealousy of Moreau—Plan of the Conspirators—Moreau and Pichegru—Clemency of Napoleon—Evidence against the Duke d'Enghien—Arrest of the Duke—His Trial—Condemnation—Execution—Trial of Moreau—His Exile—Testimony of Joseph Bonaparte—Remarks from Encyclopædia Americana—Extravagant Denunciation of Lamartine 419

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

Desire for the Empire—Decree of the Senate—Address of Cambacères—Reply of Napoleon—Fête at Boulogne—Naval Battle—Letter to the Pope—His Reception at Paris—Religious Sanction of the Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Coronation—The Empire..... Page 439

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE THRONE OF ITALY.

Napoleon's Letter to the King of England—Wishes of the Cisalpine Republic—Journey of the Emperor and Empress to Italy—Coronation at Milan—Dispatches Intercepted—Napoleon and the Peasant—Picture of a Day—Napoleon's Designs for France—Anecdotes—Conversation with Las Casas..... 449

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMPAIGN OF ULM.

Causes for the Misrepresentations of Napoleon's Character—Independence of the American Historian—Admission of Napier—Treachery of Austria—Breaking up from Boulogne—Address to the Senate—Comparison of Forces—Proclamation—Anecdote—Reply to the Austrian Officer—Madame Marbœuf—Interview of the Emperor and the Austrian Prince—Conference with General Mack—Address to the Austrian Officers—Proclamation—Testimony of Bourrienne—The young Engineer—Justice of Napoleon..... 461

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTERLITZ.

Peril of the Emperor—Oath of Alexander and Frederick William—Daring Energy of Napoleon—Anniversary of the Coronation—Untiring Activity of Napoleon—Proclamation—His Vigilance—Battle of Austerlitz—Interview between the French and Austrian Emperors—Touching Anecdote—Magnanimity of Napoleon—Proclamation—Disappointment of the Authorities at Paris—William Pitt—Generosity of the Emperor—Letters to Josephine..... 475

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNEXATIONS AND ALLIANCES.

The Emperor on his Return from Austerlitz—Letter to the Minister of Finance—Napoleon's Labors for the Improvement of France—Religious Character and Thoughts of the Emperor—Deputation from Genoa—Its Annexation to France—Conduct of Naples—Insolence of the European Kings—Proclamation—Dilemma—Holland—Cisalpine Republic—The Government of Eugene—Piedmont—Ambition of Napoleon—Necessity of Allies for France—Consciousness of the Emperor of the Uncertainty of his Position—Confederation of the Rhine—Attack on Spanish Ships—Battle of Trafalgar—Fox—Difficulty of making Peace with England—Death of Fox 487

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

A new Coalition formed against France—Remarks in the Moniteur—The two antagonistic Forces existing in Europe—Letter to the King of Prussia—Ascent of the Landgrafenberg—Perfidy of Spain—Intercepted Dispatches—Battles of Jena and Auerstadt—Peril of the Prussian King—Amazing Victory of Napoleon—Address to the Saxons—The Duchess of Weimar—Opinion of Women—Sword of Frederick the Great—Letters to Josephine 503

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIELD OF EYLAU.

Unavailing Appeal of Napoleon—Paper Blockade—Report of the French Minister—The Berlin Decree—Retaliatory Measures of France and England—Testimony of Alison—Proclamation to the desponding Soldiers—Message to the Senate—Petitions of the Poles—Embarrassing Situation of Napoleon—Encampment on the Vistula—Care for the Soldiers—Battle of Eylau—The old Grenadier—Touching Anecdotes—Letters to Josephine 519

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO FRIEDLAND.

Renewed Offers of Peace—Address to the Legislative Body in Paris—Proclamation—Offers of Austria—Napoleon's Reply—Employments at Osterode—Madame de Staël—Temple of the Madeleine—Foresight of the Emperor—Letters—English Diplomacy at Constantinople—Dantzic—Attack of the Allies—Friedland—Russia sues for Peace—Address to the Army . . Page 538

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

Proposals for Peace—Raft at Tilsit—Intimacy of Napoleon and Alexander—The King of Prussia—Chagrin of the Queen—Treaty of Tilsit—Unfair Representations of English Historians—Return to Paris—General Rejoicing 557

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Jerome Bonaparte—Abolition of the Tribunate—Napoleon in Council—Care of the Children of deceased Officers and Soldiers—Far-sighted Policy—Report of the Minister of the Interior 567

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

Untiring Industry of Napoleon—Letter to the Minister of the Interior—The Secretary—Meeting of the Institute—Expenditures for the Improvement of the City of Paris—The Code Napoleon—The Writings of the Emperor—The Painting by David—Plans for establishing a Democratic Aristocracy—Calumniations of Napoleon—Goldsmith's Life of the Emperor 579

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCENES IN PARIS.

Levee at the Tuileries—The little Boy—Address to the Council of State—Speech of the President—Visit of the Emperor to the Female School—Heroism of a young Lady—Advice to Jerome, King of Westphalia—Napoleon's Remarks at St. Helena—Testimony of Lockhart—Sir Richard Cobden 592

CHAPTER XL.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH ALEXANDER.

England still rejects Peace—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Hopes of Peace blasted—Desires of Alexander—Communications with Caulaincourt—Proposed Conference—Decision of Napoleon respecting Turkey—Perplexity of Austria 600

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

	Page		Page
1. The Birth-house of Napoleon.....	18	52. The Consuls and the Gold.....	275
2. The Bonaparte Children.....	19	53. Napoleon in the Temple.....	276
3. Napoleon at Brienne.....	24	54. Napoleon's Entrance into the Tuileries	283
4. The Snow Fort.....	26	55. Napoleon and the Vendéean Chief....	290
5. Lieutenant Bonaparte.....	33	56. Napoleon and the Duchess of Guiche.	300
6. The Water Excursion.....	40	57. Napoleon and Bourrienne.....	302
7. The Attack upon the Tuileries.....	45	58. Unavailing Intercession of Josephine .	304
8. The Emigrants.....	49	59. Drawing a Gun over Great St. Bernard	317
9. The Volunteer Gunners.....	53	60. Napoleon ascending the Alps.....	319
10. Night Studies.....	60	61. Passing the Fort of Bard.....	321
11. Napoleon before the Convention.....	67	62. Napoleon planning a Campaign.....	332
12. The Amazon Discomfited.....	70	63. Death at Hohenlinden.....	337
13. Napoleon and Eugene.....	78	64. The Infernal Machine.....	341
14. Napoleon and his Generals.....	82	65. Review at Lyons.....	378
15. Napoleon on Mount Zemolo.....	85	66. Reception at the Tuileries.....	385
16. The terrible Passage of the Bridge of Lodi.....	94	67. Malmaison.....	387
17. Napoleon and the Courier.....	100	68. Election of Consul for Life.....	389
18. The Burning of Banasco.....	103	69. Napoleon and the British Ambassador	398
19. The Encampment.....	109	70. Scene in the Louvre.....	403
20. The Little Corporal and the Sentinel..	115	71. Sea Combat.....	408
21. The Solitary Bivouac.....	118	72. Napoleon's Hut at Boulogne.....	416
22. The dead Soldier and his Dog.....	120	73. Arrest of Cadoudal.....	425
23. The Marshes of Arcola.....	129	74. Arrest of the Duke d'Enghien.....	429
24. The Passage of the Tagliamento.....	149	75. Execution of the Duke d'Enghien....	430
25. The Gorge of Neumarkt.....	152	76. Madame Polignac interceding for her Husband.....	433
26. The Venetian Envoys.....	154	77. The Fête at Boulogne.....	442
27. The Conference Dissolved.....	159	78. The Gun-boats and the Frigate.....	443
28. The Court at Milan.....	161	79. The Pope at the Tuileries.....	445
29. The Triumphal Journey.....	164	80. The Coronation.....	447
30. The Delivery of the Treaty.....	166	81. Napoleon and the Peasant.....	453
31. The Pyramids.....	173	82. Napoleon in the Saloon of Josephine..	454
32. The Embarkation.....	178	83. Breaking up from Boulogne.....	465
33. The Distant Alps.....	179	84. Napoleon before Ulm.....	470
34. The Disembarkation.....	184	85. Napoleon at the Bridge of Kehl.....	473
35. The March through the Desert.....	190	86. The Bivouac.....	474
36. Battle of the Pyramids.....	195	87. The Sun of Austerlitz.....	479
37. Studying the Ruins.....	203	88. Napoleon and the Emperor Francis I.	481
38. The Escape from the Red Sea.....	205	89. Monument in the Place Vendôme....	489
39. The Dromedary Regiment.....	208	90. Annexation of Genoa.....	492
40. The Plague Hospital.....	216	91. Ascent of the Landgrafenberg.....	507
41. The Bomb-shell.....	222	92. Napoleon and his Guard.....	510
42. Arrival of the Courier.....	233	93. Cavalry Charge.....	511
43. Napoleon and Kleber.....	236	94. Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederick the Great.....	516
44. The Return.....	238	95. The March to the Vistula.....	527
45. The Return Voyage.....	243	96. Encampment on the Vistula.....	528
46. Napoleon and the Atheists.....	245	97. Bivouac before Eylau.....	531
47. The Landing at Frejus.....	251	98. Morning after the Battle of Eylau....	534
48. The Reconciliation.....	257	99. Removing the Wounded.....	540
49. The Morning Levee.....	263	100. Head-quarters at Osterode.....	543
50. Napoleon on the Way to St. Cloud....	267	101. The Madeleine.....	546
51. Napoleon in the Council of Five Hundred	270		

102. The Raft at Tilsit	Page 558	108. Napoleon and his Secretary	Page 583
103. The three Sovereigns	562	109. The Passages	585
104. Napoleon in Council	571	110. Napoleon in the Studio of David	587
105. Arch of the Carrousel	575	111. Napoleon and the Child	593
106. Arch de l'Etoile	576	112. Napoleon at the Female School	594
107. St. Cloud	579	113. The Bombardment	602

M A P S.

1. Map to illustrate the Italian Campaigns	84	11. Campaign in Egypt	247
2. The Countries between Paris and Naples	93	12. The Environs of Paris	265
3. Mantua and Venice	111	13. Map to illustrate the Campaign of Marengo	313
4. Map to illustrate the March to Vienna	147	14. The Camp at Boulogne	412
5. Map of Venice	153	15. Ulm and Austerlitz	467
6. Campaign in Egypt	182	16. Battle of Trafalgar	500
7. Battle of the Pyramids	194	17. Jena and Auerstadt	508
8. Bay of Aboukir	200	18. Eylau and Friedland	532
9. Lower Egypt and Syria	209	19. Copenhagen Harbor	601
10. Siege of Acre	221		

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

At the close of the last century, a young man of noble birth, and of distinguished talents, was born in the island of Corsica, the son of a Corsican nobleman, and of a French mother. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME I.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Corsica—Charles Bonaparte—Family Home—Birth of Napoleon—Death of his Father—Napoleon's Estimate of Maternal Influence—Country Residence—Napoleon's Grotto—His Disposition—His Mother's Dignity—Her Character drawn by Napoleon—Anecdote—Count Marbœuf—Giacominetta—Napoleon enters the School at Brienne—Early Espousal of Republican Principles—Love of severe Study—Contempt for Novel Reading—Religious Education—Snow Fortification—The disobedient General—Intimacy of Paoli and Napoleon—The Writing-master—Love of Retirement—Appointment in the Army—Mademoiselle de Colombier—Kindness of a Genoese Lady and its Requital—Avowal of Republican Sentiments—Anecdote—Serious Embarrassment—Soirée at M. Neckar's—Napoleon's Reply to the Bishop of Autun—Its Effect—Visit to Corsica—The Water Excursion.

THE island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and, after several most sanguinary conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigor of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious. But the opulence of the noble house had passed away. The descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the Dark Ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Raniolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them, eight survived to attain majority. As a successful lawyer, the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever vigorous in action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from their city residence. This rural home was the favorite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession

of the law, and, grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short. By the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians, who inhabited the island, became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house



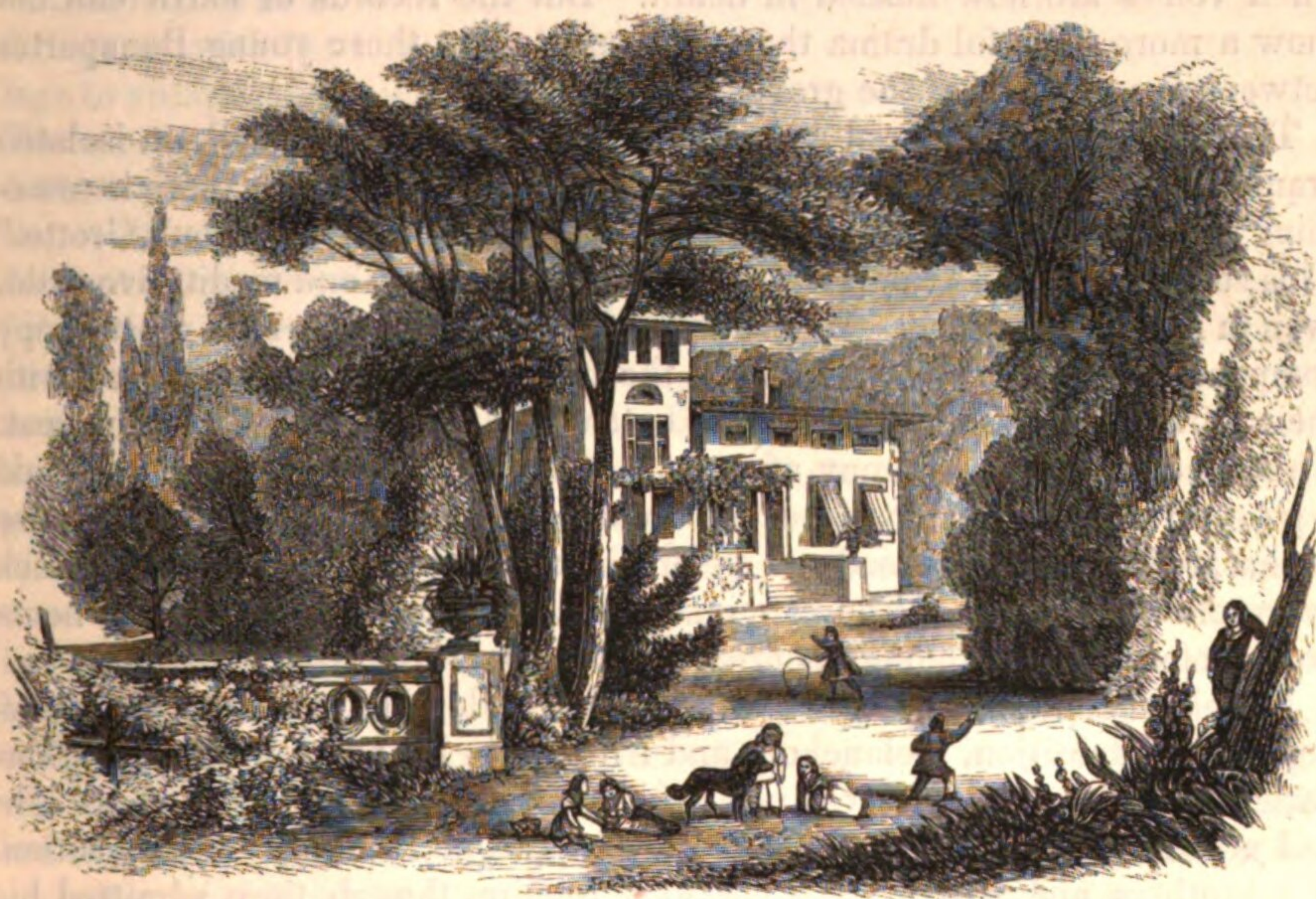
THE BIRTH-HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

at Ajaccio. On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and, throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Iliad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier, he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child, whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and, in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibili-

ties which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority.

Napoleon, in particular, ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training, which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations, that he often said, "My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.



THE BONAPARTE CHILDREN

Madame Bonaparte, after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees, and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies that awaited them, to their infantile sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa-groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of

the beautiful and lovely Josephine ! It was by a guidance which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely-separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings, they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen—a throne which, in power and splendor, eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his infantile years, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played—as he passes through the vegetable garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the merry shouts of these infantile kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which there is something resembling a cave, which still retains the name of “Napoleon’s Grotto.” This solitary rock was the favorite resort of the pensive and meditative child, even in his earliest years. When his brothers and sisters were in most happy companionship in the garden or on the lawn, and the air resounded with their mirthful voices, Napoleon would steal away alone to his loved retreat. There, in the long and sunny afternoons, with a book in his hand, he would repose, in a recumbent posture, for hours, gazing upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean spread out before him, and upon the blue sky, which overarched his head. Who can imagine the visions which in those hours arose before the expanding energies of that wonderful mind ?

Napoleon could not be called an amiable child. He was silent and retiring in his disposition, melancholy and irritable in his temperament, and impatient of restraint. He was not fond of companionship or of play. He had no natural joyousness or buoyancy of spirit, no frankness of disposition. His brothers and sisters were not fond of him, though they admitted his superiority. “Joseph,” said an uncle at that time, “is the eldest of the family, but Napoleon is its head.” His passionate energy and decision of character were such, that his brother Joseph, who was a mild, amiable, and unassuming boy, was quite in subjection to his will. It was observed that his proud spirit was unrelenting under any severity of punishment. With stoical firmness, and without the shedding of a tear, he would endure any inflictions. At one time he was unjustly accused of a fault which another had committed. He silently endured the punishment and submitted to the disgrace, and to the subsistence for three days on the coarsest fare, rather than betray his companion ; and he did this, not from any special friendship for the one in the wrong, but from an innate pride and firmness of spirit. Impulsive in his disposition, his anger was easily and violently aroused, and as rapidly passed away. There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection.

There is still preserved upon the island of Corsica, as an interesting relic, a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, which was the early and favorite plaything of Napoleon. Its loud report was music to his childish ears. In imaginary battle, he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharges of his formidable piece of artillery. Napoleon was the favorite child of his father, and had often sat upon his knee; and, with a throbbing heart, a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, listened to his recital of those bloody battles in which the patriots of Corsica had been compelled to yield to the victorious French. Napoleon hated the French. He fought those battles over again. He delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape-shot; to see the routed foe flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground. He left the bat and the ball, the kite and the hoop for others, and in this strange divertisement found exhilarating joy.

He loved to hear, from his mother's lips, the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible to the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener. There were no mirthful tendencies in the character of Napoleon; no tendencies in childhood, youth, or manhood to frivolous amusements or fashionable dissipation. "My mother," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling every thing for me, even to her last article of clothing." This distinguished lady died at Marseilles in the year 1822, about a year after the death of her illustrious son upon the island of St. Helena. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars; while to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, she left a superb palace, embellished with the most magnificent decorations of furniture, paintings, and sculpture which Europe could furnish. The son, who had conferred all this wealth—to whom the family was indebted for all this greatness, and who had filled the world with his renown, died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable, upon the most bleak and barren isle of the ocean. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

"Left without guide, without support," says Napoleon, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed every thing, provided for every thing with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful under-

standings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyment of all the necessities of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and, by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion, when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When the island of Corsica was surrendered to the French, Count Marboeuf was appointed, by the Court at Paris, as its governor. The beauty of Madame Bonaparte, and her rich intellectual endowments, attracted his admiration, and they frequently met in the small but aristocratic circle of society which the island afforded. He became a warm friend of the family, and manifested much interest in the welfare of the little Napoleon. The gravity of the child, his air of pensive thoughtfulness, the oracular style of his remarks, which characterized even that early period of life, strongly attracted the attention of the governor, and he predicted that Napoleon would create for himself a path through life of more than ordinary splendor.

When Napoleon was but five or six years of age, he was placed in a school with a number of other children. There a fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. His impetuous nature was all engrossed by this new passion, and he inspired as ardent an affection in the bosom of his loved companion as that which she had enkindled in his own. He walked to and from school, holding the hand of Giacomietta. He abandoned all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with sticks, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into the midst of his foes, and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences, that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. The little Napoleon was, at this period of his life, very careless in his dress, and almost invariably appeared with his stockings slipped down about his heels. Some witty boy formed a couplet,

which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.

Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacominetta.

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marbœuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterward Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt, when parting from his mother. Stoic as he was, his stoicism then forsook him, and he wept like any other child. His journey led him through Italy, and crossing France, he entered Paris. Little did the young Corsican then imagine, as he gazed awe-stricken upon the splendors of the metropolis, that all those thronged streets were yet to resound with his name, and that in those gorgeous palaces, the proudest kings and queens of Europe were to bow obsequiously before his unrivaled power.

The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France. Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditures. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien, produced an impression upon his mind which was never effaced. The revolutionary struggle, that long and lurid day of storms and desolation, was just beginning darkly to dawn; the portentous rumblings of that approaching earthquake, which soon upheaved both altar and throne, and overthrew all of the most sacred institutions of France in chaotic ruin, fell heavily upon the ear.

The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer; for in that day of aristocratic domination the nobility regarded all with contempt who were dependent upon any exertions of their own for support. They sneered at the plainness of Napoleon's dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities, and his temper was roused by that disdain to which he was compelled to submit, and from which he could find no refuge. Then it was that there was implanted in his mind that hostility which he ever afterward so signally manifested to rank, founded, not upon merit, but upon the accident of birth. He thus early espoused this prominent principle of republicanism: "I hate those French," said he, in an hour of bitterness, "and I will do them all the mischief in my power."

Thirty years after this Napoleon said, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*A career open to talent*,' without distinction of birth."

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assidu-

ity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his con-



NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

scious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences, he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his recluse habits, and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was seldom seen upon the playground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The Lives of Plutarch he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring absorbed his contemplation. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration, by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals, and so unceremonious in his manners, that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his ut-

terances. His unremitting application to study probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainments, made him a great favorite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher, consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring, ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something, then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined, "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool could learn mathematics." Napoleon afterward relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this grotto he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unremitting mental application.

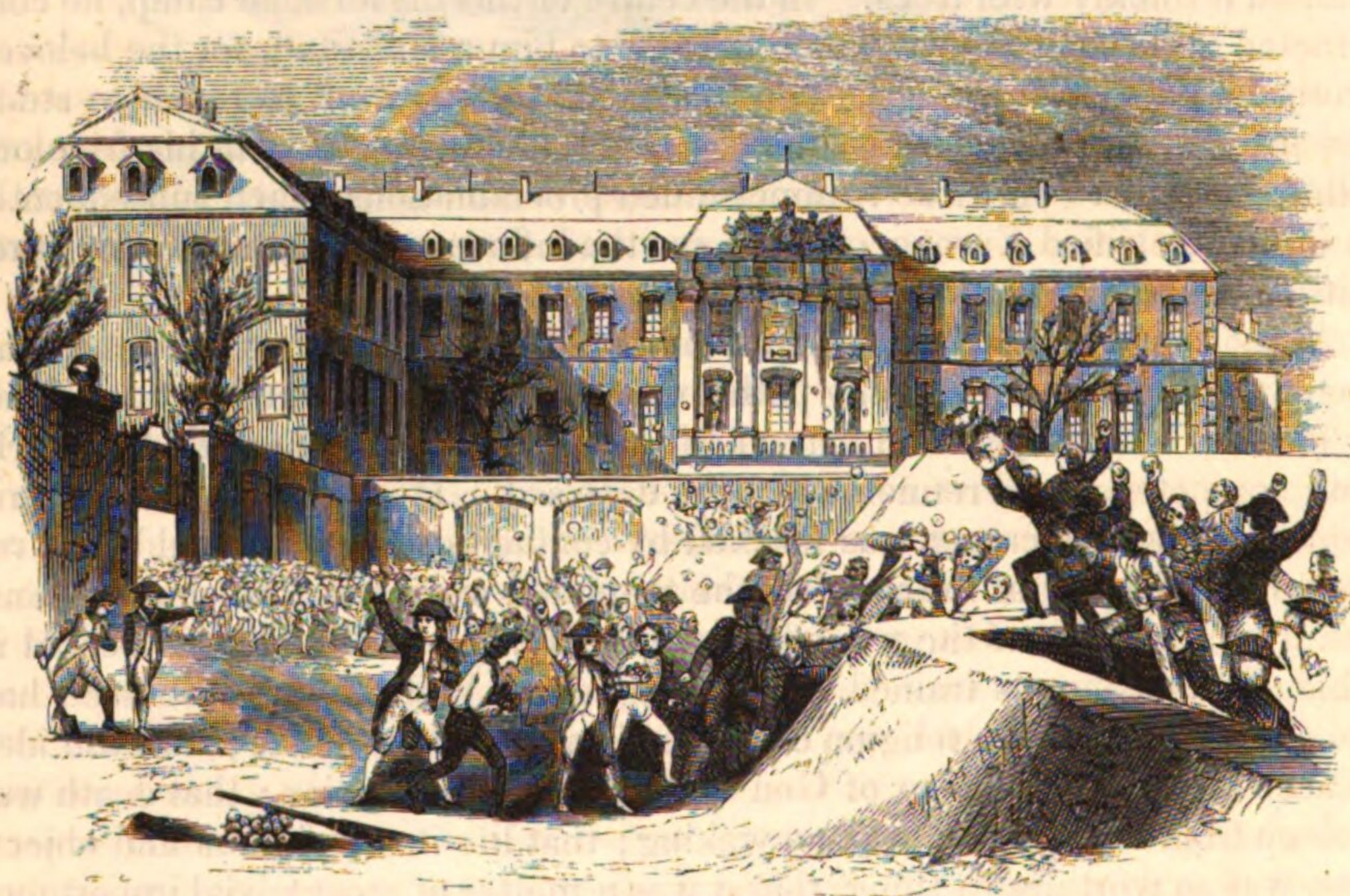
At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life, which tend to embellish the world with competence and refinement, were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman, whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woe of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was a foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no waking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing, that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapor should pass away.

These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity, and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but lit-

the regard for the lives of others, and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate peasants should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should meliorate the condition of Europe for ages.

It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is indeed strange, that, surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character so immeasurably superior, in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed that, to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works.



THE SNOW FORT.

He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence, the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed, while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided

the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defense of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defense. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.

In justice to Napoleon, it must be related, that when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate school-boy, who had thus experienced the rigor of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection. "Sire!" replied the courtier, "he has a deep scar upon his forehead which he says was inflicted by your hand." "Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling; "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter." The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon every thing that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play of the death of Cæsar, which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day, when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man! he loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes, and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who upon the conquest of Corsica had fled to England, was afterward permitted to return to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the

manly boy took many excursions together over the island, and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at once exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterward became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland, and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napoleon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the Royalist cause, to sound Napoleon, and ascertain if he could be purchased to advocate their claims. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru: "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

His character for integrity and honor ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favorite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older. The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called "an old granny," was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."*

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries had been quietly reposing in his grave. "*Holy Father!*" exclaimed Napoleon, "*I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*" To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage, Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louisa being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence

* Rodolph of Hapsburg was a gentleman who by his own energies had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany, and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was the ancestor to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggles of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank and file of the army by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the beggar.

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne, where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?"

"Yes! very well," was the answer.

"Did he always pay you for what he bought?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay, when they wished to defraud me."

"Perhaps he may have forgotten a few sous," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us."

At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, *Jerusalem Delivered*, and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscences of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon that, in his day of power, he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with thread-bare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said,

"Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied,

"I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

In the days of his prosperity, amid all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman who was the nurse of his infancy, and

settled upon her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and, to add to the severity of the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterward, the professor was commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul, to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but, at the close of the business, very good-humoredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

He had just entered his fifteenth year, when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon sustained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry.

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris: Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the sons of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of the style of living. Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armor, and to perform all those services, and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service.

No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the fortitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he afterward established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterward secured, was to be found in the fact that, through life, he called upon no one to encounter perils or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to encounter or to endure.

At Paris, the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to study, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and recluse habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow-students in their idleness and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognized. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a *man* is to be formed." Indeed, he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men or women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine and feminine minions flitting about the court, but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion, a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion, both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind of extraordinary vigor is true, but those powers were expanded and energized by herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

The vigor of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming

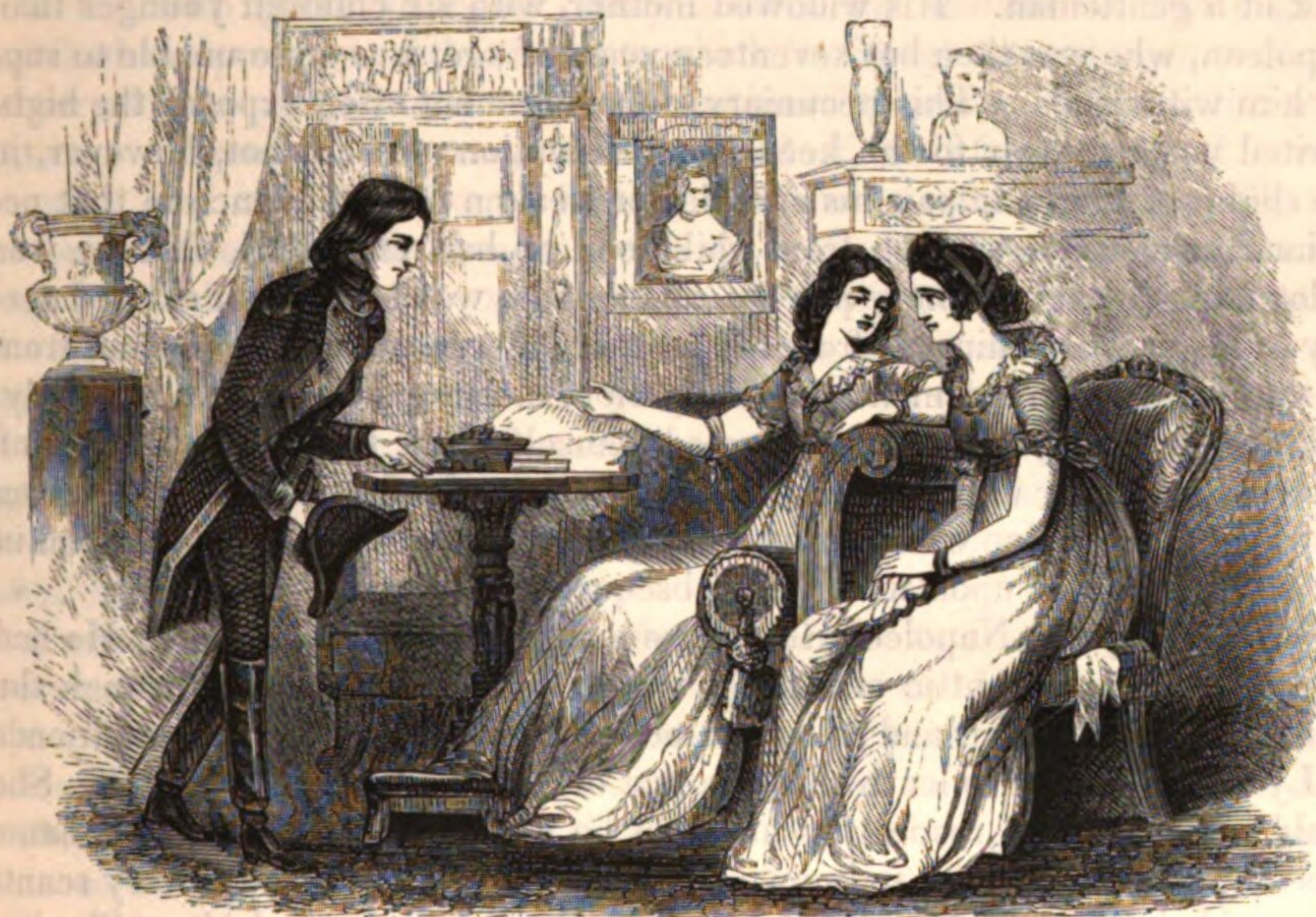
missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris, the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation, laconic, graphic, oracular, arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers, all admit; and his trumpet-toned proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a phrensy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had many very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Keruglion, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favored by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in later years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed a second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform, with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mademoiselle Permon, who afterward became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was regarded as one of the most brilliant wits of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with his military costume, that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The raillery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he cherished no rancor-

ous recollection of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of *Puss in Boots*.

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow



LIEUTENANT BONAPARTE.

and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame du Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame du Colombier, a young lady of about his own age, and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence.

Napoleon subsequently, speaking of this youthful attachment, said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place, on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissitudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnificent retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, environed as he was with all the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognized his former friend, and inquired minutely

respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honor to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered, with his regiment, to that place, in consequence of some disturbance which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness, which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information, and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of a hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of languor and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain respecting him that he was quite young, that his name was Bonaparte—then an unknown name, and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years, when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing two thousand dollars, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attention to any favors she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question, "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterward, when seated upon the throne, his minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons, and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon, immediately recognizing the writing, threw it into the flames, saying, at the same time, that it was a boyish production, full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in those hours of unceasing study, wrote a History of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish,

when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside his pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army, being sons of the old nobility, were of the opposite party, and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, boldly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events which he thought would open to him a career of fame and fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history, and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately, when off of duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after, as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the barber's shop, and asked his former hostess if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte, who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room, or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined, "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favor of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty, often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The Revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation, Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-

mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favor of Napoleon. He was a young man of twenty, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo, he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man, in pompous dignity, joined the assailants, and belabored the young officer at bay more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenseless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Neckar, the celebrated financier. The Bastille had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly found power, and dimly discerning long defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling, in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Neckar, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,* were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honor in the state. Mirabeau was there,† with his lofty brow and thunder

* Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël. "She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, Madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

† "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the power of my ugliness." "If you would form an idea of my looks," he wrote to a lady who had never seen him, "you must imagine a tiger who has had the small-pox." "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, democrat, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand* moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of Washington, and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterward obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave and philosophical Neckar was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen, discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the beautiful, but then neglected wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the king; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognized wherever she approached by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Maria Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court, were introduced, and the party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gayety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments, consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached, there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her with the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charming duet, the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognized by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him

* Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterward elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the great mirth of all present, Talleyrand archly interrupted him with the inquiry, "*He should also be pitted with the small-pox, should he not?*"

as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte ! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders, and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusement.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle. "Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal. "He is," replied the Abbé, "a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has made remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science." Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction. "Come here ! come here !" said Madame de Staël, with a smile, and in an under tone. "We have found a little great man. I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man, without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men now gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe ; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you ; but as I am an officer, I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men ; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay ! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy, as well as my duty, to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, *more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay ! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that, if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not re-

pressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be, in reality, but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences, uttered by Napoleon with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was a perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand, seeming thus to say "that is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man. "Condorcet," says an eye-witness, "nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one cherishing views as a statesman so profound, and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope that you will heed the important truths that you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but twenty-one years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved, many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to overshadow him, as, with an abstracted air, he passed through the glittering throng, without being in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing this triumph of his young protégé.*

Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty-two years of age, on furlough, visited his native land. He had recently been promoted to a first lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood, to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his attention was to prepare for himself a study, where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose, he selected a room in the attic of the house, where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the immense drafts which, in the future, were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment,

* This narrative was communicated to Chambers' Edinburgh Journal by an Italian gentleman, a pupil of Condorcet, who was present at the interview at M. Neckar's.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore, in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge, for once, in a pleasant excursion. Napoleon, who had for some time been desirous of taking a survey of the harbor, and of examining some heights upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of pack-thread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion, feeling no interest in the survey, and



THE WATER EXCURSION.

seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay, Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground.

Napoleon, in describing the scene, says : "My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and

that his warm breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church steeple or a house which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, 'Yes, but I have not breakfasted.' At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out, on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently, the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself, very efficiently, of the information acquired upon this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

DAWNING GREATNESS.

Salicetti—Magnanimous Revenge—Attack upon the Tuileries—Key to the Character of Napoleon—Foundation of the American Republic—Anecdotes—Interview between Paoli and Napoleon—Napoleon taken Prisoner—Paoli and Madame Letitia—Embarkation of the Bonaparte Family—The English conquer Corsica—Love of Napoleon for his Island Home—Surrender of Toulon to England—The French besiege Toulon—Napoleon's Plan for its Capture—his indomitable Energy—Regardlessness of himself—The Volunteers—Junot—Assault and Capture of Little Gibraltar—Evacuation of Toulon—Lawlessness of the Soldiers—Inhuman Execution—Anecdote.

WHILE Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica, he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker, and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the Reign of Terror began to shed its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so vehemently, that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal.

Some years after he had an opportunity to revenge himself, most magnanimously, upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon

and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat, and report him to the police. Madame Permon, also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now, in his turn, be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided, with his own hand, to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon, with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know that he has been proscribed? I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" she cried; "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you, do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and, fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said, emphatically, "Salicetti is concealed in your house. Nay, do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends, by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied, with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, Madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye, unquailing, upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood, "I assure

you, Napoleon, upon my honor, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay—shall I tell you all?”

“Yes! all! all!” he vehemently rejoined.

“Well, then,” she continued, with great apparent frankness, “Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o’clock, but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure.”

Napoleon, with hurried step, traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed, “It is just as I suspected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, ‘Expose your life for mine.’ But,” he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, “you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home?”

“Yes,” she replied; “I told him that, since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him.”

Napoleon then took his leave, and Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting on a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood, from a hemorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the valet de chambre of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti, as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postillion came to the window of the coach, and presented Madame Permon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:

“I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you, did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti’s place of concealment. You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself. But you sought my life when I never had done aught to harm you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs, but I did not. Perhaps you may say that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and seek an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives.

“Madame Permon! my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend’s prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu!”

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti, and said, “You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous.”

“Generous!” he replied, with a contemptuous smile; “what would you have had him to do? Would you have wished him to betray me?”

The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect *you* to do; but this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

When they arrived at a sea-port, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favors he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hands in his, he said, "I should have too much to say were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."*

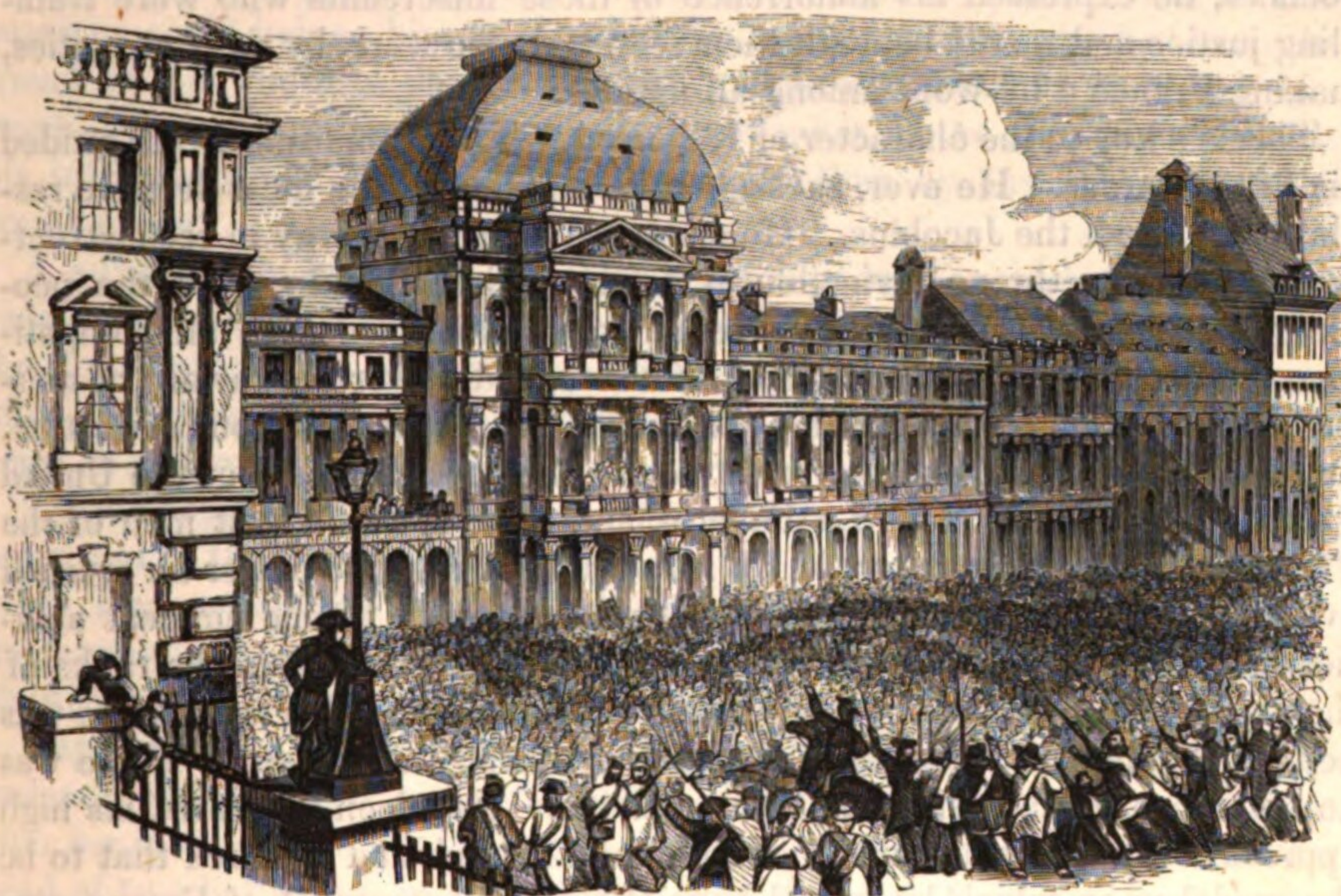
Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charges brought against him by Salicetti, remained in Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusements. He passed most of his hours in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. Without any exhibition of vanity, he seemed to repose great reliance upon his own powers, and was never abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. Indeed he seemed, even then, to be animated by the assurance that he was destined for some great achievements. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating upon the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even, seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hill-sides of internal Asia, and dreamed of being himself the founder of an empire there, in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any weight of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of gray-headed veterans.

While in Paris, he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking, with his friend Bourrienne, along the banks of the Seine, when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling like an inundation through the streets of the metropolis, and directing their steps toward the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing, by an iron fence, upon the balustrade of a neighboring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and at last compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph of the drunken vagrants, from the cellars and garrets of infamy, over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as unendurable, exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace! They should have swept down

* *Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*, p. 95-103.

the first five hundred with grapeshot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mob sack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the halls



THE ATTACK UPON THE TUILERIES.

of their ancestors, and followed by the phrensied multitude, with hootings, and hissings, and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king, as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection, and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with shame and indignation, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis, with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft upon the points of their pikes as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. He had been a great admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government—that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility, and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility, who grasped at all the places of profit and honor merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down, which the pride and arrogance of past ages had

reared to foster a worthless aristocracy, and to exclude the energetic and the aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand, the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable, that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically, upon all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and mercy beneath their feet, and who were, by their atrocities, making France a by-word among all nations.

This is a key to the character of Napoleon. These opposing forces guided his future career. He ever, subsequently, manifested the most decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw every avenue to greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence, and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France, without education, and without religion, was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette, and most of the wisest men of the French nation, fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak. And he gathered around his throne eminent abilities, wherever he could find them, in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, and in the hut of the peasant. In France, at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality among the masses. There was no reverence for law, either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility, and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though subsequent events rendered it necessary for him to assume dictatorial power, few persons could have manifested, during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis, in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favor of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the Reign of Terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but all that is connected with carnage is bad;" and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, exclaimed emphatically, "*No! no! no! away with this constitution! I do not like it.*"

The republicanism of the United States is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for law so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day ever come in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the repub-

lic can no longer stand. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism.

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment, Napoleon employed a boot-maker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings toward him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished upon the First Consul and the Emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman. But no persuasions could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the Emperor, and that his interests would thus be better promoted than by any other favors he could confer.

A silver-smith, in one of Napoleon's hours of need, sold him a dressing-case upon credit. The kindness was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy, he called upon the artisan, rewarded him liberally, ever after employed him, and also recommended him to his marshals and to his court in general. In consequence, the jeweler acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and herculean toil secured for him renown.

Napoleon, with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica. Soon after his return to his native island, in February, 1793, he was ordered, at the head of two battalions, in co-operation with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing, and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon, in consequence, was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had intrenched himself, and of returning to Corsica.*

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The king and queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was the appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied around Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which

* "I will not detain you, sir, by entering into the long detail which has been given of their aggressions and their violences. But let me mention Sardinia as one instance which has been strongly insisted upon. Did the French attack Sardinia when at peace with them? No such thing. The King of Sardinia had accepted a subsidy from Great Britain; and Sardinia was to all intents and purposes a belligerent power."—*Speech in the British Parliament by Hon. Charles J. Fox, Feb. 3, 1800.*

France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe; that in manners, language, customs, and religion, it could never become a homogeneous part of England; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French empire; and above all, he argued that it was the duty of every good citizen, in such hours of peril, to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable arguments; but Paoli had formed strong attachments in England, and remembered, with an avenging spirit, the days in which he had fled before the conquering armies of France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, and Napoleon was but twenty-four. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his native country. Sadly they separated, to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home alone, he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers, in the employ of Paoli, and taken prisoner. By stratagem he effected his escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of National Guards, over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who, with his numerous forces, had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbor, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf which it will be remembered that Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained upon this occasion was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate, with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the intrenchments, guided the party in the darkness over the ground, with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned, they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to discern the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town, in which he had so heroically contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort, succeeded in safely effecting an em-

barkation. The strength of Paoli was daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers were crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or for the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered, houseless and destitute, on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat, manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant



THE EMIGRANTS.

as the Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then im-

agine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family.* They soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.

The English immediately took possession of the island, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France effected a landing, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert, blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horn, echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines, summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon.

Bonaparte visited Corsica but once again. He could not love the *people* in whose defense he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke, in most animating terms, of the romantic glens, and precipitous cliffs, and glowing skies, endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined, in the highest degree, in the mind of Napoleon, and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages from the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. Many of the monarchies of Europe were allied against the French Revolution, and slowly, but resistlessly, their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and Royalists, many thousands in number, were incorporated into the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships of the line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbor, and an immense quantity

* Louis Bonaparte, in his Response to Sir Walter Scott, correcting some slight inaccuracies which have crept into history respecting this flight, says, "Though but a child, I was with my mother at that time. It was not Lucien who accompanied Napoleon, but Joseph; Jerome, who was but seven years of age, and Caroline, who was eight, remained at Ajaccio, and did not join us until some time afterward, though I remained with my mother, as did my uncle, the Archdeacon Fesch."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott, sur son Histoire de Napoleon, par Louis Bonaparte*, p. 13.

of military and naval stores of every description was collected in its spacious magazines.

The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the Royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the south of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the Royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts, to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbor. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed five thousand English troops, and eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, and took possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government; and it was resolved that, at all hazards, Toulon must be retaken, and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily expelled from the posts which they once have occupied; and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them, with their strong army and their invincible navy, from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them, in such profuse abundance, all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which time no apparent progress had been effected toward the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the Royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defenses, and especially to render impregnable a fort called the Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbor and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about forty thousand men, were wasting their time outside of the intrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been intrusted to General Cartaux, a portrait-painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science as he was self-conceited.

Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld, with utter astonishment, the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one half the distance between the cannon and the points they were designed to command. Balls also were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent. And when the general saw the shot fall more than half-way short of the mark, he turned upon his heel, and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully, but firmly, made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and

that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbor, and that the town would no longer be defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement planted his batteries on Dorchester heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, and to take with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that post, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*.

Napoleon undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was now placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention, who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the position of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as national commissioners, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, visited him during this siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place, Napoleon exclaimed, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here, none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

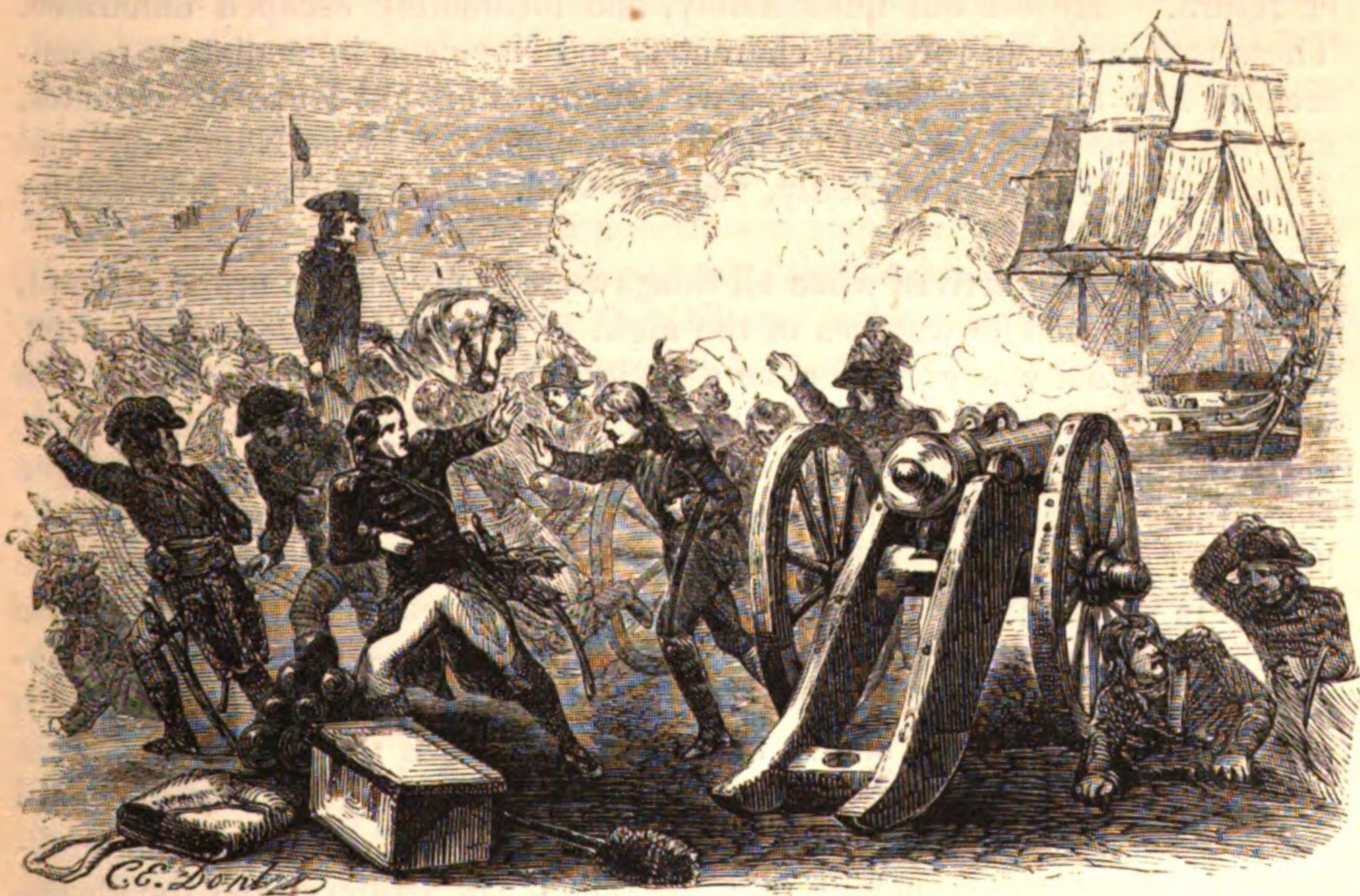
Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhaustless, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. He shared all the toils and all the perils of his men. He allowed himself but a few hours' sleep at night, and then, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself under the guns. By the utmost exertions, he soon obtained, from all quarters, a train of two hundred heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shells incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries, within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular, which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the intrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot from under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh, that for a time he was threatened with the necessity of amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes, and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbcd and flowed. One day an artilleryman was shot down by his side, and the ramrod which he was using was drenched with

blood. Napoleon immediately sprang into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and, to the great encouragement of the soldiers, with his own hand repeatedly charged the gun.

While the siege was in progress, one day fifteen carriages from Paris suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men, alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, demanded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen-general," said the orator of the party, "we come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, Why is Toulon not yet taken? why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons, and burn with impatience to fulfill her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. Tomorrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning, at daybreak, Napoleon conducted them to the sea-shore, and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery, which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate, whose black and threatening hull was seen, through the haze



THE VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.

of the morning, at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there was no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then a whole broadside of cannon balls came whistling

over their heads. This was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse, without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features, as he contemplated, with much satisfaction, the dispersion of such troublesome allies.

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works which he was constructing, having occasion to send a dispatch from the trenches, he called for some one who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks, and, resting the paper upon the breast-work, began to write, as Napoleon dictated. While thus employed, a cannon-ball from the enemy's battery struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier, gayly, "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinizing all his mental and physical qualities, and then said, "Young man! what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Every thing;" and then, touching his left shoulder with his hand, he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never," replied the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterward Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said Junot afterward, most wickedly, "as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."*

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged every thing and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the attention of the enemy, the fortifications were every where attacked, while an incessant shower of bomb-shells was rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours, eight thousand shells, from the effective batteries of Napoleon, were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the drenching rain, the thunder of artillery, and the gleaming light of bomb-shells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tre-

* It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude. God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.

mendous discharges of grape-shot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and the dying. Again and again the French were repulsed, only to return again and again to the assault.

Napoleon was every where present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the rampart, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death. "General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, as he raised the tri-colored flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and, though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers, had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony arose, even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One can not contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night, a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted forever. The English government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty in the herculean and successful endeavors he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed—murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence—the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of judgment is yet to come, in which the responsibility will be, with precise and accurate justice, awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the lurid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewed through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while smouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrieking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions, the capture of Little Gibraltar, allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret. He immediately prepared his guns to throw their balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tri-colored flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their ships with stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war which they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries, to cripple, and, if possible, to destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the Royalists was dreadful. They saw, by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded, the indications that the English were to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives and their children, were to expect from Republican fury in those days of unbridled violence. The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea, to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The night was dark and still. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbor, illuminating the scene with lurid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand Loyalists, men, women, and children, of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays, in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriate army, which, like wolves, were howling around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey.

To increase the horror of the scene, a furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon-balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals, were all now in flames. The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and, phrensied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying Royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight, two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so terrific that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As, at last, the rear-guard of the English aban-

doned the ramparts and hurried to their boats, the triumphant Republican army, nearly forty thousand strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favorable winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly twenty thousand wretched exiles to homelessness, penury, and a life-long woe.*

Dugommier, the commander of the Republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The offense of having raised the flag of Royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the Loyalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did every thing in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress.

An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf, and almost blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavors to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbor, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabillant, well-known Loyalists, who were escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them, men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue, and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to intrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugom-

* "Thus terminated this memorable campaign, the most remarkable in the annals of France, perhaps in the history of the world. From a state of unexampled peril, from the attack of forces which would have crushed Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power, from civil dissensions which threatened to dismember the state, the republic emerged triumphant. Yet what fair opportunities, never again to recur, were then afforded to crush the hydra in its cradle! If thirty thousand British troops had been sent to Toulon, the constitutional throne would have been at once established in all the south of France."—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 293.

mier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noticing his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?" "That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. *I picked him up at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed. And you will probably one day see that this little bit of an officer is a greater man than any of us.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE AUSTRIANS REPULSED, AND THE INSURRECTION QUELLED.

Ceaseless Activity of Napoleon—Promotion—Departure for Nice—Attack upon the Austrians—Arrest of Napoleon and Deprivation of his Commission—Temptation and Relief—Defeat of the Army of Italy—Studious Character of Bonaparte—His Kindness of Heart—Infidelity in France—New Constitution—Terror of the Convention—Napoleon is presented to the Convention—Preparations—Results—New Government—Napoleon's Attention to his Mother—Pithy Speech.

NAPOLEON was immediately employed in fortifying the maritime coast of Southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalized his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-four years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants, throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot, for a few hours of repose at night, he labored, with both body and mind, to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired.

In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that a human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers of his age were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the field with fowling-pieces, or, in halls of revelry, with mirthful maidens, were accomplishing their destiny in cotillons and waltzes, Napoleon, in herculean toil, was working day and night, with a sleepless energy which never has been surpassed. He divided the coast battery into three classes; those for the defense of men-of-war in important harbors; those for the protection of merchant vessels; and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting-trade could hover.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February, early in March, 1794, he joined the head-quarters of the army of Italy in Nice, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general of Artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon, at this time, was any thing

but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves, which, he said, were a useless luxury, in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with a gray great-coat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.*

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their intrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumerbion, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and emaciated from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportunity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, the organization, and the available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitered, with the most scrutinizing attention, the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped hour after hour, and day after day, through the ravines and over the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil, he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax to represent the French, and others with blue to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the Republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were intrenched near Saorgia, along the banks

* Lieutenant and Captain Bonaparte was one of the most exemplary young men of his age; not addicted to any of the usual vices or follies of young officers—no gambling, quarreling, dueling, or dissipation of any kind discredited his first years in the army. His morals were as pure as his talents were superior, and his temper amiable. That such undeniable youth should ripen to the wicked maturity so profusely imputed to him, seems contrary to nature. At school he was a favorite with his school-fellows, and in their choice of boys to preside at sports, or on other occasions, Napoleon was mostly elected. In the army he was as generally esteemed. His popularity, as commander, with the soldiers is well known; his uniform and cordial kindness, attention to their wants and comforts, and studying their welfare more than that of the officers. Yet at school, and in all military grades, he was a strict disciplinarian; never courted favor by unworthy or unmanly condescension; but, throughout his whole life, was authoritative, direct, simple, systematic, kind, and considerate."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 150, second series.

The energy of the youthful general was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, but the plan was triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal dépôt of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May, the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mont Cenis, Mont Tende, and Mont Finisterre. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honor redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though, as yet, the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer, entering his room a couple of hours after midnight to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated at his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What!" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep and am already risen."

"What, so early!" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of

Napoleon's services, had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indigence, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government.

Tired of inactivity, early in May, Napoleon, then twenty-five years of age, proceeded to Paris to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favorites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy a station of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presence in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president, that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singular it would be," said he, at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become King of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was at this period, on one occasion, suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspends the faculties of the brain, and renders life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy, and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterward returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

“He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, ‘But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.’ This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him every thing. ‘Is that all?’ said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, which he placed in my hands. ‘Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.’ I can not to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother.

“It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Démasis, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the researches I then made, as well as those I made after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered Démasis. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied, that as he had been in no need of money, he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that, if he made himself known, I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for the six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honors of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

“Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. Démasis arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d’Acre. Had it not been for him, I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia.”*

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety was in great trepidation. In their ignorance, they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon’s achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he

* *Captivity of Napoleon, by General Count Montholon.*

had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee.

Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave oracular weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy.

During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed, had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honors.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis rolling in luxury, and in affected speech criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus, one evening, treading the dusty thoroughfares, and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be that upon such creatures Fortune is willing to lavish her favors! How contemptible is human nature!" Though Napoleon excluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which is right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible.

The Duchess of Abrantes narrates the following incident, which pleasingly illustrates Napoleon's kind and sympathizing disposition. Her father was sick, and tumultuous Paris was in a state of anarchy.

"Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on seeing him. He came every day; and in the morning he sent, or called himself, to inquire how he had passed the night. I can not recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude.

"He informed us that Paris was in such a state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion. The Convention, by incessantly repeating to the people that it was their master, had taught them the answer which they made it in their turn. The sections were in, if not open, at least almost avowed insurrection.

The section Lepelletier, which was ours, was the most turbulent, and, in fact, the most to be dreaded; its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. 'Matters are getting from bad to worse,' said Bonaparte; 'the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will, at the same time, become the source of disasters.'

"As I have said, he came every day; he dined with us, and passed the evening in the drawing-room, talking in a low tone beside the chair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength, for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine. Bonaparte said nothing. He ran down stairs, and posted away to Duchannois, whom he brought back with him, in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful. The rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney-coach to go to M. Duchannois; he was wet through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment!"

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment. The immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the grave-yards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep!" Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overawed him. Even his ambition was not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of herculean toil, of sleepless labor, and of heroic deeds. For ease, and luxury, and self-indulgence he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth, life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, often asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life, he claimed that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such responsibility in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with our House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate Republicans, who wished to establish a Republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the Royalists, who would re-establish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the Reign of Terror. This constitution was sent down to the primary assemblies of the people, for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

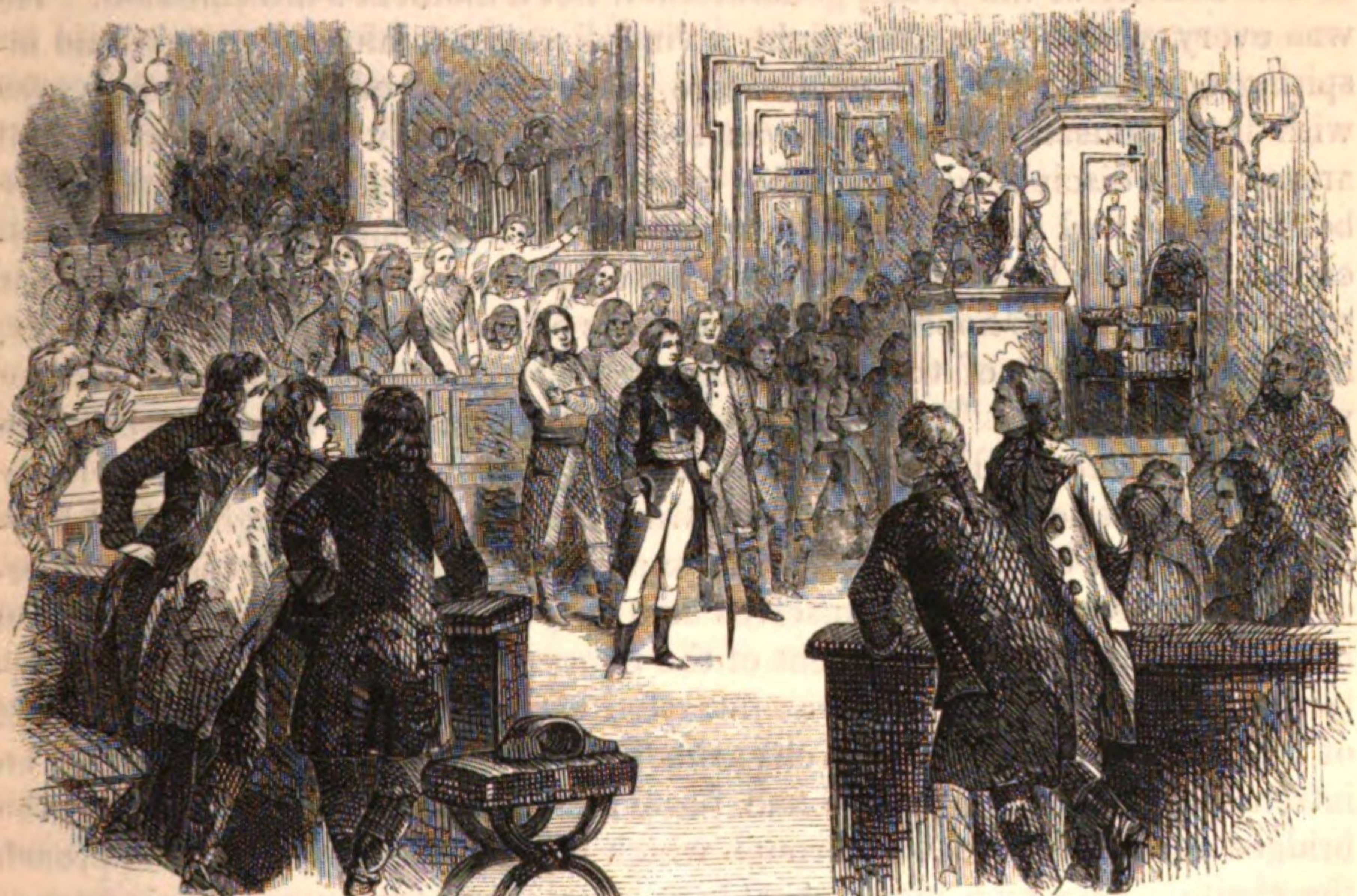
The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favor, while forty-six rejected it. The Royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention its own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had every where pronounced in favor of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard, a body of soldiers corresponding with the American militia, though far better officered, equipped, and drilled, joined promptly the insurgents. The insurrection-gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshaled under able leaders, swarmed through the streets.

The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys, who, with hootings, were to surround their hall and break their windows, but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones were marching down from all quarters of the city upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe, the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed by the Convention to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens.

The shades of night were now settling down over the agitated city. Napoleon, having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm, Menou

was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man that will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see



NAPOLEON BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise, there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the Convention?" "Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him, which few could meet and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit, so calm and imperturbable in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled

by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly dispatched Murat, with a party of dragoons, to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops but a few moments before a party of infantry arrived from the sections for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more numerous, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon. He disposed them, heavily charged with grape-shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention.

The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was every where during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from housetops and chamber windows, so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs when, in the gloom of night, eight hundred muskets were brought in, with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm themselves as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of the one who was intrusted with their defense. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and all the avenues through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness, and firmness, and confidence communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon the issue of which their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second.

Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Con-

vention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots from their own side would put all opposition to flight. Thus, unhesitatingly, they came within the sweep of the grape-shot, with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle.

But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless, from every battery. In quick succession, explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered—the storm still continued; they turned—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no regathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his head-quarters at the Tuileries.

“How *could you*,” said a lady, “thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?” “A soldier,” he coolly replied, “is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris.” Subsequently, Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget, that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France, called the Directory, from the five Directors who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his un pitying artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of the metropolis.

The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the republic upon a firm foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that as the insurgents were now harmless, they should not be punished, but that a veil of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honorably dissolved itself, by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offenses, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered, the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness, in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more herculean labor. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters, were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The post which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and had obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled



THE AMAZON DISCOMFITED.

with tumult and disorder. The ravages of the Revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through

the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness in repressing disorders. It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion, a fish-woman, of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with the most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind those coxcombs with epaulets upon their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter." The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee, and the crowd in good humor dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—PIEDMONT.

Napoleon's Appearance and Character—His Benevolence—Josephine Beauharnais—Eugene—Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Napoleon takes Command of the Army of Italy—Departure from Paris—Feeling in England—State of the Army at Nice—Ascendency of Napoleon over his Generals and Soldiers—Influence of Letitia—Napoleon's Designs—His Proclamation—Toils and Sufferings of the Army—Efforts to win the Friendship of the Italians—Battle at Cera—Haughty Treatment of the Sardinian Commissioners—Proclamations.

THE discomfiture of the insurgent sections in Paris, and the energy, tact, and humanity which Napoleon displayed in the subsequent government of the tumultuous city, caused his name to be familiar as a household word in all parts of the metropolis. His slight and slender figure, so feminine and graceful in its proportions; his hand, so small, and white, and soft that any lady might covet it; his features, so mild and youthful in their expression; and all these combined in strange alliance with energies as indomitable, and a will as imperious, as were ever enshrined in mortal form, invested the young general with a mysterious and almost supernatural fascination.

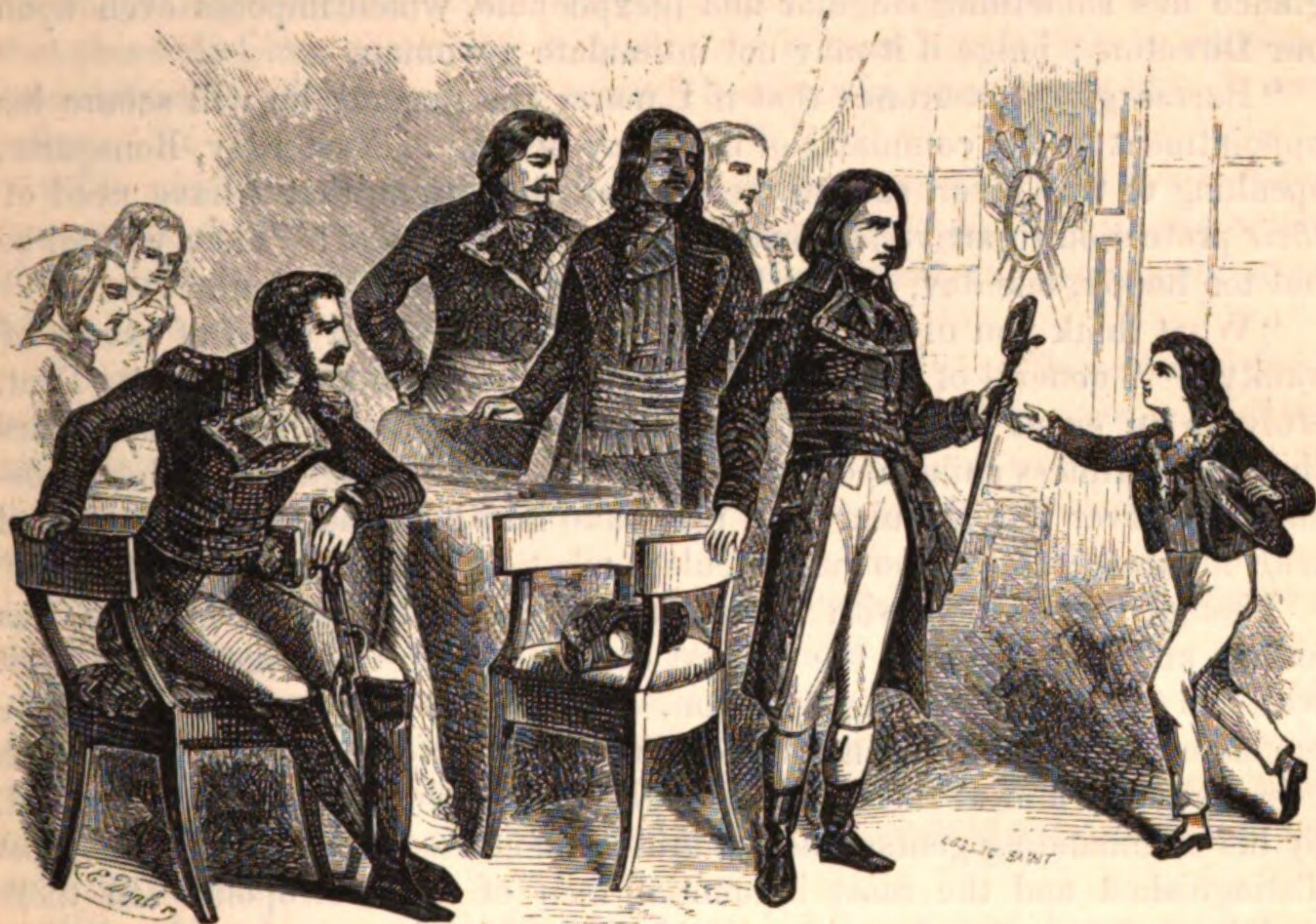
Famine was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city. Words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Duchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exertions. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scenes of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and, totally regardless of ease and self-indulgence, did every thing in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day, when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountain of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were moaning for food at home. "If I can not obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and, giving her some money to meet her immediate wants, entered the house, and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertainment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner, he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and, finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needle-work among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude for their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was at this time, in Paris, a lady, who was rendered quite prominent in society by her social attractions, her personal loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished upon the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world-renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinico, in the West Indies. When almost a child, she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business, and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris, she was immediately introduced to all the splendors of the court of Maria Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceeded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty, the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. A few days afterward, Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and, with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and, speaking with kind words of commendation, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears, and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence, and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Jose-

phine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was so grateful for the kindness with which the distinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called in her carriage, the next day, to express



NAPOLEON AND EUGENE.

to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was tremulous with emotion. The fervor and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon; but her form and features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors, who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connection, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society, and surrounded by friends so influential. And Barras clearly foresaw that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks, in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage:

"I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow. I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well, and the quickness of

his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess that I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

"Barras gives assurance that if I marry the general, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, said to me, 'Think they, then, that *I* have need of *their* protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine.'

"What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade to protect the heads of government! That, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?"

Though the passion with which Josephine had inspired Napoleon was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met and dazzled, by his commanding genius and his brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished and the most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans.

On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-six years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It can not be doubted that, next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite. It was a mere partnership, which any persons could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. The parties contemplating marriage simply recorded their intention in the state register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of a transaction so sacred. They were both in natural disposition serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively revered all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

"Man, launched into life," said Napoleon, "asks himself, Whence do I come? what am I? whither do I go?—mysterious questions which draw him toward religion; our hearts crave the support and guidance of religious faith. We believe in the existence of God, because every thing around us proclaims his being. The greatest minds have cherished this conviction—

Bossuet, Newton, Leibnitz. The heart craves faith as the body food; and, without doubt, we believe most frequently without exercising our reason. Faith wavers as soon as we begin to argue. But even then our hearts say, 'Perhaps I shall again believe instinctively. God grant it!' For we feel that this belief in a protecting deity must be a great happiness; an immense consolation in adversity, and a powerful safeguard when tempted to immorality.

"The virtuous man never doubts of the existence of God; for if his reason does not suffice to comprehend it, the instinct of his soul adopts the belief. Every intimate feeling of the soul is in sympathy with the sentiments of religion."

These are profound thoughts; and it is strange that they should have sprung up in the mind of one educated in the midst of the violence, and the clangor, and the crime of battle, and accustomed to hear from the lips of all around him every religious sentiment ridiculed as the superstition of the most weak and credulous.

When at St. Helena, Napoleon one evening called for the New Testament, and read to his friends the address of Jesus to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself as having ever been struck with the highest admiration in view of the purity, the sublimity, and the beauty of the morality which it contained. Napoleon seldom spoke lightly even of the corruptions of the Church. But he always declared his most exalted appreciation of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesch, in accordance with the forms of the Church, which the Emperor had re-established. "Josephine," said Napoleon, "was truly a most lovely woman, refined, affable, and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Every thing she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady and the best woman in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favor for Eugene, or thanked me for any that I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honors. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was *my* affair—that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor." A more beautiful exhibition of exquisite delicacy on the one part, and of full appreciation on the other, history has not recorded.

Again, he said of Josephine, "We lived together like honest citizens in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labors of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee for a good establishment. It insures the respectability of the wife, the dependence of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other.

"A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have se-

cured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Maria Louisa; and I never would have put my foot on that abyss covered with flowers, which was my ruin. Let no one, after this, rely on the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is an offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight for a long journey, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before me, and awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word, she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

“Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me my exile, and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by the treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him.”*

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-six years of age when placed in this responsible post. “You are rather young,” said one of the Directors, “to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals.” “In one year,” Napoleon replied, “I shall be either old or dead.” “We can place you in the command of men alone,” said Carnot, “for the troops are destitute of every thing, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies.” “Give me only men enough,” Napoleon replied, “and I ask for nothing more; I will be answerable for the result.”

A few days after Napoleon's marriage, he left his bride in Paris, and set

* “Nearly six hundred unpublished and most confidential letters to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the truest light on Napoleon's real character, sentiments, and purposes, and dispel clouds of prejudices, with difficulty concealed by Joseph in Europe, and brought to this country for safe keeping, were, after his death, by my instrumentality, deposited in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, as a place of security, and after four years' safe keeping there, on the 23d of October, 1849, in my presence, surrendered by Joseph's testamentary executor to his grandson Joseph, then twenty-five years of age, according to his grandfather's will, which bequeaths to that grandson those precious developments, together with other unpublished manuscripts, among them part of Joseph's life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdain's memoirs, written by himself. These perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters, several hundred in Napoleon's own handwriting, written before he became great, will demonstrate his real sentiments and character when too young for dissembling, and quite unreserved with his correspondent. Joseph relied upon them to prove, what he always said and often told me, that Napoleon was a man of warm attachments, tender feelings, and honest purposes.”—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 152, second series.

out for Nice, the head-quarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship. They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon sunny and vine-clad hillsides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few in America will question, had, in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchical form of government and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. But now these millions had risen in their majesty, and, driving the king from his throne and the nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe to overwhelm them with invading armies, and in their paroxysms of fear, when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty. They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this portentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably have driven every king in Europe from his throne. England was agitated through all her counties. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded work-shops all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris, was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it.

There can be no monarchist whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no Republican who will not pray, "God speed the Eagles of France!" Both parties believed that they were fighting in self-defense. The kings were attacked by *principles*, triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones. The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavoring, by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to reinstate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The Allies called

upon all the Loyalists scattered over France to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, in trumpet tones, summoned the *people* of all lands to hail the tri-colored flag as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages.

From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached with his conquering armies, the Loyalists fled, while the Republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting almost to religious homage; and the troops of the Allies were welcomed, in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of the monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchical and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hovering around the coasts of the Republic, assailing every exposed point, landing troops upon the French territory, and arming and inspiring the Loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine, to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and in alliance with the British navy, and the armies of the King of Sardinia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily, had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. These were the invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in fields of blood.

It was purely a war of self-defense on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchical Europe, assailing them at every point. The allied kings felt that they, also, were engaged in a war of self-defense—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and an impartial man severely to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasion of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanized France, having burst the chains of an intolerable despotism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a similar onset, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchical Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded our shores, to compel us to replace George III. upon his American throne, we should have blessed the Napoleon emerging from our midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea.

When Napoleon arrived at Nice, he found that he had but thirty thousand men with whom to repel the eighty thousand of the Allies. The government was impoverished, and had no means to pay the troops. The soldiers were dejected, emaciated, and ragged. The cavalry horses had died upon the bleak and frozen summits of the mountains, and the army was almost entirely des-

titute of artillery. The young commander-in-chief, immediately upon his arrival, summoned his generals before him. Many of them were veteran soldiers, and they were not a little chagrined in seeing a youth, whom they regarded almost as a beardless boy, placed over them in command. But in the very first hour in which he met them his superiority was recognized, and he gained a complete and an unquestioned ascendancy over all. Berthier, Massena, Augereau, Serrurier, and Lannes were there, men who had already attained renown, and who were capable of appreciating genius. "This is the leader," said one, as he left this first council, "who will surely guide us to fame and to fortune."

The French were on the cold crests of the mountains. The Allies were encamped in the warm and fertile valleys which opened into the Italian plains. The untiring energy of the youthful general, his imperial mind, his unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, his perfect acquaintance with the theatre of war, as the result of his previous explorations, his gravity and reserve of manners, his spotless morality, so extraordinary in the midst of all the dissipated scenes of the camp, commanded the reverence of the dissolute and licentious, though brave and talented generals who surrounded him. There was an indescribable something in his manner which immediately inspired respect and awe, and which kept all familiarity at a distance.

Decrès had known Napoleon well in Paris, and had been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. He was at Toulon when he heard of Napoleon's appointment to the command of the army of Italy. "When I learned," said he, "that the new general was about to pass through the city, I immediately proposed to introduce my comrades to him, and to turn my acquaintance to the best account. I hastened to meet him, full of eagerness and joy. The door of the apartment was thrown open, and I was upon the point of rushing to him with my wonted familiarity. But his attitude, his look, the tone of his voice, suddenly deterred me. There was nothing haughty or offensive in his appearance or manner, but the impression he produced was sufficient to prevent me from ever again attempting to encroach upon the distance which separated us."*

A similar ascendancy, notwithstanding his feminine stature and the extreme youthfulness of his appearance, he immediately gained over all the soldiers and all the generals of the army. Every one who entered his presence was awed by the indescribable influence of his imperial mind. No one ventured to contend with him for the supremacy. He turned with disgust from the licentiousness and dissipation which ever disgrace the presence of an army, and, with a sternness of morality which would have done honor to any of the sages of antiquity, secured that respect which virtue ever commands.

* Decrès was afterward elevated by Napoleon to a dukedom, and appointed Minister of the Marine. He was strongly attached to his benefactor. At the time of Napoleon's downfall, he was sounded in a very artful way as to his willingness to conspire against the Emperor. Happening to visit a person of celebrity, the latter drew him aside to the fire-place, and, taking up a book, said, "I have just now been reading something that struck me very forcibly. Montesquieu here remarks, 'When the prince rises above the laws, when tyranny becomes insupportable, the oppressed have no alternative but—'" "Enough!" exclaimed Decrès, putting his hand before the mouth of the reader, "I will hear no more. Close the book." The other coolly laid down the volume, as though nothing particular had occurred, and began to talk on a totally different subject.

There were many very beautiful and dissolute females in Nice, opera singers and dancing girls, who, trafficking in their charms, were living in great wealth and voluptuousness. They exhausted all their arts of enticement to win the attention of the young commander-in-chief. But their allurements were unavailing. Napoleon proved a Samson whom no Delilah could seduce. And this was the more extraordinary, since his natural temperament was glowing and impetuous in the extreme, and he had no religious scruples to interfere with his indulgences. "My extreme youth," said he, afterward, "when I took command of the army of Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power."

He was temperate in the extreme, seldom allowing himself to take even a glass of wine, and never did he countenance by his presence any scene of bacchanalian revelry. For gaming, in all its branches, he manifested then, and through the whole of his life, the strongest disapproval. He ever refused to repose confidence in any one who was addicted to that vice. One day, at St. Helena, he was conversing with Las Casas, when some remark which was made led Napoleon to inquire, "Were you a gamester?" "Alas, sire!" Las Casas replied, "I must confess that I was, but only occasionally." "I am very glad," Napoleon rejoined, "that I knew nothing of it at the time. You would have been ruined in my esteem. A gamester was sure to forfeit my confidence. The moment I heard that a man was addicted to that vice, I placed no more confidence in him."

From what source did this young soldier imbibe these elevated principles? Licentiousness, irreligion, gambling, had been the trinity of revolutionary France—the substitute which rampant infidelity had adopted for a benignant Father, a pleading Savior, a sanctifying Spirit. Napoleon was reared in the midst of these demoralizing influences. And yet how unsullied does his character appear when compared with that of his companions in the camp and on the throne! Napoleon informs us that to his mother he was indebted for every pure and noble sentiment which inspired his bosom.

Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She had herself hardly passed the period of childhood, being but nineteen years of age, when she heard the first wailing cry of Napoleon, her second-born, and pressed the helpless babe, with thanksgiving and prayer, to her maternal bosom. She was a young mother to train and educate such a child for his unknown but exalted destiny. She encircled, in protecting arms, the nursing babe, as it fondled a mother's bosom with those little hands, which, in after years, grasped sceptres, and uphove thrones, and hewed down armies with resistless sword. She taught those infant lips to lisp "papa"—"mamma"—those lips at whose subsequent command all Europe was moved, and whose burning, glowing, martial words fell like trumpet-tones upon the

world, hurling nation upon nation in the shock of war. She taught those feeble feet to make their first trembling essays upon the carpet, rewarding the successful endeavor with a mother's kiss and a mother's caress—those feet which afterward strode over the sands of the desert, and waded through the blood-stained snows of Russia, and tottered, in the infirmities of sickness and death, on the misty, barren, storm-swept crags of St. Helena. She instilled into the bosom of her son those elevated principles of honor and self-respect which, when surrounded by every temptation earth could present, preserved him from the degraded doom of the inebriate, of the voluptuary, and of the gamester, and which made the court of Napoleon, when the most brilliant court this world has ever known, also the most illustrious for the purity of its morals and the decorum of its observances.

The sincere, unaffected piety of Letitia rose so high above the corruptions of a degenerate and profligate Church, that her distinguished son, notwithstanding the all but universal infidelity of the times, was compelled to respect a religion which had embellished a beloved mother's life. He was thus induced, in his day of power, to bring back a wayward nation of thirty millions from cheerless, brutalizing, comfortless unbelief, to all the consoling, ennobling, purifying influences of Christianity. When, at the command of Napoleon, the church bells began again to toll the hour of prayer on every hillside, and through every valley in France, and the dawn of the Sabbath again guided rejoicing thousands in the crowded city and in the silent country to the temples of religion—when the young in their nuptials, and the aged in their death, were blessed by the solemnities of Gospel ministrations, it was a mother's influence which inspired a dutiful son to make the magic change which thus, in an hour, transformed France from a pagan to nominally a Christian land. It was the calm, gentle, persuasive voice of Letitia which was embodied in the consular decree. Honor to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon!

The first interview between this almost beardless youth and the veteran generals whom he was to command, must have presented a singular scene. These scarred and war-worn chiefs, when they beheld the "stripling," were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory in sending such a youth to command an army in circumstances so desperate. Rampon undertook to give the young commander some advice. Napoleon, who demanded obedience, not advice, impatiently brushed him away, exclaiming, "Gentlemen! the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance, hat in hand, and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better—so much the better. It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words; they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen! the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them into execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the uprising sun."

The commanding and self-confident tone in which Napoleon uttered these glowing sentences silenced and confounded the generals. They felt that



NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS.

they had indeed a master. "Well," said Augereau, as he left the council, nodding very significantly to Massena, "we have a man here who will cut out some work for government, I think." "It was necessary for me," Napoleon afterward remarked, "to be a little austere, to prevent my generals from slapping me upon the shoulder."

The objects which Napoleon had in view in this campaign were, first, to compel the King of Sardinia to abandon the alliance with Austria; secondly, to assail the Austrians with such vigor as to compel the Emperor to call to his aid the troops upon the Rhine, and thus weaken the powerful hosts there marching against the republic; and, thirdly, to humble the Pope, who was exerting all his spiritual power to aid the Bourbons in fighting their way back to the throne of France.

The Pope had offered an unpardonable insult to the republic. The French ambassador sent to Rome had been attacked in the streets and chased home. The mob broke into his house and cruelly assassinated him, unarmed and unresisting. The murderers remained unpunished, and no atonement had been made for the atrocious crime. But how, with thirty thousand troops, unpaid, dejected, famished, and unprovided with the munitions of war, was mortal man to accomplish such results, in the face of a foe eighty thousand strong, living in abundance, and flushed with victory?

Napoleon issued his first proclamation. It was read to every regiment in the army, and rang like trumpet-notes upon the ears of the troops. "Soldiers! you are hungry and naked; the government owes you much, and can pay you nothing. Your patience, your courage, in the midst of these rocks, are admirable, but they reflect no splendor upon your arms. I come to lead

you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent cities, will soon be at your disposal. There you will find abundant harvests, honor, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?"

It is not strange that such words, from their young and fearless leader, should have inspired enthusiasm, and should have caused the hearts of the desponding to leap high with hope and confidence. The simple plan which Napoleon adopted was to direct his whole force against detached portions of the Austrian army, and thus by gaining, at the point of attack, a superiority in numbers, to destroy them by piecemeal. "War," said the young soldier, "is the science of barbarians; and he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

The whole army was instantly on the move. The generals, appreciating the wisdom and the fearlessness of their indomitable leader, imbibed his spirit and emulated his zeal. Napoleon was on horseback night and day. He seemed to take no time to eat or to sleep. He visited the soldiers, sympathized with them in their sufferings, and revealed to them his plans. It was early in the spring. Bleak glaciers and snow-covered ridges of the Alps were between Napoleon and the Austrians. Behind this curtain he assembled his forces. Enormous sacrifices were required to enable the soldiers to move from point to point with that celerity which was essential in operations so hazardous. He made no allowance for any impediments or obstacles. At a given hour, the different divisions of the army, by various roads, were to be at a designated point. To accomplish this, every sacrifice was to be made of comfort and of life. If necessary to the attainment of this end, stragglers were to be left behind, baggage abandoned, artillery even to be left in the ruts, and the troops were to be, without fail, at the designated place at the appointed hour. Through storms of rain and snow, over mountain and moor, by night and by day, hungry, sleepless, wet, and cold, the enthusiastic host pressed on. It seems incredible that the young Napoleon, so instantaneously as it were, should have been enabled to infuse his almost supernatural energy into the whole army. He had neither mules with which to attempt the passage of the Alps, nor money to purchase the necessary supplies. He therefore decided to turn the mountains, by following down the chain along the shores of the Mediterranean, to a point where the lofty ridges sink almost to a plain.

The army of Beaulieu was divided into three corps. His centre, ten thousand strong, was at the small village of Montenotte. The night of the 11th of April was dark and tempestuous. Torrents of rain were falling, and the miry roads were almost impassable. But through the long hours of this stormy night, while the Austrians were reposing warmly in their tents, Napoleon and his soldiers, drenched with rain, were toiling through the muddy defiles of the mountains, wading the swollen streams, and climbing the slippery cliffs. Just as the day began to dawn through the broken clouds, the young general stood upon the heights in the rear of Montenotte, and looked down upon the encamped host whom he was now for the first time to encounter in decisive conflict. He had so maneuvered as completely to envelop his unsuspecting enemy.

Allowing his weary troops not an hour for repose, he fell upon the allied

Austrians and Sardinians like a whirlwind, attacking them, at the same moment, in front, flank, and rear. The battle was long and bloody. The details of these horrid scenes of carnage are sickening. The shout of onset; the shriek of agony; the mutilated and the mangled forms of the young and the noble, trampled beneath the iron hoofs of rushing squadrons; the wounded crushed into the mire, with their bones ground to powder as the wheels of ponderous artillery were dragged mercilessly over them, and the wailing echo of widows and orphans in their distant homes, render these battle-fields revolting to humanity. At length the Austrians were broken and completely routed. They fled in dismay, leaving three thousand dead and wounded upon the field, and their cannon and colors in possession of the French. This was the first battle in which Napoleon had the supreme command; the first victory in which the honor redounded to himself. "My title of nobility," said he afterward, proudly, to the Emperor of Austria, "dates from the battle of Montenotte."



MONTENOTTE AND ITS VICINITY.

The Austrians fled in one direction to Dego, to meet re-enforcements coming to their aid, and to protect Milan. The Sardinians retreated in another direction to Millesimo, to cover their own capital of Turin. Thus the two armies were separated as Napoleon desired. The indefatigable general, allowing his exhausted and bleeding army but a few hours of repose, and himself not one, resolved, while his troops were flushed with victory, and the enemy were depressed by defeat and loss, to attack both armies at once. The 13th and the 14th of April were passed in one incessant conflict. The Austrians and Sardinians, intrenching themselves in strong fortresses and upon craggy

hill-sides, and every hour receiving re-enforcements pressing on to their aid, cast showers of stones and rolled heavy rocks upon their assailants, sweeping away whole companies at a time. Napoleon was every where, sharing the toil, incurring the danger, and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic ardor and courage. In both battles the French were entirely victorious. At Dego, the Austrians were compelled to abandon their artillery and baggage, and escape as they could over the mountains, leaving three thousand prisoners in the hands of the conqueror. At Millesimo, fifteen hundred Sardinians were compelled to surrender. Thus, like a thunderbolt, Napoleon opened the campaign. In three days, three desperate battles had been fought and three decisive victories gained.

Still Napoleon's situation was perilous in the extreme. He was surrounded by forces vastly superior to his own, crowding down upon him. The Austrians were amazed at his audacity. They deemed it the paroxysm of a madman, who throws himself single-handed into the midst of an armed host.

His destruction was sure, unless, by almost supernatural rapidity of marching, he could prevent the concentration of these forces and bring superior numbers to attack and destroy the detached portions. A day of inaction, an hour of hesitancy, might have been fatal. It was in the battle at Dego that Napoleon was first particularly struck with the gallantry of a young officer named Lannes. In nothing was the genius of this extraordinary man more manifest than in the almost intuitive penetration with which he discovered character. Lannes became subsequently Duke of Montebello, and one of the marshals of the Empire.*

In the midst of these marches and countermarches, and these incessant battles, there had been no opportunity to distribute regular rations among the troops. The soldiers, destitute of every thing, began to pillage. Napoleon, who was exceedingly anxious to win the good-will of the people of Italy, and to be welcomed by them as their deliverer from proud oppressors, proceeded against the culprits with great severity, and immediately re-established the most rigid discipline in the army.

He had now advanced to the summit of Mount Zemolo. From that eminence the troops looked down upon the lovely plains of Italy, opening like a diorama beneath them. The poetic sensibilities of Napoleon were deeply



NAPOLEON ON MOUNT ZEMOLO.

moved by the majestic spectacle. Orchards and vineyards, and fertile fields and peaceful villages, lay spread out, a scene of enchantment in the extend-

* "The education of Lannes had been much neglected, but his mind rose to the level of his courage. He became a giant. He adored me as his protector, his superior being, his providence. In the impetuosity of his temper, he sometimes allowed hasty expressions against me to escape his lips, but he would probably have broken the head of any one who had joined him in his remarks. When he died, he had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and three hundred combats of different kinds."—*Napoleon*.

ed valley. Majestic rivers, reflecting the rays of the sun like ribbons of silver, meandered through meadow and forest, encircling the verdant hillsides, and bathing the streets of opulent cities. In the distance, stupendous mountains, hoary with eternal ice and snow, bounded and seemed to embrace in protecting arms this land of promise. Napoleon, sitting upon his horse, gazed for some time in silent and delighted admiration upon the scene. "Hannibal," he exclaimed, "forced the Alps; but we have turned them."

There was, however, not a moment to be lost in rest or reverie. From every direction the Austrians and Sardinians were hurrying to their appointed rendezvous, to combine and destroy this audacious band, which had so suddenly and fatally plunged into their midst. The French troops rushed down the declivities of the mountains, and, crossing the Tanaro, rejoiced with trembling as they found themselves in the sunny plains of Italy. Dispatching Augereau to pursue the Austrian army, now effectually separated from their allies, Napoleon, with indefatigable perseverance, pursued the Sardinians in their flight toward Turin. He came up with them on the 18th at Ceva, where they had intrenched themselves, eight thousand strong.

He immediately attacked them in their intrenchments, and during the remainder of the day the sanguinary battle raged without any decisive result. The flash and the roar of artillery and of musketry did not cease till the darkness rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The French slept upon their arms, ready to resume the combat in the earliest dawn of the morning. In the night the Sardinians fled, and again took a strong position behind the deep and foaming torrent of the Carsuglia. On the evening of the ensuing day Napoleon again overtook them. A single brigade crossed the rapid torrent. The Sardinians were so strongly posted that it seemed impossible that they could be dislodged. Large detachments were hastening to re-enforce them. The Austrians were accumulating in great strength in Napoleon's rear, and, notwithstanding all these brilliant victories, the situation of the French was perilous in the extreme. A council of war was held in the night, and it was decided, regardless of the extreme exhaustion of the troops, to make an assault upon the bridge as soon as the morning should dawn. Before the first gray of the morning, the French, in battle array, were moving down upon the bridge, anticipating a desperate struggle. But the Sardinians, in a panic, had again fled during the night, and Napoleon, rejoicing at his good fortune, passed the bridge unobstructed. The indefatigable victor pressed onward in the pursuit, and before nightfall again overtook his fugitive foes, who had intrenched themselves upon some almost inaccessible hills near Mondovi.

The French immediately advanced to the assault. The Sardinians fought with desperation, but the genius of Napoleon triumphed, and again the Sardinians fled, leaving two thousand men, eight cannon, and eleven standards in the hands of the conqueror, and one thousand dead upon the field. Napoleon pursued the fugitives to Cherasco, and took possession of the place. He was now within twenty miles of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. All was commotion in the metropolis. There were thousands there who had imbibed the revolutionary spirit, who were ready to welcome Napoleon as their deliverer, and to implore him to aid them in the establishment of a re-

public. The king and the nobles were in consternation. The English and Austrian ministers entreated the king to adhere to the alliance, abandon his capital, and continue the conflict. They assured him that the rash and youthful victor was rushing into difficulties from which he could by no possibility extricate himself. But he, trembling for his throne and his crown, believing it to be impossible to resist so rapid a conqueror, and fearing that Napoleon, irritated by a protracted conflict, would proclaim political liberty to the people and revolutionize the kingdom, determined to throw himself into the arms of the French, and to appeal to the magnanimity of the foe whose rights he had so unpardonably assailed. By all human rules he deserved the severest punishment. He had united with two powerful nations, England and Austria, to chastise the French for preferring a republic to a monarchy, and had sent an invading army to bombard the cities of France, and instigate the Royalists to rise in civil war against the established government of the country.

It was with lively satisfaction that Napoleon received the advances of the Sardinian king, for he was fully aware of the peril in which he was placed. The allied armies were still far more numerous than his own. He had neither heavy battering cannon nor siege equipage to reduce Turin and the other important fortresses of the kingdom. He was far from home, could expect no immediate re-enforcements from France, and his little army was literally in destitution and rags. The Allies, on the contrary, were in the enjoyment of abundance. They could every day augment their strength, and their resources were apparently inexhaustible.

"The King of Sardinia," says Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left; and, in spite of the victories which had been gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone every thing." Napoleon, however, toward the commissioners that had been sent to treat with him, assumed a very confident and imperious tone. He demanded, as a preliminary to any armistice, that the important fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria—"the keys of the Alps"—should be surrendered to him. The commissioners hesitated to comply with these requisitions, which would place Sardinia entirely at his mercy, and proposed some modifications.

"Your ideas are absurd," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly: "it is for me to state conditions. Listen to the laws which I impose upon you in the name of the government of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." The commissioners were overawed, and a treaty was immediately concluded, by which the King of Sardinia abandoned the alliance, surrendered the three fortresses, with all their artillery and military stores, to Napoleon, sent an ambassador to Paris to conclude a definitive peace, left the victors in possession of all the places they had already taken, disbanded the militia and dispersed the regular troops, and allowed the French free use of the military roads to carry on the war with Austria. Napoleon then issued to his soldiers the following soul-stirring proclamation:

"Soldiers! you have gained in fifteen days six victories, taken one-and-twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places, and have conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men. Hitherto you have

fought on sterile rocks, illustrious, indeed, by your courage, but of no avail. Now you rival by your services the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. You were utterly destitute ; you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon ; passed rivers without bridges ; made forced marches without shoes ; bivouacked without bread. The phalanxes of the republic, the soldiers of liberty, were alone capable of such services. But, soldiers ! you have accomplished nothing while any thing remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is in your hands. I am told that there are some among you whose courage is failing, who wish to return to the summits of the Alps and the Apennines. No ! I can not believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, of Mondovi, burn to carry still further the glories of the French name. But, ere I lead you to conquest, there is one condition you must promise to fulfill ; that is, to protect the people whom you liberate, and to repress all acts of lawless violence. Without this, you would not be the deliverers, but the scourge of nations. Invested with the national authority, strong in justice and law, I shall not hesitate to enforce the requisitions of humanity and of honor. I will not suffer robbers to sully your laurels. Pillagers shall be shot without mercy.

“People of Italy ! The French army advances to break your chains. The French people are the friends of all nations. In them you may confide. Your property, your religion, your customs shall be respected. We will only make war as generous foes. Our sole quarrel is with the tyrants who enslave you.”

CHAPTER V.

PURSUIT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

Strong Temptation of Napoleon—His Wishes for Italy—Sensation in Paris—Remembrance of Josephine—Conditions with the Duke of Parma—Napoleon outgenerals Beaulieu—The Bridge of Lodi—Its terrible Passage—Entrance into Milan—Support of the Army—The Courier—Letter to Oriani—Appointment of Kellerman—Insurrection at Milan—Banasco—Pavia—The Venetian Bribe—Lofty Ambition—Origin of the Imperial Guard—Terms with the Pope.

A LARGE majority of Napoleon's soldiers and officers severely condemned any treaty of peace with a monarchical government, and were clamorous for the dethronement of the King of Sardinia, and the establishment of a republic. The people thronged Napoleon with the entreaty that he would lend them his countenance that they might revolutionize the kingdom. They urged that, by the banishment of the king and the nobles, they could establish a free government, which should be the natural and efficient ally of republican France. He had but to say the word and the work was done. The temptation to utter that word must have been very strong. It required no common political foresight to nerve Napoleon to resist that temptation.

But he had a great horror of anarchy. He had seen enough of the working of Jacobin misrule in the blood-deluged streets of Paris. He did not believe that the benighted peasants of Italy possessed either the intelligence or the moral principle essential to the support of a well-organized republic.

Consequently, notwithstanding the known wishes of the Directory, the demands of the army, and the entreaties of the populace, with heroic firmness he refused to allow the overthrow of the established government. He diverted the attention of his soldiers from the subject by plunging them into still more arduous enterprises, and leading them to yet more brilliant victories.

Napoleon had no desire to see the Reign of Terror re-enacted in the cities of Italy. He was in favor of reform, not of revolution. The kings and the nobles had monopolized wealth and honor, and nearly all the most precious privileges of life. The people were merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. Napoleon wished to break down this monopoly, and to emancipate the masses from the servitude of ages. He would do this, however, not by the sudden upheaving of thrones and the transfer of power to unenlightened and inexperienced democracy, but by surrounding the thrones with republican institutions, and conferring upon all people a strong and well-organized government, with constitutional liberty. Eloquently he says, "It would be a magnificent field for speculation to estimate what would have been the destinies of France and of Europe, had England satisfied herself with denouncing the murder of Louis XVI., which would have been for the interests of public morality, and listened to the councils of a philanthropic policy, by accepting revolutionized France as an ally. Scaffolds would not then have been erected over the whole country, and kings would not have trembled on their thrones; but their states would all have passed, more or less, through a revolutionary process, and the whole of Europe, without a convulsion, would have become constitutional and free."

The kingdom of Sardinia was composed of the provinces of Nice, Piedmont, Savoy, and Montferrat. It contained three millions of inhabitants. The king, by extraordinary efforts and by means of subsidies from England, had raised an army of sixty thousand men, trained to service in long-continued wars. His numerous fortresses, well armed and amply provisioned, situated at the defiles of all the mountains, placed his frontier in a state which was regarded as impregnable. He was the father-in-law of both of the brothers of Louis XVI., which brothers subsequently ascended the throne of France as Louis XVIII. and as Charles X. He had welcomed them in their flight from France to his court in Turin, and had made his court a place of refuge for the emigrant noblesse, where, in fancied security, they matured their plans and accumulated their resources for the invasion of France, in connection with the armies of the Allies. And yet Napoleon, with thirty thousand half-starved men, had, in one short fortnight, dispersed his troops, driven the Austrians from the kingdom, penetrated to the very heart of the state, and was threatening the bombardment of his capital. The humiliated monarch, trembling for his crown, was compelled to sue for peace at the feet of an unknown young man of twenty-six. His chagrin was so great, in view of his own fallen fortunes and the hopelessness of his sons-in-law ever attaining the throne of France, that he died, a few days after signing the treaty of Cherasco, of a broken heart.

Napoleon immediately dispatched Murat, his first aid-de-camp, to Paris, with a copy of the armistice, and with twenty-one standards taken from the enemy. The sensation which was produced in France by this rapid succes-

sion of astonishing victories was intense and universal. The spirit of antique eloquence which imbued the proclamations of the young conqueror; the modest language of his dispatches to the Directory; the entire absence of boasting respecting his own merits; and the glowing commendation of the enthusiastic bravery of his soldiers and of his generals, excited profound admiration. *Napoleon Bonaparte* was a foreign—an Italian name. Few in France had ever heard it, and it was not easily pronounced. It was sonorous and imposing. Every one inquired, Who is this young general, whose talents thus suddenly, with such meteoric splendour, have blazed upon Europe? His name and his fame were upon every lip, and the eyes of all Europe were concentrated upon him. *Three times* in the course of *fifteen* days the Council of Ancients and the Five Hundred had decreed that the army of Italy deserved well of their country, and had appointed festivals to victory in their honor. In very imposing ceremony, Murat presented the captured standards to the Directory. Several foreign ambassadors were present on the occasion. The republic, thus triumphant, was invested with new dignity, and elevated, by the victories of the young general, to a position of respect and consideration which it had never attained before.

While these scenes were transpiring, Napoleon did not forget the bride he had left in Paris. Though for seven days and nights he had allowed himself no quiet meal, no regular repose, and had not taken off either his coat or his boots, he found time to send frequent and most affectionate, though very short, notes to Josephine. This delicacy of attention Napoleon ever manifested toward Josephine, even after their unhappy divorce, and until the hour of her death.

Napoleon having, by an advantageous treaty with Sardinia, secured his rear from assault, without a day's delay commenced the pursuit of the discomfited remains of the Austrian army. Under their commander-in-chief Beaulieu, they had retreated behind the Po, where they strongly intrenched themselves, awaiting the re-enforcements which were hurrying to their aid.

Upon leaving the kingdom of Sardinia, Napoleon first entered the states of Parma. The Duke of Parma, who had united with his more powerful neighbors in the alliance against France, reigned over a population of but about five hundred thousand, and could furnish to the Allies but three thousand troops. He was, of course, powerless, and sent envoys to solicit the clemency of the conqueror. He had joined his armies with those of Austria for the invasion of France. It was just that he should be compelled to aid in defraying the expenses which France was consequently forced to incur to repel the invasion. Napoleon granted him an armistice upon his paying five hundred thousand dollars in silver, sixteen hundred artillery horses, and a large supply of corn and provisions.

And here commenced one of those characteristic acts of the young general which have been greatly admired by some, and most severely censured by others. Napoleon, a lover and connoisseur of the arts, conscious of the addition they contribute to the splendor of an empire, and of the effect which they produce upon the imagination of men, demanded twenty of the choicest pictures in the galleries of the duke, to be sent to the Museum at Paris. To save one of these works of art, the celebrated picture of St. Jerome, the

duke offered two hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon declined the money, stating to the army, "The sum which he offers us will soon be spent; but the possession of such a master-piece at Paris will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius."

No one objects, according to the laws of war, to the extortion of the money, the horses, the corn, and the beef, but it is represented by some as an unpardonable act of spoliation and rapacity to have taken the pictures. If conquest confers the right to the seizure of any species of property, it is difficult to conceive why works of art, which are subject to barter and sale, should claim exemption. Indeed, there seems to be a peculiar propriety in taking luxuries rather than necessities. The extortion of money only inflicted a tax upon the *people*, who were the friends of Napoleon and of his cause. The selection of the paintings and the statuary deprived not the people of their food, but caused that very class in the community to feel the evils of war who had originated the conflict. It was making requisition upon the palace, and not upon the cottage. But war, with its extortion, robbery, cruelty, and blood, involves all our ideas of morality in confusion. Whatever may be the decision of posterity respecting the propriety of including works of genius among the trophies of war, the occurrence surely exhibits Napoleon as a man of refined and elevated tastes. An ignoble spirit, moved by avarice, would have grasped the money. Napoleon, regardless of personal indulgence, sought only the glory of France. There is, at least, grandeur in the motive which inspired the act.

The Austrians were now re-enforced to the amount of forty thousand men, and had intrenched themselves upon the other side of the Po, having this magnificent stream flowing between them and the French. It is one of the most difficult operations in war to cross a river in the face of an opposing army. It was difficult to conceive how Napoleon could effect the enterprise. He, however, marched resolutely on toward Valenza, making every demonstration of his intention to cross at that point, in defiance of the foe, arrayed in vastly superior numbers to contest the passage. The Austrians concentrated their strength to give him a warm reception. Suddenly, by night, Napoleon turned down the river, and with amazing celerity made a march of eighty miles in thirty-six hours, seizing every boat upon the stream as he passed along. He had timed the march of the several divisions of his army so precisely, that all of his forces met at the appointed rendezvous within a few hours of each other. Rapidly crossing the river in boats, he found himself and his army, without the loss of a single man, in the plains of Lombardy.

This beautiful and productive country had been conquered by the Austrians, and was governed by an archduke. It contained one million two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was one of the most fertile and rich provinces in the world. Its inhabitants were much dissatisfied with their foreign masters, and the great majority, longing for political regeneration, were ready to welcome the armies of France. As soon as Beaulieu, who was busily at work upon his fortifications at Valenza, heard that Napoleon had thus out-generated him, and had crossed the river, he immediately collected all his forces and moved forward to meet him. The advanced divisions of the hos-

tile armies soon met at Fombio. The Austrians stationed themselves in the steeples, and at the windows, and upon the roofs of the houses, and commenced a destructive fire upon the French, crowding into the streets. They hoped to arrest their progress until the commander-in-chief could arrive with the main body of the army. The French, however, rushed impetuously on with their bayonets, and the Austrians were driven before them, leaving two thousand prisoners in the hands of Napoleon, and the ground covered with their dead.

The French pursued closely upon the heels of the Austrians, from every eminence plunging cannon-balls into their retreating ranks, and assailing them with the most destructive fire at every possible point of attack. In the evening of the same day, the exhausted and bleeding columns of the enemy arrived at Lodi, a small town upon the banks of the Adda. Passing directly through the town, they crossed the river, which was about two hundred yards in width, by a narrow wooden bridge, about thirty feet wide. They were there received by the main body of the army of Beaulieu, which was strongly intrenched upon the opposite bank. The whole French army rushed into the town, and sheltering themselves behind the walls of the houses from the incessant fire of the Austrian batteries, awaited the commands of their youthful leader, whom they now began to think invincible.

Napoleon's belief in *destiny* was so strong that he was an entire stranger to bodily fear. He immediately sallied from the town and reconnoitered the banks of the river, amid a shower of balls and grape-shot. The prospect before him would have been to most persons appalling. The Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, with twelve thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of heavy artillery, were posted upon the opposite bank in battle array, with their batteries so arranged as to command the whole length of the bridge by a raking fire. Batteries stationed above and below also swept the narrow passage by cross-fires, while sharp-shooters, in bands of thousands, were posted at every available point, to drive a storm of musket-balls into the face of any who should approach the structure.

Beaulieu conceived his position so impregnable that he had not thought it necessary to destroy the bridge, as he easily could have done. He desired nothing more earnestly than that the French might attempt the passage, for he was confident that their discomfiture would be both signal and awful. Napoleon immediately placed as many guns as possible in opposition to the Austrian batteries, directing with his own hands, in the midst of the hottest fire, some cannon in such a manner as to prevent the Austrians from approaching to blow up the arches. He then entered the town, assembled his general officers, and informed them that he had resolved immediately to storm the bridge. The bravest of them recoiled from the undertaking, and they unanimously disapproved of the plan as impracticable.

"It is impossible," said one, "that any men can force their way across that narrow bridge, in the face of such an annihilating storm of balls as must be encountered." "How! impossible!" exclaimed Napoleon; "that word is not French." The self-reliant mind of the young conqueror was seldom moved by the opinion of others. Regardless of the disapproval of his gen-



erals, he assembled six thousand picked troops, and addressing them in those marked tones of martial eloquence eminently at his command, so effectually roused their pride and enthusiasm that they were clamorous to be led to the assault. He unfolded to them fully the peril which attended the enterprise, and animated them by reference to the corresponding glory which would attend the achievement. He knew that thousands must perish. But placing only a slight value upon his own life, he regarded as little the lives of others, and deemed the object to be gained worthy of the terrible price which was to be paid. There probably was not another man in either of those armies who would have ventured upon the responsibility of an enterprise apparently so desperate.

Secretly dispatching a large body of cavalry to cross the river at a very difficult ford, about three miles above the town, which by some inconceivable oversight the Austrians had neglected to protect, he ordered them to come down the river and make the most desperate charge upon the rear of the enemy. At the same time, he formed his troops into a line, under the shelter of one of the streets nearest the point of attack. It was the evening of the 10th of May. The sun was just sinking behind the Tyrolean hills, enveloping in soft twilight the scene of rural peace and beauty, and of man's depravity. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface of the water, or agitated the bursting foliage of the early spring.

The moment that Napoleon perceived, by the commotion among the Austrians, that the cavalry had effected the passage of the river, he ordered the trumpets to sound the charge. The line wheeled instantly into a dense and solid column, crowding the street with its impenetrable mass. Emerging



THE TERRIBLE PASSAGE OF THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

from the shelter upon the full run, while rending the air with their enthusiastic shouts, they rushed upon the bridge. They were met by a murderous

discharge of every missile of destruction, sweeping the structure like a whirlwind. The whole head of the column was immediately cut down like grass before the scythe, and the progress of those in the rear was encumbered by piles of the dead. Still the column pressed on, heedless of the terrific storm of iron and of lead, until it had forced its way into the middle of the bridge. Here it hesitated, wavered, and was on the point of retreating before volcanic bursts of fire too terrible for mortal man to endure, when Napoleon, seizing a standard, and followed by Lannes, Massena, and Berthier, plunged through the clouds of smoke which now enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness, placed himself at the head of the troops, and shouted, "Follow your general!" The bleeding, mangled column, animated by this example, rushed with their bayonets upon the Austrian gunners. At the same moment, the French cavalry came dashing upon the batteries in the rear, and the bridge was carried. The French army now poured across the narrow passage like a torrent, and debouched upon the plain. Still the battle raged with unmitigated fury. The Austrians hurled themselves upon the French with the energy of despair. But the troops of Napoleon, intoxicated with their amazing achievement, set all danger at defiance, and seemed as regardless of bullets and of shells as if they had been snow-balls in the hands of children.

In the midst of the thunders of the terrific cannonade, a particular battery was producing terrible havoc among the ranks of the French. Repeated attempts had been made to storm it, but in vain. An officer rode up to Napoleon in the midst of the confusion and horror of the battle, and represented the importance of making another effort to silence the destructive battery. "Very well," said Napoleon, who was fond of speaking as well as acting the sublime, "let it be silenced then." Turning to a body of dragoons near by, he exclaimed, "Follow your general." As gayly as if it were the pastime of a holiday, the dragoons followed their leader in the impetuous charge, through showers of grape-shot, dealing mutilation and death into their ranks. The Austrian gunners were instantly sabred, and their guns turned upon the foe.

Lannes was the first to cross the bridge, and Napoleon the second. Lannes, in utter recklessness and desperation, spurred his maddened horse into the very midst of the Austrian ranks, and grasped a banner. At that moment, his horse fell dead beneath him, and half a dozen swords glittered above his head. With herculean strength and agility, he extricated himself from his fallen steed, leaped upon the horse of an Austrian officer behind the rider, plunged his sword through the body of the officer, and hurled him from his saddle; taking his seat, he fought his way back to his followers, having slain in the *mêlée* six of the Austrians with his own hand. This deed of demoniac energy was performed under the eye of Napoleon, and he promoted Lannes on the spot.

The Austrians now retreated, leaving two thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors, and two thousand five hundred men and four hundred horses dead upon the plain. The French probably lost, in dead and wounded, about the same number, though Napoleon, in his report of the battle, acknowledged the loss of but four hundred. The Aus-

trians claimed that the French won the victory at the expense of four thousand men. It was, of course, the policy of the conqueror to have it understood that his troops were the executors, not the victims of slaughter. "As false as a bulletin," has become a proverb. The necessity of uttering falsehood and practicing deception, in all their varied forms, is one of the smallest of the innumerable immoralities attendant upon war. From time immemorial, it has been declared that the weapons of deception and of courage are equally allowable to the soldier: "*An virtus, an dolos, quis ab hoste requirat.*" If an enemy can be deceived by a false bulletin, there are few generals so conscientious as to reject the stratagem. Napoleon certainly never hesitated to avail himself of any of those artifices, which in war are considered honorable, to send dismay into the hearts of his foes. Truthfulness is not one of the virtues which thrives in a camp.

"It was a strange sight," says a French veteran who was present at this battle, "to see Napoleon that day, on foot on the bridge, under an *infernal* fire, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers. He looked like a little boy." "This beardless youth," said an Austrian general, indignantly, "ought to have been beaten over and over again; for who ever saw such tactics! The blockhead knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, and the next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the established principles of war are insufferable."

When Napoleon was in exile at St. Helena, some one read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was stated that Napoleon displayed great courage in being the first to cross the bridge, and that Lannes passed it after him. "Before me! before me!" exclaimed Napoleon, earnestly. "Lannes passed first, and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that error upon the spot." The correction was made in the margin. This victory produced a very extraordinary effect upon the whole French army, and inspired the soldiers with unbounded confidence in their young leader.

Some of the veterans of the army, immediately after the battle, met together and jocosely promoted their general, who had so distinguished himself by his bravery, and who was so juvenile in his appearance, to the rank of corporal. When Napoleon next appeared upon the field, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts by the whole army, "Long live our little corporal!" Ever after this he was the perfect idol of the troops, and never lost, even in the dignity of Consul and Emperor, this honorary and affectionate nickname. "Neither the quelling of the sections," said Napoleon, "nor the victory of Montenotte, induced me to think myself a superior character. It was not till after the *terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi* that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition."

Lombardy was now at the mercy of Napoleon, and the discomfited Austrians fled into the Tyrol. The Archduke Ferdinand and his duchess, with tears in their eyes, abandoned to the conqueror their beautiful capital of Milan, and sought refuge with their retreating friends.

As the carriages of the ducal pair and those of their retinue passed sadly through the streets of the metropolis, the people looked on in silence, uttering not a word of sympathy or of insult; but the moment they had departed,

republican zeal burst forth unrestrained. The tri-colored cockade seemed suddenly to have fallen, as by magic, upon the hats and the caps of the multitude, and the great mass of the people prepared to greet the French Republicans with every demonstration of joy. A placard was put upon the palace—"This house to let; for the keys, apply to the French Commissioner."

On the 15th of May, just one month after the opening of the campaign at Montenotte, Napoleon entered Milan in triumph. He was welcomed by the great majority of the inhabitants as a deliverer. The patriots, from all parts of Italy, crowded to the capital, sanguine in the hope that Napoleon would secure their independence, and confer upon them a republican government, in friendly alliance with France. A numerous militia was immediately organized, called the National Guard, and dressed in three colours, blue, red, and white, in honor of the tri-colored flag. A triumphal arch was erected in homage of the conqueror. The whole population of the city marched out to bid him welcome; flowers were scattered in his path; ladies thronged the windows as he passed, and greeted him with smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs, and with a shower of bouquets rained down at his feet. Amid all the pomp of martial music and waving banners, the ringing of bells, the thunders of saluting artillery, and the acclamations of an immense concourse of spectators, Napoleon took possession of the palace from whence the duke had fled.

"If you desire liberty," said the victor to the Milanese, "you must deserve it by assisting to emancipate Italy forever from Austria." The wealthy and avaricious Duke of Modena, whose states bordered upon those of Parma, dispatched envoys to sue for peace. Napoleon granted him an armistice, upon the payment of two millions of dollars, twenty of his choicest pictures, and an abundant supply of horses and provisions. When in treaty with the Duke of Modena, the Commissary of the French army came to Napoleon, and said, "The brother of the duke is here with eight hundred thousand dollars in gold, contained in four chests. He comes, in the name of the duke, to beg you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. The money belongs to you. Take it without scruple. A proportionate diminution will be made in the duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have obtained a protector." "I thank you," replied Napoleon, coolly; "I shall not, for that sum, place myself in the power of the Duke of Modena." The whole contribution went into the army-chest, Napoleon refusing to receive for himself a single dollar.

Napoleon now issued another of those spirit-stirring proclamations, which roused such enthusiasm among his own troops, and which so powerfully electrified the ardent imagination of the Italians. "Soldiers! you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed every thing which opposed your progress. Piedmont is delivered from the tyranny of Austria, Milan is in your hands, and the republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity. The army, which menaced you with so much pride, can no longer find a barrier to protect itself against your arms. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, have not been able to stop you a single day. These boasted bulwarks of Italy have proved as nugatory as the Alps. Such a career of success has carried joy into the bosom of your country. Fêtes in honor of your victories have been ordered in all the communes of the republic.

VOL. I.—G

There your parents, your wives, your sisters, your lovers rejoice in your achievements, and boast with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers! you have indeed done much, but much remains still to be done. Shall posterity say that we knew how to conquer, but knew not how to improve victory? Shall we find a Capua in Lombardy? We have forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France—who have assassinated our ministers—who have burned our ships at Toulon—let those tremble; the hour of vengeance has struck. But let not the *people* be alarmed. We are the friends of the people every where; particularly of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men whom we have taken for our models. To re-establish the Capitol; to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious; to rouse the Romans, stupefied by centuries of slavery—such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an epoch with posterity. To you will pertain the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest portion of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace. You will then return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say, pointing to you, '*He belonged to the army of Italy.*'"

Such were the proclamations which Napoleon dashed off, with inconceivable rapidity, in the midst of all the care, and peril, and clangor of battle. Upon reading these glowing sentences over at St. Helena, twenty years after they were written, he exclaimed, "And yet they had the folly to say that I could not write." He has been represented by some as illiterate—as unable to spell. On the contrary, he was a ripe and an accomplished scholar. His intellectual powers and his intellectual attainments were of the very highest order. His mind had been trained by the severest discipline of intense and protracted study. "Do you write orthographically?" said he, one day, to his amanuensis at St. Helena. "A man occupied with public business can not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace. He has only time to place his points. He must compress words into letters and phrases into words, and let the scribes make it out afterward." Such was the velocity with which Napoleon wrote. His handwriting was composed of the most unintelligible hieroglyphics. He often could not decipher it himself.

Lombardy is the garden of Italy. The whole of the extensive valley from the Alps to the Apennines is cultivated to the highest degree, presenting in its vineyards, its orchards, its waving fields of grain, its flocks and herds, one of the most rich and attractive features earth can exhibit. Milan, its beautiful capital, abounding in wealth and luxury, contained a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Here Napoleon allowed his weary troops, exhausted by their unparalleled exertions, to repose for six days. Napoleon himself was received by the inhabitants with the most unbounded enthusiasm and joy. He was regarded as the liberator of Italy—the youthful hero, who had come, with almost supernatural powers, to reintroduce to the country the reign of Roman greatness and virtue. His glowing words, his splendid achievements, his high-toned morals, so pure and spotless, the grace and beauty of his feminine figure, his prompt decisions, his imperial

will, and the antique cast of his thoughts, uttered in terse and graphic language, which passed, in reiterated quotation, from lip to lip, diffused a universal enchantment. From all parts of Italy, the young and the enthusiastic flocked to the metropolis of Lombardy. The language of Italy was Napoleon's mother tongue. His name and his origin were Italian, and they regarded him as a countryman. They crowded his footsteps, and greeted him with incessant acclamations. He was a Cato, a Scipio, a Hannibal. The ladies, in particular, lavished upon him adulations without any bounds.

But Napoleon was compelled to support his own army from the spoils of the vanquished. He could not receive a dollar from the exhausted treasury of the French republic. "It is very difficult," said he, "to rob a people of their substance, and at the same time to convince them that you are their friend and benefactor." Still he succeeded in doing both. With great reluctance, he imposed upon the Milanese a contribution of four millions of dollars, and selected twenty paintings from the Ambrosian Gallery, to send to Paris as the trophies of his victory. It was with extreme regret that he extorted the money, knowing that it must check the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants were rallying around the republican standard. It was, however, indispensable for the furtherance of his plans. It was his only refuge from defeat and from absolute destruction. The Milanese patriots also felt that it was just that their government should defray the expenses of a war which they had provoked; that since Lombardy had allied itself with the powerful and wealthy monarchies of Europe to invade the infant republic in its weakness and its poverty, Napoleon was perfectly justifiable in feeding and clothing his soldiers at the expense of the invaders whom he had repelled. The money was paid, and the conqueror was still the idol of the people.

His soldiers were now luxuriating in the abundance of bread, and meat, and wine. They were, however, still in rags, wearing the same war-worn and tattered garments with which they had descended from the frozen summits of the Alps. With the resources thus obtained, Napoleon clothed all his troops abundantly, filled the chests of the army, established hospitals and large magazines, proudly sent a million of dollars to the Directory in Paris, as an absent father would send funds to his helpless family, forwarded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Moreau, who, with an impoverished army, upon the Rhine, was contending against superior forces of the Austrians. He also established an energetic and efficient municipal government in Milan, and made immediate arrangements for the organization and thorough military discipline of the militia in all parts of Lombardy.

This was the work of five days, and of five days succeeding a month of such toil of body and of mind as, perhaps, no mortal ever endured before. Had it not been for a very peculiar constitutional temperament, giving Napoleon the most extraordinary control over his own mind, such herculean labors could not have been performed.

"Different affairs are arranged in my head," said he, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose,

I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

After spending several successive days and nights without sleep, in preparation for a decisive conflict, he has been known repeatedly to fall asleep in the midst of the uproar and horror of the field of battle, and when the balls of the enemy were sweeping the eminence upon which he stood. "Nature has her rights," said he, "and will not be defrauded with impunity. I feel more cool to receive the reports which are brought to me and to give fresh orders, when awaking in this manner from a transient slumber."

While in Milan, one morning, just as he had mounted his horse, a dragoon presented himself before him, bearing dispatches of great importance. Napoleon read them upon the saddle, and giving a verbal answer, told the courier to take it back with all possible dispatch.

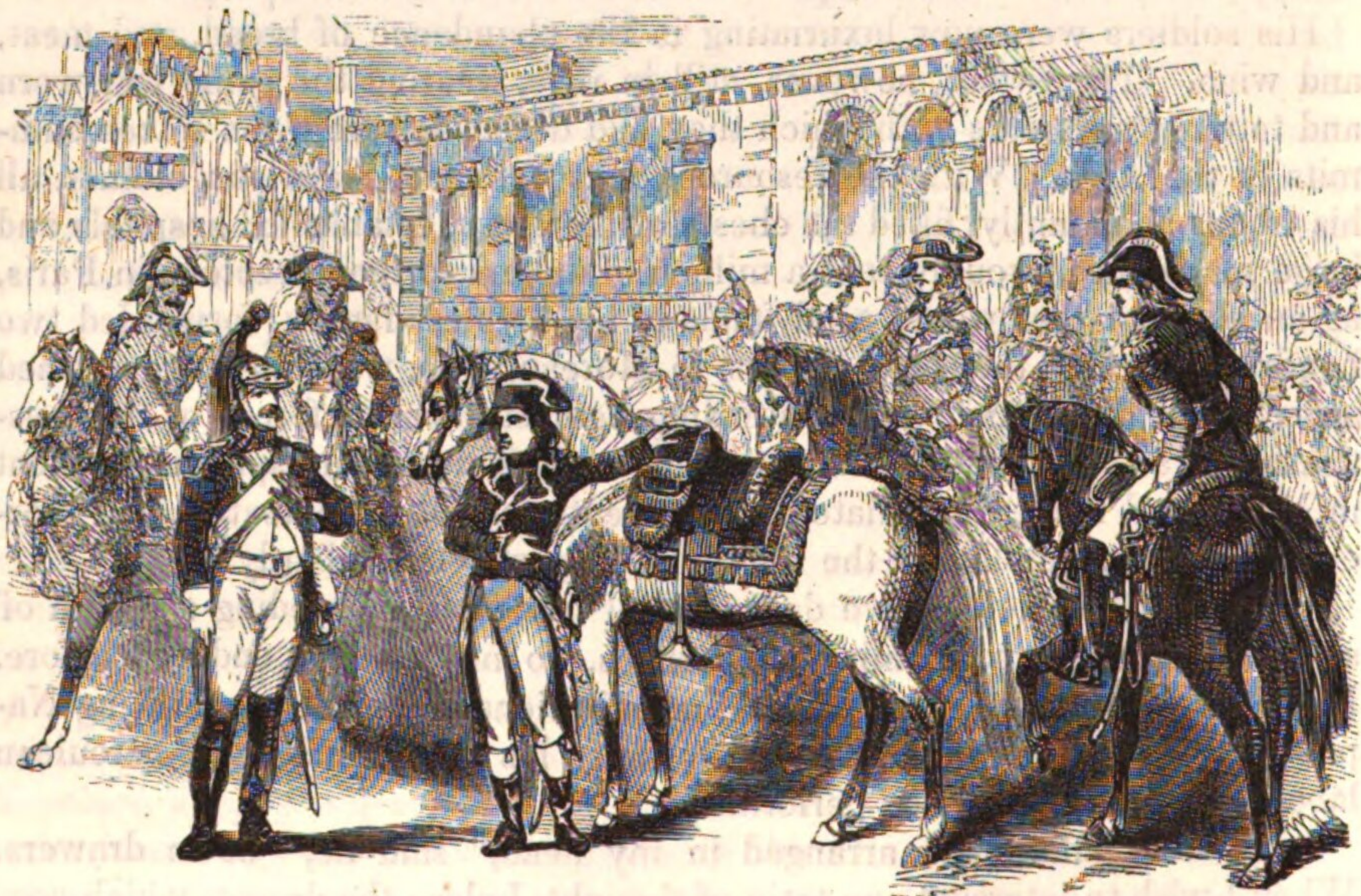
"I have no horse," the man replied; "the one I rode, in consequence of forced speed, fell dead at the gate of your palace."

"Take mine, then," rejoined Napoleon, instantly alighting.

The man hesitated to mount the magnificent charger of the general-in-chief.

"You think him too fine an animal," said Napoleon, "and too splendidly caparisoned. Never mind, comrade, there is nothing too magnificent for a French soldier."

Incidents like this, perpetually occurring, were narrated, with all conceivable embellishments, around the camp-fires, and they conferred upon the young general a degree of popularity almost amounting to adoration.



NAPOLEON AND THE COURIER.

The lofty intellectual character of Napoleon was also developed at the same time, in the midst of all the cares, perplexities, and perils of these most

terrible conflicts, in a letter publicly addressed to Oriani, the celebrated mathematician.

"Hitherto," he writes, "the learned in Italy have not enjoyed the consideration to which they were entitled. They lived secluded in their libraries, too happy if they could escape the persecution of kings and priests. It is so no longer. Religious inquisition and despotic power are at an end. Thought is free in Italy. I invite the literary and the scientific to consult together, and propose to me their ideas on the subject of giving new life and vigor to the fine arts and sciences. All who desire to visit France will be received with distinction by the government. The citizens of France have more pride in enrolling among their citizens a skillful mathematician, a painter of reputation, a distinguished man in any class of letters, than in adding to their territories a large and wealthy city."

Napoleon, having thus rapidly organized a government for Lombardy, and having stationed troops in different places to establish tranquillity, turned his attention again to the pursuit of the Austrians. But by this time the Directory in Paris were thoroughly alarmed in view of the astonishing influence and renown which Napoleon had attained. In one short month he had filled Europe with his name. They determined to check his career. Kellerman, a veteran general of great celebrity, they consequently appointed his associate in command to pursue the Austrians with a part of the army, while Napoleon, with the other part, was to march down upon the States of the Pope. This division would have insured the destruction of the army. Napoleon promptly but respectfully tendered his resignation, saying, "One bad general is better than two good ones. War, like government, is mainly decided by tact." This decision brought the Directory immediately to terms. The commander-in-chief of the army of Italy was now too powerful to be displaced, and the undivided command was immediately restored to him.

In the letter he wrote to the Directory at this time, and which must have been written with the rapidity of thought, he observes, with great force of language and strength of argument, "It is in the highest degree impolitic to divide into two the army of Italy, and not less adverse to place at its head two different generals. The expedition to the Papal States is a very inconsiderable matter, and should be made by divisions in echelon, ready at any moment to wheel about and face the Austrians. To perform it with success, both armies must be under one general. I have hitherto conducted the campaign without consulting any one. The result would have been very different if I had been obliged to reconcile my views with those of another. If you impose upon me embarrassments of various kinds; if I must refer all my steps to the commissaries of government; if they are authorized to change my movements, to send away my troops, expect no further success. If you weaken your resources by dividing your forces, if you disturb in Italy the unity of military thought, I say it with grief, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of giving laws to that fine peninsula. In the present posture of the affairs of the republic, it is indispensable that you possess a general who enjoys your confidence. If I do not do so, I shall not complain. Every one has his own method of carrying on war. Kellerman has more experience, and may do it better than I. Together we should do noth-

ing but mischief. Your decision on this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu."

On the 22d of May, Napoleon left Milan in pursuit of the Austrians. Beaulieu, in his retreat to the mountains of the Tyrol, had thrown fifteen thousand men into the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua, to arrest the progress of the conqueror. He knew that Napoleon could not follow him, leaving such a fortress in the possession of his enemies in his rear. Austria was raising powerful re-enforcements, and the defeated general intended soon to return with overwhelming numbers and crush his foe. Napoleon had hardly advanced one day's march from Milan when a formidable insurrection broke out. The priests, incited by the Pope, had roused the peasants, who were very much under their influence, to rise and exterminate the French. They appealed to all the motives of fanaticism which the Papal Church has so effectually at its command to rouse their military ardor. They assured the ignorant peasants that Austria was pouring down an overwhelming army upon the invader; that all Italy was simultaneously rising in arms; that England, with her powerful fleet, was landing troops innumerable upon the coasts of Sardinia; that God, and all his angels, were looking down from the windows of heaven to admire the heroism of the faithful in ridding the earth of the enemies of the true religion; and that the destruction of Napoleon was sure. The enthusiasm spread from hamlet to hamlet like a conflagration. The friends of republicanism were, for the most part, in the cities. The peasantry were generally strongly attached to the Church, and looked up with reverence to the nobles. The tocsin was sounded in every village. In a day, thirty thousand peasants, roused to phrensy, grasped their arms. The danger was imminent.

Napoleon felt that not an hour was to be lost. He took with him twelve hundred men and six pieces of cannon, and instantly turned upon his track. He soon came up with eight hundred of the insurgents, who were intrenching themselves in the small village of Banasco. There was no parleying. There was no hesitancy. The ear was closed to all the appeals of mercy. The veteran troops, inured to their work, rushed with bayonet and sabre upon the unwarlike Italians, and in a few moments hewed the peasants to pieces. The women and children fled in every direction, carrying the tidings of the dreadful massacre. The torch was applied to the town, and the dense volumes of smoke, ascending into the serene and cloudless skies from this altar of vengeance, proclaimed, far and wide over the plains of Italy, how dreadful a thing it was to incur the wrath of the conqueror.

Napoleon and his troops, their swords still dripping in blood, tarried not, but, moving on with the sweep of a whirlwind, came to the gates of Pavia. This city had become the head-quarters of the insurgents. It contained thirty thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had left there a garrison of three hundred men. The insurgents, eight thousand strong, had thrown themselves into the place, and, strengthened by all of the monarchical party, prepared for a desperate resistance. Napoleon sent the Archbishop of Milan with a flag of truce, offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms.

"May the terrible example of Banasco," said he, "open your eyes. Its fate shall be that of every town which persists in revolt."



THE BURNING OF DANASCO.

“While Pavia has walls,” the insurgents bravely replied, “we will not surrender.”

Napoleon rejoined in the instantaneous thunders of his artillery. He swept the ramparts with grape-shot, while the soldiers, with their hatchets, hewed down the gates.

They rushed like an inundation into the city. The peasants fought with desperation from the windows and roofs of the houses, hurling down upon the French every missile of destruction. The sanguinary conflict soon terminated in favor of the disciplined valor of the assailants. The wretched peasants were pursued into the plain, and cut down without mercy. The magistrates of the city were shot, the city itself given up to pillage.

“The order,” said Napoleon to the inhabitants, “to lay the city in ashes was just leaving my lips, when the garrison of the castle arrived, and hastened, with cries of joy, to embrace their deliverers. Their names were called over, and none found missing. If the blood of a single Frenchman had been shed, my determination was to erect a column on the ruins of Pavia, bearing this inscription, ‘*Here stood the city of Pavia!*’” He was extremely indignant with the garrison for allowing themselves to be made prisoners. “Cowards!” he exclaimed, “I intrusted you with a post essential to the safety of an army, and you have abandoned it to a mob of wretched peasants, without offering the least resistance.” He delivered the captain over to a council of war, and he was shot.

This terrible example crushed the insurrection over the whole of Lombardy. Such are the inevitable and essential horrors of war. Napoleon had no love for cruelty. But in such dreadful scenes, he claimed to be acting upon the same principle which influences the physician to cut, with an unflinching hand, through nerves and tendons, for the humane design of saving life.

This bloody vengeance was deemed necessary for the salvation of Napoleon's army. He was about to pursue the Austrians far away into the mountains of the Tyrol, and it was necessary to his success that, by a terrible example, he should teach those whom he left behind that they could not rise upon him with impunity. War is necessarily a system of cruelty and of blood. Napoleon was an energetic warrior. "A man of refined sensibilities," says the Duke of Wellington, "has no right to meddle with the profession of a soldier." "Pavia," said Napoleon, "is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I promised that the soldiers should have it at their mercy for twenty-four hours ; but, after three hours, I could bear such scenes of outrage no longer, and put an end to them. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."

It is wonderfully characteristic of this extraordinary man that, in the midst of these terrible scenes, and when encompassed by such perils and pressed by such urgent haste, he could have found time and the disposition to visit a literary institution. When the whole city of Pavia was in consternation, he entered the celebrated university, accompanied by his splendid military suite. With the utmost celerity, he moved from class to class, asking questions with such rapidity that the professors could hardly find time or breath to answer him. "What class is this?" he inquired, as he entered the first recitation-room. "The class of metaphysics," was the reply. Napoleon, who had but little respect for the uncertain deductions of mental philosophy, exclaimed, very emphatically, "Bah!" and took a pinch of snuff. Turning to one of the pupils, he inquired, "What is the difference between sleep and death?" The embarrassed pupil turned to the professor for assistance. The professor plunged into a learned disquisition upon death. The uncourteous examiner left him in the midst of his sentence, and hastened to another room. "What class is this?" he said. "The mathematical class," he was answered. It was his favorite science. His eye sparkled with pleasure, and seizing a book from one of the pupils, he hastily turned over the leaves, and gave him a very difficult problem to solve. He chanced to fall upon an excellent scholar, who did the work very promptly and correctly. Napoleon glanced his eye over the work, and said, "You are wrong." The pupil insisted that he was right. Napoleon took the slate and sat down to work the problem himself. In a moment he saw his own error, and, returning the slate to the pupil, with ill-concealed chagrin, exclaimed, "Yes! yes! you are right." He then proceeded to another room, where he met the celebrated Volta, "the Newton of electricity." Napoleon was delighted to see the distinguished philosopher, and ran and threw his arms around his neck, and begged him immediately to draw out his class. The president of the university, in a very eulogistic address to the young general, said, "Charles the Great laid the foundation of this university. May Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory."

Having quelled the insurrection in flames and blood, the only way in which, by any possibility, it could have been quelled, Napoleon turned proudly again, with his little band, to encounter the whole power of the Austrian empire, now effectually aroused to crush him. The dominions of

Venice contained three millions of souls. Its fleet ruled the Adriatic, and it could command an army of fifty thousand men. The Venetians, though unfriendly to France, preferred neutrality. Beaulieu had fled through their territories, leaving a garrison at Mantua. Napoleon pursued them.

To the remonstrances of the Venetians, he replied: "Venice has either afforded refuge to the Austrians, in which case it is the enemy of France, or it was unable to prevent the Austrians from invading its territory, and is, consequently, too weak to claim the right of neutrality." The government deliberated in much perplexity whether to throw themselves as allies into the arms of France or of Austria. They at last decided, if possible, to continue neutral. They sent to Napoleon twelve hundred thousand dollars, as a bribe or present to secure his friendship. He decisively rejected it. To some friends, who urged the perfect propriety of his receiving the money, he replied: "If my commissary should see me accept this money, who can tell to what lengths he might go?" The Venetian envoys retired from their mission deeply impressed with the genius of Napoleon. They had expected to find only a stern warrior. To their surprise, they met a statesman whose profoundness of views, power of eloquence, extent of information, and promptness of decision excited both their admiration and amazement. They were venerable men, accustomed to consideration and power. Yet the veterans were entirely overawed by his brilliant and commanding powers. "This extraordinary young man," they wrote to the senate, "will one day exert great influence over his country."

No man ever had more wealth at his disposal than Napoleon, or was more scrupulous as to the appropriation of any of it to himself. For two years he maintained the army in Italy, calling upon the government for no supplies whatever. He sent more than two millions of dollars to Paris to relieve the Directory from its embarrassments. Without the slightest difficulty, he might have accumulated millions of dollars for his own private fortune. His friends urged him to do so, assuring him that the Directory, jealous of his fame and power, would try to crush rather than to reward him. But he turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and returned to Paris from this most brilliant campaign comparatively a poor man.

He had clothed the armies of France, and replenished the impoverished treasury of the republic, and filled the Museum of Paris with paintings and statuary. But all was for France. He reserved neither money, nor painting, nor statue for himself. "Every one," said he afterward, "has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding, not for possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than any private domains could possibly have been." This was surely a lofty and a noble ambition.

Napoleon soon overtook the Austrians. He found a division of the army strongly intrenched upon the banks of the Mincio, determined to arrest his passage. Though the Austrians were some fifteen thousand strong, and though they had partially demolished the bridge, the march of Napoleon was retarded scarcely an hour. Napoleon was that day sick, suffering from a violent headache. Having crossed the river, and concerted all his plans for the pursuit of the flying enemy, he went into an old castle by the river's side

to try the effect of a foot-bath. He had but a small retinue with him, his troops being dispersed in pursuit of the fugitives. He had but just placed his feet in the warm water when he heard the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, as a squadron of Austrian dragoons galloped into the court-yard. The sentinel at the door shouted, "To arms! to arms! the Austrians!" Napoleon sprang from the bath, hastily drew on one boot, and, with the other in his hand, leaped from the window, escaped through the back gate of the garden, mounted a horse, and galloped to Massena's division, who were cooking their dinner at a little distance from the castle. The appearance of their commander-in-chief among them in such a plight roused the soldiers from their camp-kettles, and they rushed in pursuit of the Austrians, who, in their turn, retreated. This personal risk induced Napoleon to establish a body-guard, to consist of five hundred veterans, of at least ten years' service, who were ever to accompany him. This was the origin of that Imperial Guard which, in the subsequent wars of Napoleon, obtained such a world-wide renown.

Napoléon soon encamped before the almost impregnable fortress of Mantua. About twenty thousand men composed its garrison. As it was impossible to surmount such formidable defenses by assault, Napoleon was compelled to have recourse to the more tedious operations of a siege.

The Austrian government, dissatisfied with the generalship of Beaulieu, withdrew him from the service, and sent General Wurmser to assume the command, with a re-enforcement of sixty thousand men. Napoleon's army had also been re-enforced, so that he had about thirty thousand men with whom to meet the eighty thousand which would compose the Austrian army when united. It would require, however, at least a month before Wurmser could arrive at the gates of Mantua. Napoleon resolved to improve the moments of leisure in disarming his enemies in the south of Italy.

The kingdom of Naples, situated at the southern extremity of the peninsula, is the most powerful state in Italy. A Bourbon prince, dissolute and effeminate, sat upon the throne. Its fleet had been actively allied with the English in the attack upon Toulon. Her troops were now associated with the Austrians in the warfare against France. The king, seeing the Austrians, and his own troops united with them, driven from every part of Italy except the fortress of Mantua, was exceedingly alarmed, and sent to Napoleon imploring peace. Napoleon, not being able to march an army into his territory to impose contributions, and yet being very anxious to detach from the alliance the army of sixty thousand men which Naples could bring into the field, granted an armistice upon terms so easy as to provoke the displeasure of the Directory. But Napoleon was fully aware of the impending peril, and decided wisely.

The Pope, now abandoned by Naples, was in consternation. He had anathematized republican France. He had preached a crusade against her, and had allowed her ambassador to be assassinated in the streets of Rome. He was conscious that he deserved chastisement, and he had learned that the young conqueror, in his chastisings, inflicted very heavy blows. Napoleon, taking with him but six thousand men, entered the States of the Pope. The provinces subject to the Pope's temporal power contained a population of two and a half millions, most of whom were in a state of disgraceful bar-

barism. He had an inefficient army of four or five thousand men. His temporal power was nothing. It was his spiritual power alone which rendered the Pope formidable.

The Pontiff immediately sent an ambassador to Bologna, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon referred the Pope to the Directory in Paris for the terms of a permanent peace, granting him, however, an armistice, in consideration of which he exacted the surrender of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara to a French garrison, the payment of four millions of dollars in silver and gold, and the contribution of one hundred paintings or statues, and five hundred ancient manuscripts, for the Museum in Paris. The Pope, trembling in anticipation of the overthrow of his temporal power, was delighted to escape upon such easy terms. The most enlightened of the inhabitants of these degenerate and wretchedly governed states welcomed the French with the utmost enthusiasm. They hated the Holy See implacably, and entreated Napoleon to grant them independence. But it was not Napoleon's object to revolutionize the States of Italy, and though he could not but express his sympathy in these aspirations for political freedom, he was unwilling to take any decisive measures for the overthrow of the established government. He was contending simply for peace.

Tuscany had acknowledged the French Republic, and remained neutral in this warfare. But England, regardless of the neutrality of this feeble state, had made herself master of the port of Leghorn, protected by the governor of that city, who was inimical to the French. The frigates of England rode insultingly in the harbor, and treated the commerce of France as that of an enemy. Napoleon crossed the Apennines, by forced marches proceeded to Leghorn, and captured English goods to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars, notwithstanding a great number of English vessels escaped from the harbor but a few hours before the entrance of the French. England was mistress of the sea, and she respected no rights of private property upon her watery domain. Wherever her fleets encountered a merchant ship of the enemy, it was taken as fair plunder. Napoleon, who regarded the land as his domain, resolved that he would retaliate by the capture of English property wherever his army encountered it upon the Continent. It was robbery in both cases, and in both cases equally unjustifiable; and yet such is, to a certain degree, one of the criminal necessities of war.*

* "But was it only to Switzerland that this sort of language was held? What was our language also to Tuscany and Genoa? An honorable gentleman (Mr. Canning) has denied the authenticity of a pretended letter which has been circulated and ascribed to Lord Harvey. He says it is all a fable and a forgery. Be it so; but is it also a fable that Lord Harvey did speak in terms to the Grand Duke which he considered as offensive and insulting? I can not tell, for I was not present; but was it not, and is it not believed? Is it a fable that Lord Harvey went into the closet of the Grand Duke, laid his watch on the table, and demanded in a peremptory manner that he should, within a certain number of minutes—I think I have heard within a quarter of an hour—determine, ay or no, to dismiss the French minister, and order him out of his dominions, with the menace that, if he did not, the English fleet should bombard Leghorn? Will the honorable gentleman deny this also? I certainly do not know it from my own knowledge; but I know that persons of the first credit, then at Florence, have stated these facts, and that they have never been contradicted. It is true that, upon the Grand Duke's complaint of this indignity, Lord Harvey was recalled; but was the *principle* recalled? was the mission recalled? Did not ministers persist in the demand which Lord Harvey had made, perhaps ungraciously? and was not the Grand Duke forced, in consequence, to dismiss the French minister? and did they not drive him to enter into

He seized the inimical governor, and sent him in a post-chaise to the Grand Duke at Florence, saying, "The governor of Leghorn has violated all the rights of neutrality, by oppressing French commerce, and by affording an asylum to the emigrants and to all the enemies of the republic. Out of respect to your authority, I send the unfaithful servant to be punished at your discretion." The neutral states were thus energetically taught that they must respect their neutrality. He left a garrison at Leghorn, and then proceeded to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, where the Duke, brother of the Emperor of Austria, received him with the greatest cordiality, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. He then returned to Mantua, having been absent just twenty days, and in that time, with one division of his army, having overawed all the states of Southern Italy, and secured their tranquillity during the tremendous struggles which he had still to maintain against Austria. In these fearful and bloody conflicts, Napoleon was contending only to protect his country from those invading armies which were endeavoring to force upon France the despotism of the Bourbons. He repeatedly made the declaration that he wished only for peace; and in every case, even when states, by the right of conquest, were entirely in his power, he made peace upon the most lenient terms for them, simply upon condition that they should cease their warfare against France. "Such a rapid succession of brilliant victories," said Las Casas to Napoleon at St. Helena, "filling the world with your fame, must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied; "they who think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."

an unwilling war with the republic? It is true that he afterward made his peace, and that, having done so, he was treated severely and unjustly by the French; but what do I conclude from all this but that we have no right to be scrupulous, we who have violated the respect due to peaceable powers ourselves in this war, which, more than any other that ever afflicted human nature, has been distinguished by the greatest number of disgusting and outrageous insults by the great to the smaller powers. And I infer from this, also, that the instances not being confined to the French, but having been perpetrated by every one of the allies, and by England as much as by others, we have no right, either in personal character or from our own deportment, to refuse to treat with the French on this ground. Need I speak of your conduct to Genoa also? Perhaps the note delivered by Mr. Drake was also a forgery. Perhaps the blockade of the port never took place. It is impossible to deny the facts, which were so glaring at the time. It is a painful thing to me, sir, to be obliged to go back to these unfortunate periods of the history of this war, and of the conduct of this country; but I am forced to the task by the use which has been made of the atrocities of the French as an argument against negotiation. I think I have said enough to prove that, if the French have been guilty, we have not been innocent. Nothing but determined incredulity can make us deaf and blind to our own acts, when we are so ready to yield an assent to all the reproaches which are thrown out on the enemy, and upon which reproaches we are gravely told to continue the war."—*Speech in Parliament by the Honorable Charles J. Fox.*

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF MANTUA.

Mantua—Trent—Raising the Siege of Mantua—Lonato—Castiglione—Letter to the People of Lombardy—The Austrian Flag of Truce—The faithful Sentinel—Movements of Wurmser—Battle of St. George—Anecdotes—Love of the Soldiers for their General—Influence of England—New Austrian Army collected—Appeal to the Directory—Herculean Labors—Cispadane Republic—Napoleon's attachment to Corsica.

EARLY in July, 1796, the eyes of all Europe were turned to Mantua. Around its walls those decisive battles were to be fought which were to establish the fate of Italy. This bulwark of Lombardy was considered almost impregnable. It was situated upon an island formed by lakes and by the expansion of the River Mincio. It was approached only by five long and narrow causeways, which were guarded by frowning batteries. To take the place by assault was impossible. Its reduction could only be accomplished by the slow, tedious, and enormously expensive progress of a siege.

Napoleon, in his rapid advances, had not allowed his troops to encumber themselves with tents of any kind. After marching all day, drenched with rain, they threw themselves down at night upon the wet ground, with no protection whatever from the pitiless storm which beat upon them. "Tents are



THE ENCAMPMENT.

always unhealthy," said Napoleon at St. Helena. "It is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air, for then he can build a fire and sleep with

warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers, who are obliged to read and consult their maps." All the nations of Europe, following the example which Napoleon thus established, have now abandoned entirely the use of tents.

The sick, the wounded, the exhausted, to the number of fifteen thousand, filled the hospitals. Death, from such exposures, and from the bullet and sword of the enemy, had made fearful ravages among his troops. Though Napoleon had received occasional re-enforcements from France, his losses had kept pace with his supplies, and he had now an army of but thirty thousand men with which to retain the vast extent of country he had overrun, to keep down the aristocratic party, ever upon the eve of an outbreak, and to encounter the formidable legions which Austria was marshaling for his destruction. Immediately upon his return from the south of Italy, he was compelled to turn his eyes from the siege of Mantua, which he was pressing with all possible energy, to the black and threatening cloud gathering in the North. An army of sixty thousand veteran soldiers, under General Wurmser, an officer of high renown, was accumulating its energies in the wild fastnesses of the Northern Alps, to sweep down like a whirlwind upon the French through the gorges of the Tyrol.

About sixty miles north of Mantua, at the northern extremity of Lake Garda, imbosomed among the Tyrolean hills, lies the walled town of Trent. Here Wurmser had assembled sixty thousand men, abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, to march down to Mantua, and co-operate with the twenty thousand within its walls in the annihilation of the audacious foe. The fate of Napoleon was now considered as sealed. The Republicans in Italy were in deep dismay. "How is it possible," said they, "that Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, can resist the combined onset of eighty thousand veteran soldiers?" The aristocratic party were in great exultation, and were making preparations to fall upon the French the moment they should see the troops of Napoleon experiencing the slightest reverse. Rome, Venice, Naples, began to incite revolt, and secretly to assist the Austrians. The Pope, in direct violation of his plighted faith, refused any further fulfillment of the conditions of the armistice, and sent Cardinal Mattei to negotiate with the enemy. This sudden development of treachery, which Napoleon aptly designated as a "Revelation," impressed the young conqueror deeply with a sense of his hazardous situation.

Between Mantua and Trent there lies, extended among the mountains, the beautiful Lake of Garda. This sheet of water, almost fathomless, and clear as crystal, is about thirty miles in length, and from four to twelve in breadth. Wurmser was about fifteen miles north of the head of this lake, at Trent; Napoleon was at Mantua, fifteen miles south of its foot. The Austrian general, eighty years of age, a brave and generous soldier, as he contemplated his mighty host, complacently rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "We shall soon have the boy now!" He was very fearful, however, that Napoleon, conscious of the impossibility of resisting such numbers, might, by a precipitate flight, escape. To prevent this, he disposed his army at Trent in three divisions of twenty thousand each. One division, under General Quasdanovich, was directed to march down the western bank of the lake, to cut off the retreat



MANTUA AND VENICE.

of the French by the way of Milan. General Wurmser, with another division of twenty thousand, marched down the eastern shore of the lake to relieve Mantua. General Melas, with another division, followed down the valley of the Adige, which ran parallel with the shores of the lake, and was separated from it by a mountain ridge, but about two miles in width. A march of a little more than a day would reunite those vast forces, thus for the moment separated. Having prevented the escape of their anticipated victims, they could fall upon the French in a resistless attack.

The sleepless vigilance and the eagle eye of Napoleon instantly detected the advantage thus presented to him. It was in the evening of the 31st of July that he first received the intimation from his scouts of the movements of the enemy. Instantly he formed his plan of operations, and in an hour the whole camp was in commotion. He gave orders for the immediate abandonment of the siege of Mantua, and for the whole army to arrange itself in marching order. It was an enormous sacrifice. He had been prosecuting the works of the siege with great vigor for two months. He had collected there, at vast labor and expense, a magnificent battering train and immense stores of ammunition. The city was on the very point of surrender. By abandoning his works, all would be lost; the city would be revictualled, and it would be necessary to commence the whole arduous enterprise of the siege anew. The promptness with which Napoleon decided to make the sacrifice, and the unflinching relentlessness with which the decision was executed, indicated the energetic action of a genius of no ordinary mould.

The sun had now gone down, and gloomy night brooded over the agitated camp. But not an eye was closed. Under cover of the darkness, every one was on the alert. The platforms and gun-carriages were thrown upon the

camp-fires. Tons of powder were cast into the lake. The cannon were spiked, and the shot and shells buried in the trenches. Before midnight the whole army was in motion. Rapidly they directed their steps to the western shore of Lake Garda, to fall like an avalanche upon the division of Quasdanovich, who dreamed not of their danger. When the morning sun arose over the marshes of Mantua, the whole embattled host, whose warlike array had reflected back the beams of the setting sun, had disappeared. The besieged, who were half famished, and who were upon the eve of surrender, as they gazed, from the steeples of the city, upon the scene of solitude, desolation, and abandonment, could hardly credit their eyes.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Quasdanovich was marching quietly along, not dreaming that any foe was within thirty miles of him, when suddenly the whole French army burst like a whirlwind upon his astonished troops. Had the Austrians stood their ground, they must have been entirely destroyed; but, after a short and most sanguinary conflict, they broke in wild confusion, and fled. Large numbers were slain, and many prisoners were left in the hands of the French. The discomfited Austrians retreated, to find refuge among the fastnesses of the Tyrol, from whence they had emerged. Napoleon had not one moment to lose in pursuit. The two divisions which were marching down the eastern side of the lake, heard across the water the deep booming of the guns, like the roar of continuous thunder, but they were entirely unable to render any assistance to their friends. They could not even imagine from whence the foe had come whom Quasdanovich had encountered. That Napoleon would abandon all his accumulated stores and costly works at Mantua, was to them inconceivable. They hastened along with the utmost speed to reunite their forces, still forty thousand strong, at the foot of the lake. Napoleon also turned upon his track, and urged his troops almost to the full run. The salvation of his army depended upon the rapidity of his march enabling him to attack the separated divisions of the enemy before they should reunite at the foot of the mountain range which separated them. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, in hurried accents, "it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured. Fear nothing. In three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely only on me. You know whether or not I am in the habit of keeping my word."

Regardless of hunger, sleeplessness, and fatigue, unencumbered by baggage or provisions, with a celerity which to the astonished Austrians seemed miraculous, he pressed on, with his exhausted, bleeding troops, all the afternoon, and deep into the darkness of the ensuing night. He allowed his men, at midnight, to throw themselves upon the ground an hour for sleep, but he did not indulge himself in one moment of repose.

Early in the morning of the 3d of August, Melas, who but a few hours before had heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns over the mountains, and upon the opposite shore of the lake, was astonished to see the solid columns of the whole French army marching majestically upon him. Five thousand of Wurmser's division had succeeded in joining him, and he consequently had twenty-five thousand fresh troops drawn up in battle array. Wurmser himself was at but a few hours' distance, and was hastening with all possible speed to his aid, with fifteen thousand additional men. Napoleon had but

twenty-two thousand with whom to meet the forty thousand whom his foes would thus combine. Exhausted as his troops were with the herculean toil they had already endured, not one moment could be allowed for rest.

It was at Lonato. In a few glowing words, he announced to his men their peril, the necessity for their utmost efforts, and his perfect confidence in their success. They now regarded their young leader as invincible, and wherever he led they were prompt to follow. With delirious energy they rushed upon the foe. The pride of the Austrians was roused, and they fought with desperation. The battle was long and bloody. Napoleon, as cool and unperturbed as if making the movements in a game of chess, watched the ebb and the flow of the conflict. His eagle eye instantly detected the point of weakness and exposure. The Austrians were routed, and in wild disorder took to flight over the plains, leaving the ground covered with the dead, and five thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon in the hands of the victors. Junot, with a regiment of cavalry, dashed at full gallop into the midst of the fugitives rushing over the plain, and the wretched victims of war were sabred by thousands, and trampled under iron hoofs.

The battle raged until the sun disappeared behind the mountains of the Tyrol, and another night, dark and gloomy, came on. The groans of the wounded and of the dying, and the fearful shrieks of dismembered and mangled horses, struggling in their agony, filled the night air for leagues around. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted, threw themselves upon the gory ground by the side of the mutilated dead, the victor and the bloody corpse of the foe reposing side by side, and forgot the horrid butchery in leaden sleep. But Napoleon slept not. He knew that before the dawn of another morning a still more formidable host would be arrayed against him, and that the victory of to-day might be followed by a dreadful defeat upon the morrow. The vanquished army were falling back, to be supported by the division of Wurmser coming to their rescue. All night Napoleon was on horseback, galloping from post to post, making arrangements for the desperate battle to which he knew that the morning's sun must guide him.

Four or five miles from Lonato lies the small walled town of Castiglione. Here Wurmser met the retreating troops of Melas, and rallied them for a decisive conflict. With thirty thousand Austrians, drawn up in line of battle, he awaited the approach of his indefatigable foe. Long before the morning dawned, the French army was again in motion. Napoleon, urging his horse to the very utmost of his speed, rode in every direction to accelerate the movements of his troops. The peril was too imminent to allow him to intrust any one else with the execution of his all-important orders. Five horses successively sank dead beneath him from utter exhaustion. Napoleon was every where, observing all things, directing all things, animating all things. The whole army was inspired with the indomitable energy and ardor of their young leader. Soon the two hostile hosts were facing each other, in the dim and misty haze of the early dawn, ere the sun had arisen to look down upon the awful scene of man's depravity about to ensue.

A sanguinary and decisive conflict, renowned in history as the battle of Castiglione, inflicted the final blow upon the Austrians. They were routed with terrible slaughter. The French pursued them, with merciless massacre,

through the whole day, in their headlong flight, and rested not until the darkness of night shut out the panting, bleeding fugitives from their view. Less than one week had elapsed since that proud army, sixty thousand strong, had marched from the walls of Trent, with gleaming banners and triumphant music, flushed with anticipated victory. In six days it had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, forty thousand men, ten thousand more than the whole army which Napoleon had at his command. But twenty thousand tattered, exhausted, war-worn fugitives effected their escape.

In the extreme of mortification and dejection, they returned to Trent, to bear themselves the tidings of their swift and utter discomfiture. Napoleon, in these conflicts, lost but seven thousand men. These amazing victories were to be attributed entirely to the genius of the conqueror. Such achievements history had never before recorded. The victorious soldiers called it "*The six days' campaign.*" Their admiration of their invincible chief now passed all bounds. The veterans who had honored Napoleon with the title of *corporal*, after "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," now enthusiastically promoted him to the rank of *sergeant*, as his reward for the signal victories of this campaign.

The aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples, which, upon the marching of Wurmser from Trent, had perfidiously violated their faith, and turned against Napoleon, supposing that he was ruined, were now terror-stricken, anticipating the most appalling vengeance. But the conqueror treated them with the greatest clemency, simply informing them that he was fully acquainted with their conduct, and that he should hereafter regard them with a watchful eye. He, however, summoned Cardinal Mattei, the legate of the perjured Pope, to his head-quarters. The cardinal, conscious that not a word could be uttered in extenuation of his guilt, attempted no defense. The old man, high in authority and venerable in years, bowed with the humility of a child before the young victor, and exclaimed, "*Peccavi ! peccavi !*"—" *I have sinned ! I have sinned !*" This apparent contrition disarmed Napoleon, and in jocose and contemptuous indignation, he sentenced him to do penance for three months, by fasting and prayer, in a convent.

During these turmoils, the inhabitants of Lombardy remained faithful in their adherence to the French interests. In a delicate and noble letter which he addressed to them, he said, "When the French army retreated, and the partisans of Austria considered that the cause of liberty was crushed, you, though you knew not that this retreat was merely a stratagem, still proved constant in your attachment to France and your love of freedom. You have thus deserved the esteem of the French nation. Your people daily become more worthy of liberty, and will shortly appear with glory on the theatre of the world. Accept the assurances of my satisfaction, and of the sincere wishes of the French people to see you free and happy."

In the midst of the tumultuous scenes of these days of incessant battle, when the broken divisions of the enemy were in bewilderment, wandering in every direction, attempting to escape from the terrible energy with which they were pursued, Napoleon, by mere accident, came very near being taken a prisoner. He escaped by that intuitive tact and promptness of decision which never deserted him. In conducting the operations of the pursuit, he

had entered a small village, upon the full gallop, accompanied only by his staff and guards. A division of four thousand of the Austrian army, separated from the main body, had been wandering all night among the mountains. They came suddenly and unexpectedly upon this little band of a thousand men, and immediately sent an officer with a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. Napoleon, with wonderful presence of mind, commanded his numerous staff immediately to mount on horseback, and gathering his guard around him, ordered the flag of truce to be brought into his presence. The officer was introduced, as is customary, blindfolded. When the bandage was removed, to his utter amazement, he found himself before the commander-in-chief of the French army, surrounded by his whole brilliant staff.

"What means this insult?" exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of affected indignation. "Have you the insolence to bring a summons of surrender to the French commander-in-chief, in the middle of his army! Say to those who sent you, that unless in five minutes they lay down their arms, every man shall be put to death." The bewildered officer stammered out an apology. "Go!" Napoleon sternly rejoined; "unless you immediately surrender at discretion, I will, for this insult, cause every man of you to be shot." The Austrians, deceived by this air of confidence, and disheartened by fatigue and disaster, threw down their arms. They soon had the mortification of learning that they had capitulated to one fourth of their own number, and that they had missed making prisoner the conqueror before whose blows the very throne of their empire was trembling.

It was during this campaign that one night Napoleon, in disguise, was going the rounds of the sentinels, to ascertain if, in their peculiar peril, proper vigilance was exercised. A soldier, stationed at the junction of two roads, had received orders not to let any one pass either of those routes. When Napoleon made his appearance, the soldier, unconscious of his rank, present-



THE LITTLE CORPORAL AND THE SENTINEL.

ed his bayonet and ordered him back. "I am a general officer," said Napoleon, "going the rounds to ascertain if all is safe." "I care not," the soldier replied; "my commands are to let no one go by; and if you were the Little Corporal himself, you should not pass." The general was consequently under the necessity of retracing his steps. The next day he made inquiries respecting the character of the soldier, and hearing a good report of him, he summoned him to his presence, and extolling his fidelity, raised him to the rank of an officer.

Napoleon and his victorious army again returned to Mantua. The besieged, during his absence, had emerged from the walls and destroyed all his works. They had also drawn all his heavy battering train, consisting of one hundred and forty pieces, into the city, obtained large supplies of provisions, over sixty thousand shot and shells, and had received a re-enforcement of fifteen thousand men. There was no suitable siege equipage which Napoleon could command, and he was liable at any moment to be again summoned to encounter the formidable legions which the Austrian empire could again raise to crowd down upon him. He therefore simply invested the place by blockade. After the terrible struggle through which they had just passed, the troops, on both sides, indulged themselves in repose for three weeks. The Austrian government, with inflexible resolution, still refused to make peace with France. It had virtually inserted upon its banners, "*Gallia delenda est*"—"The French Republic shall be destroyed." Napoleon had now cut up two of their most formidable armies, each of them nearly three times as numerous as his own.

The pride and the energy of the whole empire were aroused in organizing a third army to crush republicanism. In the course of three weeks, Wurmser found himself again in command of fifty-five thousand men at Trent. There were twenty thousand troops in Mantua, giving him a force of seventy-five thousand combatants. Napoleon had received re-enforcements only sufficient to repair his losses, and was again in the field with but thirty thousand men. He was surrounded by more than double that number of foes.

Early in September the Austrian army was again in motion, passing down from the Tyrol for the relief of Mantua. Wurmser left Davidovitch at Roveredo, a very strong position, about ten miles south of Trent, with twenty-five thousand men, to prevent the incursions of the French into the Tyrol. With thirty thousand men, he then passed over to the valley of the Brenta, to follow down its narrow defile, and convey relief to the besieged fortress. There were twenty thousand Austrians in Mantua. These, co-operating with the thirty thousand under Wurmser, would make an effective force of fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon in front and rear.

Napoleon contemplated with lively satisfaction this renewed division of the Austrian force. He quietly collected all his resources, and prepared for a deadly spring upon the doomed division left behind. As soon as Wurmser had arrived at Bassano, following down the valley of the Brenta, about sixty miles from Roveredo, where it was impossible for him to render any assistance to the victims upon whom Napoleon was about to pounce, the whole French army was put in motion. They rushed, at double quick step, up the parallel valley of the Adige, delaying hardly one moment either for food or

repose. Early on the morning of the 4th of September, just as the first gray of dawn appeared in the east, he burst like a tempest upon the astounded foe.

The battle was short, bloody, decisive. The Austrians were routed with dreadful slaughter. As they fled in consternation, a rabble rout, the French cavalry rushed in among them with dripping sabres, and for leagues the ground was covered with the bodies of the slain. Seven thousand prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon graced the triumph of the victor. The discomfited remains of this unfortunate corps retired far back into the gorges of the mountains. Such was the battle of Roveredo, which Napoleon ever regarded as one of his most brilliant victories. Next morning, Napoleon, in triumph, entered Trent. He immediately issued one of his glowing proclamations to the inhabitants of the Tyrol, assuring them that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that he was not the enemy of the *people* of the Tyrol; that the Emperor of Austria, incited and aided by British gold, was waging relentless warfare against the French Republic; and that, if the inhabitants of the Tyrol would not take up arms against him, they should be protected in their persons, their property, and in all their political rights. He invited the people, in the emergence, to arrange for themselves the internal government of the country, and intrusted them with the administration of their own laws.

Before the darkness of the ensuing night had passed away, Napoleon was again at the head of his troops, and the whole French army was rushing down the defiles of the Brenta, to surprise Wurmser in his straggling march. The Austrian general had thirty thousand men. Napoleon could take with him but twenty thousand. He, however, was intent upon gaining a corresponding advantage by falling upon the enemy by surprise.

The march of sixty miles was accomplished with a rapidity such as no army had ever attempted before. On the evening of the 6th, Wurmser heard with consternation that the corps of Davidovitch was annihilated. He was awaked from his slumbers before the dawn of the next morning by the thunders of Napoleon's cannon in his rear. The brave old veteran, bewildered by tactics so strange and unheard of, accumulated his army as rapidly as possible in battle array at Bassano. Napoleon allowed him but a few moments for preparation. The troops on both sides now began to feel that Napoleon was invincible. The French were elated by constant victory. The Austrians were disheartened by uniform and uninterrupted defeat. The battle at Bassano was but a renewal of the sanguinary scene at Roveredo. The sun went down as the horrid carnage continued, and darkness veiled the awful spectacle from human eyes. Horses and men, the mangled, the dying, the dead, in indiscriminate confusion, were piled upon each other. The groans of the wounded swelled upon the night air; while in the distance the deep booming of the cannon of the pursuers and the pursued echoed along the mountains. There was no time to attend to the claims of humanity. The dead were left unburied, and not a combatant could be spared from the ranks to give a cup of water to the wounded and the dying. Destruction, not salvation, was the business of the hour.

Wurmser, with but sixteen thousand men remaining to him of the proud array of fifty-five thousand with which, but a few days before, he had march-

ed from Trent, retreated to find shelter within the walls of Mantua. Napoleon pursued him with the most terrible energy, from every eminence plunging cannon-balls into his retreating ranks. When Wurmser arrived at Mantua, the garrison sallied out to aid him. Unitedly they fell upon Napoleon. The battle of St. George was fought, desperate and most bloody. The Austrians, routed at every point, were driven within the walls. Napoleon resumed the siege. Wurmser, with the bleeding fragment of his army, was held a close prisoner. Thus terminated this campaign of *ten days*. In this short time Napoleon had destroyed a third Austrian army, more than twice as numerous as his own. The field was swept clean of his enemies. Not a man was left to oppose him. Victories so amazing excited astonishment throughout Europe. Such results had never before been recorded in the annals of ancient or modern warfare.

While engaged in the rapid march from Roveredo, a discontented soldier, emerging from the ranks, addressed Napoleon, pointing to his tattered garments, and said, "We soldiers, notwithstanding all our victories, are clothed in rags." Napoleon, anxious to arrest the progress of discontent among his troops, with that peculiar tact which he had ever at command, looked kindly upon him, and said, "You forget, my brave friend, that with a new coat your honorable scars would no longer be visible." This well-timed compliment was received with shouts of applause from the ranks. The anecdote spread like lightning among the troops, and endeared Napoleon still more to every soldier in the army.

The night before the battle of Bassano, in the eagerness of the march, Napoleon had advanced far beyond the main column of the army. He had received no food during the day, and had enjoyed no sleep for several nights.



THE SOLITARY BIVOUAC.

A poor soldier had a crust of bread in his knapsack. He broke it in two, and gave his exhausted and half-famished general one half. After this frugal

supper, the commander-in-chief of the French army wrapped himself in his cloak, and threw himself unprotected upon the ground, by the side of the soldier, for an hour's slumber. After ten years had passed away, and Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was making a triumphal tour through Belgium, the same soldier stepped out from the ranks of a regiment which the Emperor was reviewing, and said, "Sire! on the eve of the battle of Bassano, I shared with you my crust of bread, when you were hungry. I now ask from you bread for my father, who is worn down with age and poverty." Napoleon immediately settled a pension upon the old man, and promoted the soldier to a lieutenancy.

After the battle of Bassano, in the impetuosity of the pursuit, Napoleon, spurring his horse to the utmost speed, accompanied but by a few followers, entered a small village quite in advance of the main body of his army. Suddenly Wurmser, with a strong division of the Austrians, debouched upon the plain. A peasant woman informed him that but a moment before Napoleon had passed her cottage. Wurmser, overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining a prize which would remunerate him for all his losses, instantly dispatched parties of cavalry in every direction for his capture. So sure was he of success, that he strictly enjoined it upon them to bring him in alive. The fleetness of Napoleon's horse saved him.

In the midst of these terrible conflicts, when the army needed every possible stimulus to exertion, Napoleon exposed himself, like a common soldier, at every point where danger appeared most imminent. On one of these occasions, a pioneer, perceiving the extreme peril in which the commander-in-chief had placed himself, abruptly and authoritatively exclaimed to him, "Stand aside!" Napoleon fixed his keen glance upon him, when the veteran, with a strong arm, thrust him away, saying, "If thou art killed, who is to rescue us from this jeopardy?" and placed his own body before him. Napoleon appreciated the sterling value of the action, and uttered no reproof. After the battle, he ordered the pioneer to be sent to his presence. Placing his hand kindly upon his shoulder, he said, "My friend, your noble boldness claims my esteem. Your bravery demands a recompense. From this hour, an epaulet instead of a hatchet shall grace your shoulder." He was immediately raised to the rank of an officer.

The generals in the army were overawed by the genius and the magnanimity of their young commander. They fully appreciated his vast superiority, and approached him with restraint and reverence. The common soldiers, however, loved him as a father, and went to him freely with the familiarity of children. In one of those terrific battles, when the result had been long in suspense, just as the searching glance of Napoleon had detected a fault in the movements of the enemy, of which he was upon the point of taking the most prompt advantage, a private soldier, covered with the dust and the smoke of the battle, sprang from the ranks, and exclaimed, "General, send a squadron *there*, and the victory is ours." "You rogue!" rejoined Napoleon, "where did you get my secret?" In a few moments the Austrians were flying in dismay before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry. Immediately after the battle, Napoleon sent for the soldier who had displayed such military genius. He was found dead upon the field.

A bullet had pierced his brain. Had he lived, he would but have added another star to that brilliant galaxy with which the throne of Napoleon was embellished.

“Perhaps in that neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, as was his custom, over the plain, covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie.

It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm, starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from the face and the hands, and howling most piteously.



THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily stopped his horse to contemplate it. In relating the event many years afterward, he remarked, “I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends, and yet here he lies forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eyes, beheld the execution of those orders in which thousands of my countrymen were slain.

And yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly in that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request to a suppliant enemy."

Austria was still unsubdued. With a perseverance worthy of all admiration, had it been exercised in a better cause, the Austrian government still refused to make peace with republican France. The energies of the empire were aroused anew to raise a fourth army. England, contending against France wherever her navy or her troops could penetrate, was the soul of this warfare. She animated the cabinet of Vienna, and aided the Austrian armies with her strong co-operation and her gold. The *people* of England, republican in their tendencies, and hating the utter despotism of the old monarchy of France, were clamorous for peace. But the royal family, and the aristocracy in general, were extremely unwilling to come to any amicable terms with the nation which had been guilty of the crime of renouncing monarchy.

All the resources of the Austrian government were now devoted to recruiting and equipping a new army. With the wrecks of Wurmser's troops, with detachments from the Rhine, and fresh levies from the bold peasants of the Tyrol, in less than a month an army of nearly one hundred thousand men was assembled. The enthusiasm throughout Austria, in raising and animating these recruits, was so great, that the city of Vienna alone contributed four battalions. The empress, with her own hand, embroidered their colors, and presented them to the troops. All the noble ladies of the realm devoted their smiles and their aid to inspire the enterprise. About seventy-five thousand men were assembled in the gorges of the northern Tyrol, ready to press down upon Napoleon from the north, while the determined garrison of twenty-five thousand men, under the brave Wurmser, cooped up in Mantua, were ready to emerge at a moment's warning. Thus, in about three weeks, another army of one hundred thousand men was ready to fall upon Napoleon.

His situation now seemed absolutely desperate. The re-enforcements he had received from France had been barely sufficient to repair the losses sustained by disease and the sword. He had but thirty thousand men. His funds were all exhausted. His troops, notwithstanding they were in the midst of the most brilliant blaze of victories, had been compelled to strain every nerve of exertion. They were also suffering the severest privations, and began loudly to murmur. "Why," they exclaimed, "do we not receive succor from France? We can not alone contend against all Europe. We have already destroyed three armies, and now a fourth, still more numerous, is rising against us. Is there to be no end to these interminable battles?"

Napoleon was fully sensible of the peril of his position, and, while he allowed his troops a few weeks of repose, his energies were strained to their very utmost tension in preparing for the all but desperate encounter now before him. The friends and the enemies of Napoleon alike regarded his case as nearly hopeless. The Austrians had by this time learned that it was not safe to divide their forces in the presence of so vigilant a foe. Marching down upon his exhausted band with seventy-five thousand men to attack him in front, and with twenty-five thousand veteran troops, under

the brave Wurmser, to sally from the ramparts of Mantua and assail him in the rear, it seemed, to all reasonable calculation, that the doom of the French army was sealed. Napoleon, in the presence of his army, assumed an air of most perfect confidence, but he was fearfully apprehensive that, by the power of overwhelming numbers, his army would be destroyed.

The appeal which, under the circumstances, he wrote to the Directory for re-enforcements, is sublime in its dignity and its eloquence. "All of our superior officers, all of our best generals, are either dead or wounded. The army of Italy, reduced to a handful of men, is exhausted. The heroes of Millesimo, of Lodi, of Castiglione, of Bassano, have died for their country, or are in the hospitals. Nothing is left to the army but its glory and its courage. We are abandoned at the extremity of Italy. The brave men who are left me have no prospect but inevitable death amid changes so continual and with forces so inferior. Perhaps the hour of the brave Auge-reau, of the intrepid Massena, is about to strike. This consideration renders me cautious. I dare not brave death, when it would so certainly be the ruin of those who have been so long the object of my solicitude. The army has done its duty. I do mine. My conscience is at ease, but my soul is lacerated. I never have received a fourth part of the succors which the Minister of War has announced in his dispatches. My health is so broken, that I can with difficulty sit upon horseback. The enemy can now count our diminished ranks. Nothing is left me but courage; but that alone is not sufficient for the post which I occupy. Troops, or Italy is lost!"

Napoleon addressed his soldiers in a very different strain, endeavoring to animate their courage by concealing from them his anxieties. "We have but one more effort to make," said he, "and Italy is our own. True, the enemy is more numerous than we; but half his troops are recruits, who can never stand before the veterans of France. When Alvinzi is beaten, Mantua must fall, and our labors are at an end. Not only Italy, but a general peace, is to be gained by the capture of Mantua."

During the three weeks in which the Austrians were recruiting their army and the French were reposing around the walls of Mantua, Napoleon made the most herculean exertions to strengthen his position in Italy, and to disarm those states which were manifesting hostility against him. During this period, his labors as a statesman and a diplomatist were even more severe than his toils as a general. He allowed himself no stated time for food or repose, but day and night devoted himself incessantly to his work. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, in the impetuous speed with which he passed from place to place. He dictated innumerable communications to the Directory, respecting treaties of peace with Rome, Naples, Venice, Genoa. He despised the feeble Directory, with its shallow views, conscious that, unless wiser counsels than they proposed should prevail, the republic would be ruined. "So long," said he, "as your general shall not be the centre of all influence in Italy, every thing will go wrong. It would be easy to accuse me of ambition, but I am satiated with honor, and worn down with care. Peace with Naples is indispensable. You must conciliate Venice and Genoa. The influence of Rome is incalculable. You did wrong to break with that power. We must secure friends for the Italian army, both among kings and

people. The general in Italy must be the fountain-head of negotiation as well as of military operations." These were bold assumptions for a young man of twenty-seven. But Napoleon was conscious of his power. He now listened to the earnest entreaties of the people of the Duchy of Modena and of the Papal States of Bologna and Ferrara, and, in consequence of treachery on the part of the Duke of Modena and the Pope, emancipated those states, and constituted them into a united and independent republic. As the whole territory included under this new government extended south of the Po, Napoleon named it the Cispadane Republic, that is, the *This side of the Po* Republic. It contained about a million and a half of inhabitants, compactly gathered in one of the most rich, and fertile, and beautiful regions of the globe.

The joy and the enthusiasm of the people, thus blessed with a free government, surpassed all bounds. Wherever Napoleon appeared, he was greeted with every demonstration of affection. He assembled at Modena a convention, composed of lawyers, landed proprietors, and merchants, to organize the government. All leaned upon the mind of Napoleon, and he guided their counsels with the most consummate wisdom. Napoleon's abhorrence of the anarchy which had disgraced the Jacobin reign in France, and his reverence for law, were made very prominent on this occasion.

"Never forget," said he, in an address to the Assembly, "that laws are mere nullities without the necessary force to sustain them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing upon a respectable footing. You will then be more fortunate than the people of France; you will attain liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."

The Italians were an effeminate people, and quite unable to cope in arms with the French or the Austrians. Yet the new republic manifested its zeal and attachment for its youthful founder so strongly that, a detachment of Austrians having made a sally from Mantua, they immediately sprang to arms, took it prisoner, and conducted it in triumph to Napoleon. When the Austrians saw that Napoleon was endeavoring to make soldiers of the Italians, they ridiculed the idea, saying that they had tried the experiment in vain, and that it was not possible for an Italian to make a good soldier.

"Notwithstanding this," said Napoleon, "I raised many thousands of Italians who fought with a bravery equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me even in adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash, I introduced the stimulus of honor. Whatever debases a man can not be serviceable. What honor can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades? When a soldier has been debased by stripes, he cares little for his own reputation or for the honor of his country. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and inquired who had proved themselves heroes. Such of them as were able to read and write, I promoted. Those who were not, I ordered to study five hours a day, until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. Thus I substituted honor and emulation for terror and the lash."

He bound the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Tuscany to him by ties of friendship. He cheered the inhabitants of Lombardy with the hope that, as soon as extricated from his present embarrassments, he would do some-

thing for the promotion of their independence. Thus, with the skill of a veteran diplomatist, he raised around him friendly governments, and availed himself of all the resources of politics, to make amends for the inefficiency of the Directory. Never was a man placed in a situation where more delicacy of tact was necessary. The Republican party in all the Italian States were clamorous for the support of Napoleon, and waited but his permission to raise the standard of revolt. Had the slightest encouragement been given, the whole peninsula would have plunged into the horrors of civil war, and the awful scenes which had been enacted in Paris would have been re-enacted in every city in Italy. The aristocratic party would have been roused to desperation, and the situation of Napoleon would have been still more precarious.

It required consummate genius as a statesman, and moral courage of the highest order, to wield such opposing influences. But the greatness of Napoleon shone forth even more brilliantly in the cabinet than in the field. The course which he had pursued had made him extremely popular with the Italians. They regarded him as their countryman. They were proud of his fame. He was driving from their territory the haughty Austrians, whom they hated. He was the enemy of despots, the friend of the people. Their own beautiful language was his mother tongue. He was familiar with their manners and customs, and they felt flattered by his high appreciation of their literature and arts.

Napoleon, in the midst of these stormy scenes, also dispatched an armament from Leghorn, to wrest his native island of Corsica from the dominion of the English. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to the fact that Napoleon never manifested any special attachment for the obscure island of his birth, beautifully says, "He was like the young lion, who, while he is scattering the herds and destroying the hunters, thinks little of the forest cave in which he first saw the light."

But at St. Helena Napoleon said, and few will read his remarks without emotion, "What recollections of childhood crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political subjects, or with the insults of my jailer upon this rock! I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world, with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You, Montholon, remember its beautiful situation. You have often despoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to satisfy your childish appetite. Happy hours! The natal soil has infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its attractions, even to the very odor of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses, as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spot first trodden by the foot of childhood. I still remember with emotion the most minute details of a journey in which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honor. I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our coun-

trymen for independence. The impression made upon me still vibrates in my heart.

"Come, place your hand," said he to Montholon, "upon my bosom! See how it beats!" "And it was true," Montholon remarks; "his heart did beat with such rapidity as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organization, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being." "It is like the sound of a church bell," continued Napoleon. "There is none upon this rock. I am no longer accustomed to hear it. But the tones of a bell never fall upon my ear without awakening within me the emotions of childhood. The Angelus bell transported me back to pensive yet pleasant memories, when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sounds under the shady woods of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is, in fact, the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! What a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE OF MANTUA.

Napoleon at Verona—Rebuke of Vaubois' Division—The intercepted Messenger—The Storm of the Elements and of War—The Retreat—Battle of Arcola—Devotion of Napoleon's Generals—Letter to the Widow of Muiron—The Miniature—Message to the Pope—Madame De Staël—Napoleon's Frugality—Threat of Alvinzi, and Retort of Napoleon—Rivoli—The Capitulation—Napoleon's Delicacy toward Wurmser—The Papal States humbled—The Image at Loretto—Prince Pignatelli—Terror of Pius VI.—Singular Moderation of the Conqueror.

EARLY in November the Austrians commenced their march. The cold winds of winter were sweeping through the defiles of the Tyrol, and the summits of the mountains were white with snow; but it was impossible to postpone operations; for, unless Wurmser were immediately relieved, Mantua must fall, and with it would fall all hopes of Austrian dominion in Italy. The hardy old soldier had killed all his horses, and salted them down for provisions; but even that coarse fare was nearly exhausted, and he had succeeded in sending word to Alvinzi that he could not possibly hold out more than six weeks longer.

Napoleon, the moment he heard that the Austrians were on the move, hastened to the head-quarters of the army at Verona. He had stationed General Vaubois, with twelve thousand men, a few miles north of Trent, in a narrow defile among the mountains, to watch the Austrians, and to arrest their first advances. Vaubois and his division, overwhelmed by numbers, retreated, and thus vastly magnified the power of the army. The moment Napoleon received the disastrous intelligence, he hastened, with such troops as he could collect, like the sweep of the wind, to rally the retreating forces,

and check the progress of the enemy. And here he signally displayed that thorough knowledge of human nature, which enabled him so effectually to control and to inspire his army. Deeming it necessary, in the peril which then surrounded him, that every man should be a hero, and that every regiment should be nerved by the determination to conquer or to die, he resolved to make a severe example of those whose panic had proved so nearly fatal to the army. Like a whirlwind, surrounded by his staff, he swept into the camp, and ordered immediately the troops to be collected in a circle around him. He sat upon his horse, and every eye was fixed upon the pale, wan, and wasted features of their young and adored general. With a stern and saddened voice he exclaimed, "Soldiers! I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy.*'"

The influence of these words upon those impassioned men, proud of their renown and proud of their leader, was almost inconceivable. The terrible rebuke fell upon them like a thunder-bolt. Tears trickled down the cheeks of these battered veterans. Many of them actually groaned aloud in their anguish. The laws of discipline could not restrain the grief which burst from their ranks. They broke their array, crowded around the general, exclaiming, "We have been misrepresented; the enemy were three to our one; try us once more; place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy!"

Napoleon relented, and spoke kindly to them, promising to afford them an early opportunity to retrieve their reputation. In the next battle he placed them in the van. Contending against fearful odds, they accomplished all that mortal valor could accomplish, rolling back upon the Austrians the tide of victory. Such was the discipline of Napoleon. He needed no blood-stained lash to scar the naked backs of his men. He ruled over mind. His empire was in the soul. "My soldiers," said he, "are my children." The effect of this rebuke was incalculable. There was not an officer or a soldier in the army who was not moved by it. It came exactly at the right moment, when it was necessary that every man in the army should be inspired with absolute desperation of valor.

Alvinzi sent a peasant across the country to carry dispatches to Wurmser in the beleaguered city. The information of approaching relief was written upon very thin paper, in a minute hand, and inclosed in a ball of wax, not much larger than a pea. The spy was intercepted. He was seen to swallow the ball. The stomach was compelled to surrender its trust, and Napoleon became acquainted with Alvinzi's plan of operation. He left ten thousand men around the walls of Mantua to continue the blockade, and assembled the rest of his army, consisting only of fifteen thousand, in the vicinity of Verona. The whole valley of the Adige was now swarming with the Austrian battalions. At night the wide horizon seemed illuminated with the blaze of their camp-fires. The Austrians, conscious of their vast superiority in numbers, were hastening to envelop the French. Already forty thousand men were circling around the little band of fifteen thousand who were rallied under the eagles of France.

The Austrians, wary in consequence of their past defeats, moved with the utmost caution, taking possession of the most commanding positions. Napoleon, with sleepless vigilance, watched for some exposed point, but in vain. The soldiers understood the true posture of affairs, and began to feel disheartened, for their situation was apparently desperate. The peril of the army was so great, that even the sick and the wounded in the hospitals at Milan, Pavia, and Lodi voluntarily left their beds, and hastened, emaciate with suffering, and many of them with their wounds still bleeding, to resume their station in the ranks. The soldiers were deeply moved by this affecting spectacle, so indicative of their fearful peril, and of the devotion of their comrades to the interests of the army. Napoleon resolved to give battle immediately, before the Austrians should accumulate in still greater numbers.

A dark, cold winter's storm was deluging the ground with rain as Napoleon roused his troops from the drenched sods upon which they were slumbering. The morning had not yet dawned through the surcharged clouds, and the freezing wind, like a tornado, swept the bleak hills. It was an awful hour in which to go forth to encounter mutilation and death. The enterprise was desperate. Fifteen thousand Frenchmen, with phrensied violence, were to hurl themselves upon the serried ranks of forty thousand foes. The horrid carnage soon began. The roar of the battle, the shout of onset, and the shriek of the dying, mingled, in midnight gloom, with the appalling rush and wail of the tempest. The ground was so saturated with rain, that it was almost impossible for the French to drag their cannon through the miry ruts. As the darkness of night passed, and the dismal light of a stormy day was spread around them, the rain changed to snow, and the struggling French were smothered and blinded by the storm of sleet whirled furiously into their faces. Through the livelong day this terrific battle of man and of the elements raged unabated. When night came, the exhausted soldiers, drenched with rain and benumbed with cold, threw themselves upon the blood-stained snow in the midst of the dying and of the dead. Neither party claimed the victory, and neither acknowledged defeat.

No pen can describe, nor can imagination conceive, the horrors of the dark and wailing night of storm and sleet which ensued. Through the long hours the groans of the wounded, scattered over many miles swept by the battle, blended in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest. Two thousand of Napoleon's little band were left dead upon the field, and a still larger number of Austrian corpses were covered with the winding-sheet of snow. Many a blood-stained drift indicated the long and agonizing struggle of the wounded ere the motionlessness of death consummated the dreadful tragedy. It is hard to die even in the curtained chambers of our ceiled houses, with sympathizing friends administering every possible alleviation. Cold must have been those pillows of snow, and unspeakably dreadful the solitude of those death-scenes, on the bleak hillsides and in the muddy ravines, where thousands of the young, the hopeful, the sanguine, in horrid mutilation, struggled through the long hours of the tempestuous night in the agonies of dissolution. Many of these young men were from the first families in Austria and in France, and had been accustomed to every indulgence. Far from mother, sister, brother, drenched with rain, covered with the drifting snow, alone—

all alone with the midnight darkness and the storm—they writhed and moaned through lingering hours of agony.

The Austrian forces still were accumulating, and the next day Napoleon retired within the walls of Verona. It was the first time he had seemed to retreat before his foes. His star began to wane. The soldiers were silent and dejected. An ignominious retreat, after all their victories, or a still more ignominious surrender to the Austrians, appeared their only alternative. Night again came. The storm had passed away. The moon rose clear and cold over the frozen hills. Suddenly the order was proclaimed, in the early darkness, for the whole army, in silence and celerity, to be upon the march. Grief sat upon every countenance. The western gates of the city, looking toward France, were thrown open. The rumbling of the artillery wheels and the sullen tramp of the dejected soldiers fell heavily upon the night air. Not a word was spoken. Rapidly the army emerged from the gates, crossed the river, and pressed along the road toward France, leaving their foes slumbering behind them, unconscious of their flight.

The depression of the soldiers, thus compelled at last, as they supposed, to retreat, was extreme. Suddenly, and to the perplexity of all, Napoleon wheeled his columns into another road, which followed down the valley of the Adige. No one could imagine whither he was leading them. He hastened along the banks of the river, in most rapid march, about fourteen miles, and, just at midnight, recrossed the stream, and came upon the rear of the Austrian army. Here the soldiers found a vast morass, many miles in extent, traversed by several narrow causeways. In these immense marshes, superiority in number was of little avail, as the heads of the columns only could meet. The plan of Napoleon instantly flashed upon the minds of the intelligent French soldiers. They appreciated at once the advantage he had thus skillfully secured for them. Shouts of joy ran through the ranks. Their previous dejection was succeeded by corresponding elation.

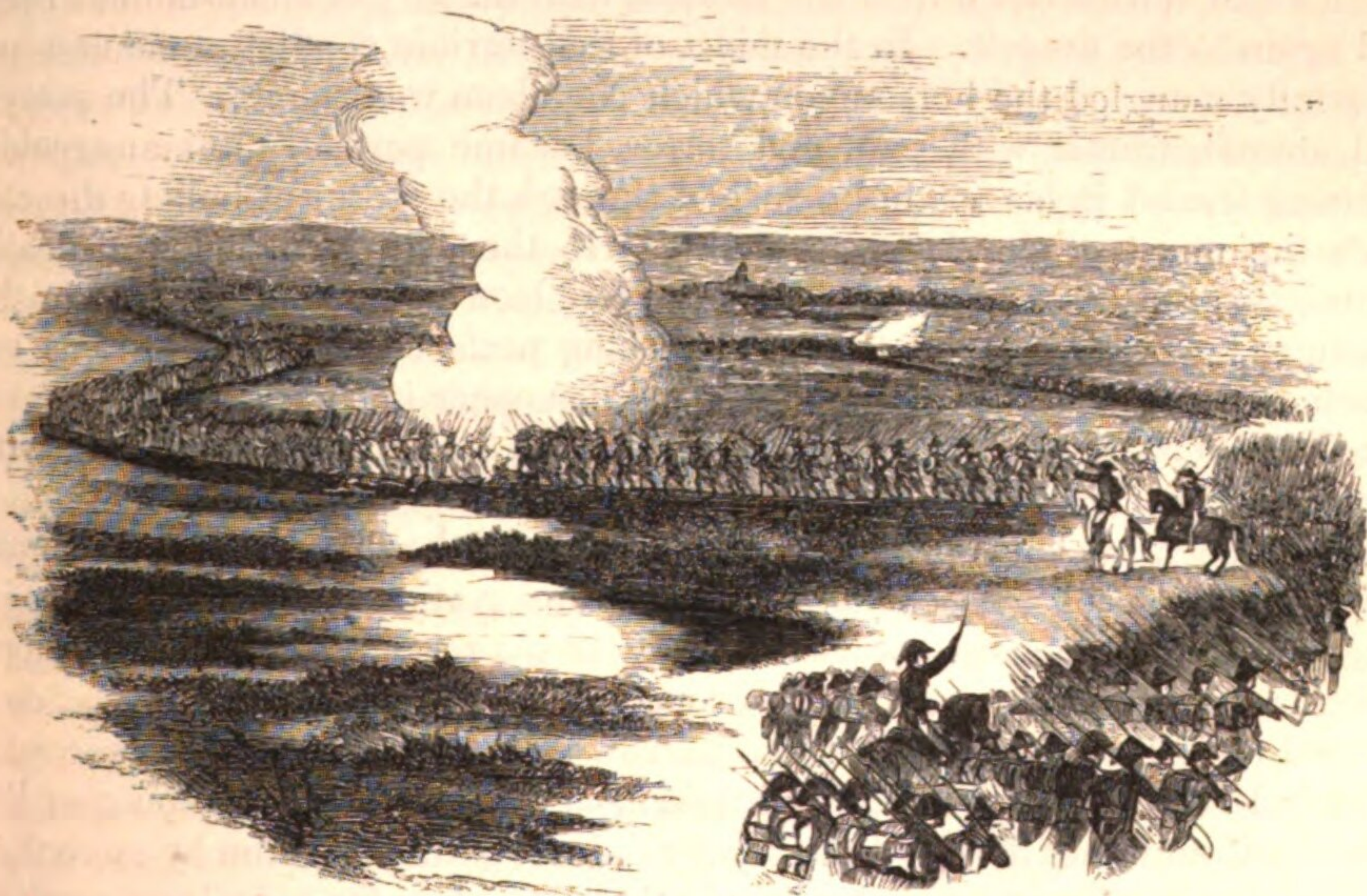
It was midnight. Far and wide along the horizon blazed the fires of the Austrian camps, while the French were in utter darkness. Napoleon, emaciated with care and toil, and silent in intensity of thought, as calm and unperturbed as the clear, cold, serene winter's night, stood upon an eminence, observing the position, and estimating the strength of his foes. He had but thirteen thousand troops. Forty thousand Austrians, crowding the hillsides with their vast array, were maneuvering to envelop and to crush him. But now indescribable enthusiasm animated the French army. They no longer doubted of their success. Every man felt confident that the *Little Corporal* was leading them again to a glorious victory.

In the centre of these wide-spreading morasses was the village of Arcola, approached only by narrow dikes, and protected by a stream crossed by a small wooden bridge. A strong division of the Austrian army was stationed here. It was of the first importance that this position should be taken from the enemy. Before the break of day, the solid columns of Napoleon were moving along the narrow passages, and the fierce strife commenced. The soldiers, with loud shouts, rushed upon the bridge. In an instant the whole head of the column was swept away by a volcanic burst of fire. Napoleon sprung from his horse, seized a standard, and shouted, "Conquerors of Lodi,

follow your general!" He rushed at the head of the column, leading his impetuous troops through a hurricane of balls and bullets, till he arrived at the centre of the bridge.

Here the tempest of fire was so dreadful that all were thrown into confusion. Clouds of smoke enveloped the bridge in almost midnight darkness. The soldiers recoiled, and, trampling over the dead and dying in wild disorder, retreated. The tall grenadiers seized the fragile and wasted form of Napoleon in their arms as if he had been a child, and, regardless of their own danger, dragged him from the mouth of this terrible battery. But in the tumult they were forced over the dike, and Napoleon was plunged into the morass, and was left almost smothered in the mire. The Austrians were already between Napoleon and his column, when the anxious soldiers perceived, in the midst of the darkness and the tumult, that their beloved chief was missing. The wild cry arose, "Forward to save your general!" Every heart thrilled at this cry. The whole column instantly turned, and, regardless of death, inspired by love for their general, rushed impetuously, irresistibly upon the bridge. Napoleon was extricated, and Arcola was taken.

As soon as the morning dawned, Alvinzi perceived that Verona was evacuated, and in astonishment he heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns reverberating over the marshes which surrounded Arcola. He feared the genius



THE MARSHES OF ARCOLA.

of his adversary, and his whole army was immediatly in motion. All day long the battle raged on those narrow causeways, the heads of the columns rushing against each other with indescribable fury, and the dead and the dying filling the morass. The terrible rebuke which had been inflicted upon the division of Vaubois still rung in the ears of the French troops, and every officer and every man resolved to prove that *he* belonged to the army of Italy. Said Augereau, as he rushed into the mouth of a perfect volcano of flame and fire, "Napoleon may break my sword over my dead body, but he

shall never cashier *me* in the presence of my troops." Napoleon was every where, exposed to every danger, now struggling through the dead and the dying on foot, heading the impetuous charge, now galloping over the dikes, with the balls from the Austrian batteries plowing the ground around him. Wherever his voice was heard and his eye fell, tenfold enthusiasm inspired his men. Lannes, though severely wounded, had hastened from the hospital at Milan to aid the army in this terrible emergence. He received three wounds in endeavoring to protect Napoleon, and never left his side till the battle was closed.

Muiron, another of those gallant spirits, bound to Napoleon by those mysterious ties of affection which this strange man inspired, seeing a bomb-shell about to explode, threw himself between it and Napoleon, saving the life of his beloved general by the sacrifice of his own. The darkness of night separated the combatants for a few hours, but before the dawn of the morning, the murderous assault was renewed, and continued with unabated violence through the whole ensuing day. The French veterans charged with the bayonet, and hurled the Austrians with prodigious slaughter into the marsh. Another night came and went. The gray light of another cold winter's morning appeared faintly in the east, when the soldiers sprang again from their freezing, marshy beds, and, in the dense clouds of vapor and of smoke which had settled down over the morass, with the fury of blood-hounds rushed again to the assault. In the midst of this terrible conflict, a cannon-ball fearfully mangled the horse upon which Napoleon was riding. The powerful animal, frantic with pain and terror, became perfectly unmanageable. Seizing the bit in his teeth, he rushed through the storm of bullets directly into the midst of the Austrian ranks. He then, in the agonies of death, plunged into the morass and expired. Napoleon was left struggling in the swamp, up to his neck in the mire. Being perfectly helpless, he was expecting every moment either to sink and disappear in that inglorious grave, or that some Austrian dragoon would sabre his head from his body, or with a bullet pierce his brain.

Enveloped in clouds of smoke, in the midst of the dismay and the uproar of the terrific scene, he chanced to evade observation until his own troops, regardless of every peril, forced their way to his rescue. Napoleon escaped with but a few slight wounds. Through the long day the tide of war continued to ebb and flow upon these narrow dikes. Napoleon now carefully counted the number of prisoners taken, and estimated the amount of the slain. Computing thus that the enemy did not outnumber him by more than a third, he resolved to march out into the open plain for a decisive conflict. He relied upon the enthusiasm and the confidence of his own troops, and the dejection with which he knew that the Austrians were oppressed. In these impassable morasses it was impossible to operate with the cavalry. Three days of this terrible conflict had now passed. In the horrible carnage of these days, Napoleon had lost eight thousand men, and he estimated that the Austrians could not have lost less, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, than twenty thousand. Both armies were utterly exhausted, and those hours of dejection and lassitude had ensued in which every one wished that the battle was at an end.

It was midnight. Napoleon, sleepless and fasting, seemed insensible to exhaustion either of body or of mind. He galloped along the dikes from post to post, with his whole soul engrossed with preparations for the renewal of the conflict. Now he checked his horse to speak in tones of consolation to a wounded soldier, and again, by a few words of kind encouragement, animated an exhausted sentinel. At two o'clock in the morning, the whole army, with the ranks sadly thinned, was again roused and ranged in battle array. It was a cold, damp morning, and the weary and half-famished soldiers shivered in their lines. A dense, oppressive fog covered the flooded marsh, and added to the gloom of the night. Napoleon ordered fifty of the guards to struggle with their horses through the swamp, and conceal themselves in the rear of the enemy. With incredible difficulty, most of them succeeded in accomplishing this object. Each dragoon had a trumpet.

Napoleon commenced a furious attack along the whole Austrian front. When the fire was the hottest, at an appointed signal, the mounted guards sounded with their trumpets loudly the charge, and with perfect desperation plunged into the ranks of the enemy. The Austrians, in the darkness and confusion of the night, supposing that Murat,* with his whole body of cavalry, was thundering down upon their rear, in dismay broke and fled. With demoniacal energy, the French troops pursued the victory, and before that day's sun went down, the proud army of Alvinzi, now utterly routed, and having lost nearly thirty thousand men, marking its path with a trail of blood, was retreating into the mountains of Austria. Napoleon, with streaming banners and exultant music, marched triumphantly back into Verona by the eastern gates, directly opposite those from which, three days before, he had emerged. He was received by the inhabitants with the utmost enthusiasm and astonishment. Even the enemies of Napoleon so greatly admired the heroism and the genius of this wonderful achievement, that they added their applause to that of his friends. This was the fourth Austrian army which Napoleon had overthrown in less than eight months, and each of them more than twice as numerous as his own. In Napoleon's dispatches to the Directory, as usual silent concerning himself, and magnanimously attributing the victory to the heroism of the troops, he says, "Never was a field of battle more valiantly disputed than the conflict at Arcola. I have scarcely any generals left. Their bravery and their patriotic enthusiasm are without example."

In the midst of all these cares, he found time to write a letter of sympathy to the widow of the brave Muiron. "You," he writes, "have lost a husband who was dear to you, and I am bereft of a friend to whom I have been long and sincerely attached; but our country has suffered more than us both, in being deprived of an officer so pre-eminently distinguished for his talents and dauntless bravery. If it lies within the scope of my ability to yield assistance to yourself or your infant, I beseech you to reckon upon my utmost exertions."

* Joachim Murat subsequently married Caroline, the youngest sister of Napoleon, and became Marshal of France, and finally King of Sicily. After the fall of Napoleon, he lost his throne, and was shot by command of the King of Naples. "Murat," said Napoleon, "was one of the most brilliant men I ever saw upon a field of battle. It was really a magnificent spectacle to see him heading the cavalry in a charge."

It is affecting to record, that in a few weeks the woe-stricken widow gave birth to a lifeless babe, and she and her little one sank into an untimely grave together. The woes of war extend far and wide beyond the blood-stained field of battle. Twenty thousand men perished around the marshes of Arcola; and after the thunders of the strife had ceased, and the groans of the dying were hushed in death, in twenty thousand distant homes, far away on the plains of France, or in the peaceful glens of Austria, the agony of that field of blood was renewed as the tidings reached them, and a wail burst forth from crushed and lacerated hearts, which might almost have drowned the roar of that deadly strife.

How Napoleon could have found time, in the midst of such terrific scenes, for the delicate attentions of friendship, it is difficult to conceive. Yet to a stranger he wrote, announcing the death of a nephew, in the following affecting terms: "He fell with glory and in the face of the enemy, without suffering a moment of pain. Where is the man who would not envy such a death? Who would not gladly accept the choice of thus escaping from the vicissitudes of an unsatisfying world? Who has not often regretted that he has not been thus withdrawn from the calumny, the envy, and all the odious passions which seem the almost exclusive directors of the conduct of mankind?" It was in this pensive strain that Napoleon wrote, when a young man of twenty-seven, and in the midst of a series of the most brilliant victories which mortal man had ever achieved.

The moment the Austrians broke and fled, while the thunders of the pursuing cannonade were reverberating over the plains, Napoleon seized a pen, and wrote to his faithful Josephine with that impetuous energy in which "sentences were crowded into words, and words into letters." The courier was dispatched, at the top of his speed, with the following lines, which Josephine with no little difficulty deciphered. She deemed them worth the study.

"My adored Josephine! at length I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honor are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten. Soon Mantua will be ours. Then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. Should your heart grow cold toward me, you will be indeed cruel and unjust. But I am sure that you will always continue my faithful friend, as I shall ever continue your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which love, sentiment, and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses."

A vein of superstition pervaded the mind of this extraordinary man. He felt that he was the child of destiny—that he was led by an arm more powerful than his own, and that an unseen guide was conducting him along his perilous and bewildering pathway. He regarded life as of little value, and contemplated death without any dread. "I am," said he, "the creature of circumstances. I do but go where events point out the way. I do not give myself any uneasiness about death. When a man's time is come, he must go." "Are you a Predestinarian?" inquired O'Meara. "As much so," Napoleon replied, "as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny

wills, it must be obeyed. I will relate an example. At the siege of Toulon I observed an officer very careful of himself, instead of exhibiting an example of courage to animate his men. 'Mr. Officer,' said I, 'come out and observe the effect of your shot. You know not whether your guns are well pointed or not.' Very reluctantly he came outside of the parapet, to the place where I was standing. Wishing to expose as little of his body as possible, he stooped down, and partially sheltered himself behind the parapet, and looked under my arm. Just then a shot came close to me, and low down, which knocked him to pieces. Now if this man had stood upright, he would have been safe, as the ball would have passed between us without hurting either."

Maria Louisa, upon her marriage with Napoleon, was greatly surprised to find that no sentinels slept at the door of his chamber; that the doors even were not locked; and that there were no guns or pistols in the room where they slept. "Why," said she, "you do not take half so many precautions as my father does." "I am too much of a Fatalist," he replied, "to take any precautions against assassination." O'Meara, at St. Helena, at one time urged him to take some medicine. He declined, and calmly raising his eyes to heaven, said, "That which is written is written. Our days are numbered." Strange and inconsistent as it may seem, there is a form which the doctrine of Predestination assumes in the human mind, which arouses one to an intensity of exertion which nothing else could inspire. Napoleon felt that he was destined to the most exalted achievements. Therefore he consecrated himself, through days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, to the most herculean exertions that he might work out his destiny. This sentiment, which inspired Napoleon as a philosopher, animated Calvin as a Christian. Instead of cutting the sinews of exertion, as many persons would suppose it must, it did but strain those sinews to their utmost tension.

Napoleon had obtained, at the time of his marriage, an exquisite miniature of Josephine. This, in his romantic attachment, he had suspended by a ribbon about his neck, and the cheek of Josephine ever rested upon the pulsations of his heart. Though living in the midst of the most exciting tumults earth has ever witnessed, his pensive and reflective mind was solitary and alone. The miniature of Josephine was his companion, and often during the march, and in the midnight bivouac, he gazed upon it most fondly.

"By what art is it," he once passionately wrote, "that you, my sweet love, have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my mortal existence? It is a magic influence, which will terminate only with my life. My adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; when, contemplating the various evils to which we are exposed, I could fix my eyes steadfastly upon every conceivable calamity without alarm or dread. But now the idea that Josephine may be ill, and, above all, the cruel thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, and leaves me not even the courage of despair. Formerly I said to myself, Man can not hurt him who can die without regret. But now to die without being loved by Josephine is torment. My incomparable companion! thou whom Fate has destined to make, along with me, the painful

journey of life ! the day on which I cease to possess thy heart will be to me the day of utter desolation."

On one occasion the glass covering the miniature was found to be broken. Napoleon considered the accident a fearful omen of calamity to the beloved original. He was so oppressed with this presentiment, that a courier was immediately dispatched to bring him tidings from Josephine.

It is not surprising that Napoleon should thus have won in the heart of Josephine the most enthusiastic love. "He is," said she, "the most fascinating of men."

"It is impossible," wrote the Duchess of Abrantes, "to describe the charm of Napoleon's countenance when he smiled. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes."

"I never," said the Emperor Alexander, "loved any man as I did that man."

"I have known," says the Duke of Vicenza, "nearly all the crowned heads of the present day—all our illustrious contemporaries. I have lived with several of those great historical characters on a footing quite distinct from my diplomatic duties. I have had every opportunity of comparing and judging ; but it is impossible to institute any comparison between Napoleon and any other man. They who say otherwise did not know him."

"Napoleon," says Duroc, "is endowed with a variety of faculties, any one of which would suffice to distinguish a man from the multitude. He is the greatest captain of the age. He is a statesman who directs the whole business of the country, and superintends every branch of the service. He is a sovereign whose ministers are merely his clerks. And yet this Colossus of gigantic proportions can descend to the most trivial details of private life. He can regulate the expenditure of his household as he regulates the finances of the empire."

Notwithstanding Napoleon had now destroyed four Austrian armies, the imperial court was still unsubdued, and still pertinaciously refused to make peace with Republican France. Herculean efforts were immediately made to organize a fifth army to march again upon Napoleon. These exciting scenes kept all Italy in a state of extreme fermentation. Every day the separation between the aristocratic and the Republican party became more marked and rancorous. Austria and England exerted all their arts of diplomacy to arouse the aristocratic governments of Rome, Venice, and Naples to assail Napoleon in the rear, and thus to crush that spirit of republican liberty so rapidly spreading through Italy, and which threatened the speedy overthrow of all their thrones. Napoleon, in self-defense, was compelled to call to his aid the sympathies of the Republican party, and to encourage their ardent aspirations for free government.

And here, again, the candid mind is compelled to pause, and almost to yield its assent to that doctrine of destiny which had obtained so strong a hold upon the mind of Napoleon. How could it be expected that those monarchs, with their thrones, their wealth, their pride, their power, their education, their habits, should have submissively relinquished their exalted inheritance, and have made an unconditional surrender to triumphant democracy. Kings, nobles, priests, and all the millions whose rank and property were suspended upon the perpetuity of those old monarchies, could by no possibility have

been led to such a measure. Unquestionably, many were convinced that the interests of humanity demanded the support of the established governments. They had witnessed the accomplishments of democracy in France—a phren-sied mob sacking the palace, dragging the royal family, through every conceivable insult, to dungeons and a bloody death, burning the chateaus of the nobles, braining upon the pavements, with gory clubs, the most venerable in rank and the most austere in virtue; dancing in brutal orgies around the dis-severed heads of the most illustrious and lovely ladies of the realm, and drag-ging their dismembered limbs in derision through the streets. Priests crowd-ed the churches, praying to God to save them from the horrors of democracy. Matrons and maidens trembled in their chambers as they wrought with their own hands the banners of royalty, and with moistened eyes and palpitating hearts they presented them to their defenders.

On the other hand, how could Republican France tamely succumb to her proud and aristocratic enemies? “Kings,” said a princess of the house of Austria, “should no more regard the murmurs of the people than does the moon the barking of dogs.” How could the triumphant millions of France, who had just overthrown this intolerable despotism, and whose hearts were glowing with aspirations for liberty and equal rights, yield without a strug-gle all they had attained at such an enormous expense of blood and misery. They turned their eyes hopefully to the United States, where our own Wash-ington and their own La Fayette had fought side by side, and had establish-ed liberty gloriously; and they could not again voluntarily place their necks beneath the yoke of kingly domination. Despotism engenders ignorance and cruelty; and despotism did but reap the awful harvest of blood and woe, of which, during countless ages of oppression, it had been scattering broadcast the seed.

The enfranchised people could not allow the allied monarchs of Europe to rear again, upon the soil of Republican France, and in the midst of thirty millions of freemen, an execrated and banished dynasty. This was not a warfare of republican angels against aristocratic fiends, or of refined, benev-olent, intellectual Loyalists against rancorous, reckless, vulgar Jacobins. It was a warfare of frail and erring man against his fellow—many, both Mon-archists and Republicans, perhaps animated by motives as corrupt as can in-fluence the human heart. But it can not be doubted that there were others on each side who were influenced by considerations as pure as can glow in the bosom of humanity.

Napoleon recognized and respected these verities. While he had no scru-ples respecting his own duty to defend his country from the assaults of the allied kings, he candidly respected his opponents. Frankly he said, “Had I been surrounded by the influences which have environed these gentlemen, I should doubtless have been fighting beneath their banners.”

There is probably not a reader of these pages who, had he been an English or an Austrian noble, would not have fought those battles of the monarchy, upon which his fortune, his power, and his rank were suspended; and there probably is not a noble upon the banks of the Danube or the Thames, who, had he been a young lawyer, merchant, or artisan, with all his prospects in life depending upon his own merit and exertions, would not have strained

every nerve to hew down those bulwarks of exclusive privileges which the pride and oppression of ages had reared. Such is man, and such his melancholy lot. We would not detract from the wickedness of these wars, deluging Europe with blood and woe; but God alone can award the guilt. We would not conceal that all our sympathies are with the Republicans struggling for their unquestionable rights; but we may also refrain from casting unmerited obloquy upon those who were likewise struggling for every thing dear to them in life.

The Directory, trembling in view of the vast renown Napoleon was acquiring, and not at all relishing the idea of having the direction of affairs thus unceremoniously taken from their hands, sent General Clarke, as an envoy, to Napoleon's head-quarters, to conduct negotiations with the Austrians. Napoleon received him with great external courtesy, but, that there might be no embarrassing misunderstanding between them, informed him in so many words, "If you come here to obey me, I shall always see you with pleasure; if not, the sooner you return to those who sent you, the better." The proud envoy yielded at once to the master-mind, and so completely was he brought under the influence of its strange fascination, that he became a most enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and wrote to the Directory, "It is indispensable that the general-in-chief should conduct all the diplomatic operations in Italy."

While Alvinzi had been preparing his overwhelming host to crush Napoleon, the Pope also, in secret alliance, had been collecting his resources to attack the common foe. It was an act of treachery. Napoleon called Mattei from his fastings and penance in the convent, and commissioned him to go and say to the Pope: "Rome desires war. It shall have war. But first I owe it to humanity to make a final effort to recall the Pope to reason. My army is strong; I have but to will it, and the temporal power of the Pope is destroyed. Still, France permits me to listen to words of peace. War, so cruel for all, has terrible results for the vanquished. I am anxious to close this struggle by peace. War has for me now neither danger nor glory."

The Pope, however, believing that Austria would still crush Napoleon, met these menaces with defiance. Napoleon, conscious that he could not then march upon Rome, devoted all his energies to prepare for the onset of the Austrians, while he kept a vigilant eye upon his enemies in the south. Some he overawed. Others, by a change of government, he transformed into fast friends. Four weeks passed rapidly away, and another vast Austrian army was crowding down from the north with gigantic steps to relieve Mantua, now in the last stage of starvation. Wurmser had succeeded in sending a spy through the French lines, conveying the message to Alvinzi that, unless relieved, he could not possibly hold out many days longer.

Josephine had now come, at Napoleon's request, to reside at the headquarters of the army, that she might be near her husband. Napoleon had received her with the most tender affection, and his exhausted frame was reinvigorated by her soothing cares. He had no tendencies to gallantry, which provoked Madame de Staël once to remark to him, "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies." "I am very fond of my wife, Madame," was his laconic reply. Napoleon had not a high appreciation of the female

character in general, and yet he highly valued the humanizing and refining influence of polished female society.

"The English," said he, "appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies; as is exemplified by dismissing the ladies from the table, and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. Were I in England, I should certainly leave the table with the ladies. You do not treat them with sufficient regard. If your object is to converse instead of to drink, why not allow them to be present. Surely, conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take a part in it. Were I an English woman, I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men, to wait for two or three hours while they were guzzling their wine. In France, society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation."

At one time Josephine was defending her sex from some remarks which he had made respecting their frivolity and insincerity. "Ah! my dear Josephine," he replied, "they are all nothing compared with you."

Notwithstanding the boundless wealth at Napoleon's disposal, when Josephine arrived at the head-quarters of the army, he lived in a very simple and frugal manner. Though many of his generals were rolling in voluptuousness, he indulged himself in no ostentation in dress or equipage. The only relaxation he sought was to spend an occasional hour in the society of Josephine. In the midst of the movements of these formidable armies, and just before a decisive battle, it was necessary that she should take her departure to a place of greater safety. As she was bidding her husband adieu, a cart passed by loaded with the mutilated forms of the wounded. The awful spectacle, and the consciousness of the terrible peril of her husband, moved her tender feelings. She threw herself upon his neck and wept most bitterly. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, and said, "Wurmser shall pay dearly for those tears which he causes thee to shed." Napoleon's appearance at this time was deplorable in the extreme. His cheeks were pallid and wan. He was as thin as a skeleton. His bright and burning eye alone indicated that the fire of his soul was unextinguished. The glowing energies of his mind sustained his emaciated and exhausted body. The soldiers took pleasure in contrasting his mighty genius and his world-wide renown, with his effeminate stature and his wasted and enfeebled frame.

In allusion to the wonderful tranquillity of mind which Napoleon retained in the midst of his harassments, disasters, and perils, he remarked, "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along."

Early in January, Alvinzi descended toward Mantua from the mountains of Austria. It was the fifth army which the Imperial Court had sent for the destruction of the Republicans. The Tyrol was in the hands of the French. Napoleon, to prevent the peasants from rising in guerrilla bands, issued a decree that every Tyrolese taken in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied, that for every peasant shot he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined, that for every French prisoner thus slain he would gibbet an Austrian officer, commencing with Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. A little reflection taught both generals that it was not best to

add to the inevitable horrors of war by the execution of these sanguinary threats. With the utmost vigilance, Napoleon, with his army gathered around him in the vicinity of Mantua, was watching the movements of his formidable enemy, uncertain respecting his line of march, or upon what points the terrible onset was to fall.

The 12th of January, 1797, was a dark, stormy winter's day. The sleet, swept by the gale over the bleak mountains, covered the earth with an icy mantle. The swollen streams, clogged with ice, roared through the ravines. As the sun went down, a clear belt of cloudless sky appeared brilliant in the west. The storm passed away. The cold north wind blew furiously, and the stars, with unwonted lustre, adorned the wintry night. As the twilight was fading, a courier galloped into the camp with the intelligence that the Austrians had made their appearance in vast numbers upon the plains of Rivoli, and that they were attacking with great fury the advanced post of the French stationed there. At the same time, another courier arrived, informing him that a powerful division of the Austrian army was moving in another direction, to carry relief to Mantua. It was a fearful dilemma.

Should Napoleon wait for these two armies to form a junction and to assail him in front, while the garrison of Mantua, emerging from the walls, should attack him in the rear, his situation would be hopeless. Should he march to attack one army, he must leave the road open for the other to enter Mantua with re-enforcements and relief. But Napoleon lost not one moment in deliberation. Instinctively he decided upon the only course to be pursued. "The French," said the Austrians, "do not march; they fly." With a rapidity of movement which seems almost miraculous, before two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, with thirty thousand men, stood upon the snow-clad heights overlooking the encampment of his sleeping foes. It was a sublime and an appalling spectacle which burst upon his view. For miles and miles the watch-fires of the mighty host filled the extended plain. The night was clear, cold, and beautiful. Gloomy firs and pines frowned along the sides of the mountains, silvered by the rays of an unclouded moon. The keen eye of Napoleon instantly detected that there were fifty thousand men, in five divisions of ten thousand each, whom he, with thirty thousand, was to encounter upon that plain. He also correctly judged, from the position of the divisions, that the artillery had not arrived, and resolved upon an immediate attack.

At four o'clock in the morning, the Austrians were roused from their slumbers by the rush of Napoleon's battalions, and by the thunders of his artillery. The day of Rivoli! It was a long, long day of blood and woe. The tide of victory ebbed and flowed. Again and again Napoleon seemed ruined. Night came, and the genius of Napoleon had again triumphed. The whole plain was covered with the dead and the dying. The Austrians, in wild terror, were flying before the impetuous charges of the French cavalry, while from every eminence cannon-balls were plunged into the dense ranks of the fugitives. The genius of this stern warrior never appeared more terrible than in the unsparing energy with which he rained down his blows upon a defeated army. Napoleon had three horses shot under him during the day. "The

Austrians," said he, "maneuvered admirably, and failed only because they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

An event occurred in the very hottest of the battle which singularly illustrates Napoleon's wonderful presence of mind. The Austrians had completely enveloped him, cutting off his retreat, and attacking him in front, flanks, and rear; the destruction of the army seemed inevitable. Napoleon, to gain time, instantly sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, to attend to some propositions to be made in consequence of dispatches just received from Paris. The Austrian general fell into the snare. The roar of battle ceased, and the bloodstained combatants rested upon their guns. Junot repaired to the Austrian head-quarters, and kept Alvinzi busy for half an hour in discussing the terms of accommodation. In the mean time, Napoleon had re-arranged his army to repel these numerous attacks. As was to be expected, no terms could be agreed upon, and immediately the murderous onset was renewed.

The scene displayed at the close of this battle was awful in the extreme. The fugitive army, horse, foot, cannon, baggage-wagons, and ammunition-carts, struggled along in inextricable confusion through the narrow passes, while a plunging fire from the French batteries produced frightful havoc in the crowd. The occasional explosion of an ammunition-wagon under this terrific fire opened in the dense mass a gap like the crater of a volcano, scattering far and wide over the field the mangled limbs of the dead. The battle of Rivoli Napoleon ever regarded as one of the most dreadful battles he ever fought, and one of the most signal victories he ever won.

Leaving a few troops to pursue and harass the fugitives, Napoleon, that very night, with the mass of his army, turned to arrest the Austrian division of twenty thousand men under Provera, hastening to the re-enforcement of Mantua. He had already marched all of one night, and fought all of the ensuing day. He allowed his utterly exhausted troops a few hours for sleep, but closed not his own eyes. He still considered the peril of his army so great as to demand the utmost vigilance. So intense was his solicitude, that he passed the hours of the night, while the rest were sleeping, in walking about the outposts.

The hour of midnight had hardly passed before the whole army was again in motion. The dawn of the morning found them pressing on with all possible speed, hoping to arrive at Mantua before the Austrian force should have effected an entrance into the beleaguered city. All the day long they hurried on their way, and just as the sun was setting they heard the roar of the conflict around the ramparts of Mantua. Provera was attacking the French in their intrenchments upon one side. The brave old Wurmser was marching from the city to attack them upon the other. An hour might have settled the unequal conflict. Suddenly Napoleon, like a thunderbolt, plunged into the midst of the foe. Provera's band was scattered like chaff before the whirlwind. Wurmser and his half-starved men were driven back to their fortress and their prison. Thus terminated this signal campaign of *three days*, during which the Austrians lost twenty-five thousand prisoners, twenty-five standards, sixty pieces of cannon, and six thousand men killed and wounded. The Austrian army was again destroyed, and the French re-

mained in undisputed possession of Italy. Such achievements filled the world with astonishment. Military men of all lands have regarded these brilliant operations of Napoleon as the most extraordinary which history has recorded.

Wurmser's situation was now hopeless, and no resource was left him but to capitulate. One half of his once numerous garrison were in the hospital. The horses which had been killed and salted down were all consumed. Famine was now staring the garrison in the face. Wurmser sent an aid-de-camp to the tent of Serrurier to propose terms of capitulation. Napoleon was sitting in a corner of the tent unobserved, wrapped in his cloak. The aid, with the artifice usual on such occasions, expatiated on the powerful means of resistance Wurmser still enjoyed, and the large stores of provisions still in the magazine. Napoleon, without making himself known, listened to the conversation, taking no part in it. At last he approached the table, silently took the paper containing Wurmser's propositions, and, to the astonishment of the aid, wrote upon the margin his answer to all the terms suggested. "There," said he, "are the conditions which I grant to your marshal. If he had provisions but for a fortnight and could talk of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. As he sends you, he must be reduced to extremity. I respect his age, his valor, his misfortunes. Carry to him the terms which I grant. Whether he leaves the place to-morrow, in a month, or in six months, he shall have neither better nor worse conditions. He may stay as long as his sense of honor demands."

The aid now perceived that he was in the presence of Napoleon. Glancing his eye over the terms of capitulation, he was surprised at the liberality of the victor, and, seeing that dissimulation was of no further avail, he confessed that Wurmser had provisions but for three days. The brave old marshal was deeply moved with gratitude in acknowledging the generosity with which he was treated by his young adversary. Wurmser was entirely in his power, and must have surrendered at discretion. Yet Napoleon, to spare the feelings of his foe, allowed him to march out of the place with all his staff, and to retire unmolested to Austria. He even granted him two hundred horse and five hundred men, to be chosen by himself, and six pieces of cannon, to render his departure less humiliating. Wurmser most gratefully accepted this magnanimous offer, and, to prove his gratitude, informed Napoleon of a plan laid in the Papal States for poisoning him, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. The remainder of the garrison, twenty thousand strong, surrendered their arms, and were retained as prisoners of war. Fifteen standards, a bridge equipage, and about five hundred pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the victor.

On the following morning, the Austrian army, emaciate, humiliated, and dejected, defiled from the gates of Mantua to throw down their arms at the feet of the triumphant Republicans. But on this occasion also, Napoleon displayed that magnanimity and delicacy of mind which accorded so well with the heroism of his character and the grandeur of his achievements. Few young men, twenty-seven years of age, at the termination of so terrific a campaign, would have deprived themselves of the pleasure of seeing the veteran Austrian marshal and his proud array pass vanquished before him.

But on the morning of that day Napoleon mounted his horse, and, heading a division of his army, disappeared from the ground and marched for the Papal States. He left Serrurier to receive the sword of Wurmser. He would not add to the mortification of the vanquished general by being present in the hour of his humiliation. Delicacy so rare and so noble attracted the attention of all Europe. This magnanimous and dignified conduct extorted reluctant admiration even from the bitterest enemies of the young Republican general.

The Directory, unable to appreciate such nobility of spirit, were dissatisfied with the liberal terms which had been granted Wurmser. Napoleon treated their remonstrances with scorn, and simply replied, "I have granted the Austrian general such terms as, in my judgment, were due to a brave and honorable enemy, and to the dignity of the French Republic."

The Austrians were now driven out of Italy. Napoleon commenced the campaign with thirty thousand men. He received, during the progress of these destructive battles, twenty-five thousand recruits. Thus, in ten months, Napoleon, with fifty-five thousand men, had conquered five armies under veteran generals, and composed of more than two hundred thousand highly disciplined Austrian troops. He had taken one hundred thousand prisoners, and killed and wounded thirty-five thousand men. These were great victories, and "a great victory," said the Duke of Wellington, nobly, "is the most awful thing in the world excepting a great defeat."

Napoleon now prepared to march boldly upon Vienna itself, and to compel the emperor, in his own palace, to make peace with insulted France. Such an idea he had not conceived at the commencement of the campaign; circumstances, however, or, as Napoleon would say, *his destiny*, led him on. But first it was necessary to turn aside to humble the Pope, who had been threatening Napoleon's rear with an army of forty thousand men, but who was now in utter consternation in view of the hopeless defeat of the Austrians. Napoleon issued the following proclamation: "The French army is about to enter the Pope's territories. It will protect religion and the people. The French soldier carries in one hand the bayonet as the guarantee of victory; in the other, the olive branch, a symbol of peace and a pledge of protection. Woe to those who shall provoke the vengeance of this army. To the inhabitants of every town and village, peace, protection, and security are offered."

All the spiritual machinery of the Papal Church had been put into requisition to rouse the people to phrensy. The tocsin had been tolled in every village, forty hours' prayer offered, indulgences promised, and even miracles employed to inspire the populace with delirious energy. Napoleon took with him but four thousand five hundred French soldiers, aided by four thousand Italian recruits. He first encountered the enemy, seven thousand strong, under Cardinal Busca, intrenched upon the banks of the Senio. It was in the evening twilight of a pleasant spring day when the French approached the river. The ecclesiastic, but little accustomed to the weapons of secular warfare, sent a flag of truce, who very pompously presented himself before Napoleon, and declared, in the name of the cardinal-in-chief, that if the French continued to advance he should certainly fire upon them. The

terrible menace was reported through the French lines, and was received with perfect peals of merriment. Napoleon replied that he should be extremely sorry to expose himself to the cardinal's fire, and that therefore, as the army was very much fatigued, with the cardinal's leave it would take up its quarters for the night.

In the darkness, a division of the French army was sent across the stream by a ford, to cut off the retreat of the Papal troops, and in the morning the bloody conflict of an hour left nearly every man dead upon the field or a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon. Pressing rapidly on, the French arrived the same day at Faenza. The gates were shut, the ramparts manned with cannon, and the multitude, in fanatical enthusiasm, exasperated the French soldiers with every species of exulting defiance. The gates were instantly battered down, and the French rushed into the city. They loudly clamored for permission to pillage. "The case," said they, "is the same as that of Pavia." "No!" replied Napoleon; "at Pavia, the people, after having taken an oath of obedience, revolted, and attempted to murder our soldiers, who were their guests. These people are deceived, and must be subdued by kindness." All the prisoners taken here, and in the battle of the Senio, were assembled in a large garden of one of the convents of Faenza. Napoleon had been represented to them as a monster of atheism, cruelty, and crime. They were in a perfect paroxysm of terror, not doubting that they were gathered there to be shot. Upon the approach of Napoleon, they fell upon their knees, with loud cries for mercy. He addressed them in Italian, and in those tones of kindness which seemed to have a magic power over the human heart.

"I am the friend," said he, "of all the people of Italy. I come among you for your good. You are all free. Return to the bosom of your families, and tell them that the French are the friends of religion and of order, and of all the poor and the oppressed." From the garden he went to the refectory of the convent, where the captured officers were assembled. Familiarly he conversed with them a long time, as with friends and equals. He explained to them his motives and his wishes; spoke of the liberty of Italy, of the abuses of the pontifical government, of its gross violation of the spirit of the Gospel, and of the blood which must be vainly expended in the attempt to resist such a victorious and well-disciplined army as he had at his disposal. He gave them all permission to return to their homes, and simply requested them, as the price of his clemency, to make known to the community the sentiments with which he was animated. These men now became as enthusiastic in their admiration of Napoleon as they had previously been exasperated against him. They dispersed through the cities and villages of Italy, never weary in eulogizing the magnanimity of their conqueror.

He soon met another army of the Romans at Ancona. He cautiously surrounded them, and took them all prisoners without injuring a man, and then, by a few of his convincing words, sent them through the country as missionaries, proclaiming his clemency and the benevolence of the commander-in-chief of the Republican army. Ancona was so situated as to be one of the most important ports of the Adriatic. Its harbor, however, was in such a neglected condition, that not even a frigate could enter. He immediately decided what ought to be done to fortify the place and to improve

the port. The great works which he consequently afterward executed at Ancona will remain a perpetual memorial of his foresight and genius. The largest three-decker can now ride in its harbor with perfect safety.

At Loretto there was an image of the Virgin, which the Church represented as of celestial origin, and which, to the great edification of the populace, seemed miraculously to shed tears in view of the perils of the Papacy. Napoleon sent for the sacred image, exposed the deception by which, through the instrumentality of a string of glass beads, tears appeared to flow, and imprisoned the priests for deluding the people with trickery, which tended to bring all religion into contempt.

The Papal States were full of the exiled French priests. The Directory enjoined it upon Napoleon to drive them out of the country. These unhappy men were in a state of despair. Long inured to Jacobin fury, they supposed that death was now their inevitable doom. One of the fraternity, weary of years of exile, and frantic in view of his supposed impending fate, presented himself to Napoleon, announced himself as an emigrant priest, and implored that his doom of death might be immediately executed. The bewildered man thought it the delirium of a dream when Napoleon, addressing him in terms of courtesy and of heartfelt sympathy, assured him that he and all his friends should be protected from harm. He issued a proclamation enjoining it upon the army to regard these unfortunate men as countrymen and as brothers, and to treat them with all possible kindness. The versatile troops instantly imbibed the humane spirit of their beloved chief. This led to a number of very affecting scenes. Many of the soldiers recognized their former pastors, and these unhappy exiles, long accustomed to scorn and insult, wept with gratitude in being again addressed in terms of respect and affection.

Napoleon was censured for this clemency. "How is it possible," he wrote to the Directory, "not to pity these unhappy men? They weep on seeing us." The French emigrant priests were quite a burden upon the convents in Italy, where they had taken refuge, and the Italian priests were quite ready, upon the arrival of the French army, to drive them away, on the pretext that, by harboring the emigrants, they should draw down upon themselves the vengeance of the Republican army. Napoleon issued a decree commanding the convents to receive them, and to furnish them with every thing necessary for their support and comfort. In that singular vein of latent humor which pervaded his nature, he enjoined that the French priests should make remuneration for this hospitality in prayers and masses at the regular market-price. He found the Jews in Ancona suffering under the most intolerable oppression, and immediately released them from all their disabilities.

The court of Naples, hoping to intimidate Napoleon from advancing upon the holy city, and not venturing openly to draw the sword against him, sent a minister to his camp, to act in the capacity of a spy. This envoy, Prince Pignatelli, assuming an air of great mystery and confidential kindness, showed Napoleon a letter from the Queen of Naples, proposing to send an army of thirty thousand men to protect the Pontiff. "I thank you," said Napoleon, "for this proof of your confidence, and will repay you in the same way." Opening the port-folio of papers relating to Naples, he exhibited to him a copy

of a dispatch, in which the contemplated movement was not only anticipated, but provision made, in case it should be attempted, for marching an army of twenty-five thousand men to take possession of the capital, and compel the royal family to seek refuge in Sicily. An extraordinary courier was dispatched in the night to inform the queen of the manner in which the insinuation had been received. Nothing more was heard of the Neapolitan interference.

Napoleon was now within three days' march of Rome. Consternation reigned in the Vatican. Embassadors were hastily sent to Napoleon's headquarters at Tolentino to implore the clemency of the conqueror. The horses were already harnessed to the state carriages, and Pope Pius the Sixth was just descending the stairs for flight, when a messenger arrived from Napoleon informing the Pope that he need apprehend no personal violence—that Napoleon was contending only for peace.

The Directory, exasperated by the unrelenting hostility and treachery of the Pope, enjoined it upon Napoleon to enter into no negotiations with him, but immediately to deprive him of all temporal power. Napoleon, however, understood fanatical human nature too well to attempt such a revolution. Disregarding the wishes of the government at home, he treated the Pope with that gentlemanly deference and respect which was due to his exalted rank as a temporal and a spiritual prince. The treaty of Tolentino was soon concluded. Its simple terms were, peace with France, the acknowledgment of the Cispadane Republic, and a renewed promise that the stipulations of the preceding armistice should be faithfully performed. Even the Pope could not refrain from expressions of gratitude in view of the moderation of his victor. Napoleon insisted for a long time upon the suppression of the Inquisition; but, out of complaisance to the Pope, who earnestly entreated that it might not be suppressed, assuring Napoleon that it no longer was what it had been, but that it was now rather a tribunal of police than of religious opinion, Napoleon desisted from pressing the article. All this was achieved in nine days. Napoleon now returned to Mantua, and prepared for his bold march upon Vienna.

Notwithstanding the singular moderation displayed by Napoleon in these victories, the most atrocious libels respecting his conduct were circulated by his foes throughout Europe. To exasperate the Catholics, he was reported to have seized the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus to have dragged him about the room. One day Napoleon was reading one of these virulent libels, describing him as a perfect monster of licentiousness, blood-thirstiness, and crime. At times he shrugged his shoulders, and again laughed heartily, but did not betray the least sign of anger. To one who expressed surprise at this, he said,

“It is the truth only which gives offense. Every body knows that I was not by nature inclined to debauchery, and, moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs allowed me no time for such vices. Still, persons will be found who will believe these things. But how can that be helped? If it should enter any one's head to put in print that I had grown hairy and walked on four paws, there are people who would believe it, and who would say that God had punished me as he did Nebuchadnezzar. And what could I do? There is no remedy in such cases.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH UPON VIENNA.

Humane Advice to Venice—Honor to Virgil—Proclamation—Prince Charles—Tagliamento—Stratagem—Enthusiasm of the Soldiers—Battle of Tarwis—Retreat of the Archduke.—Refusal of Napoleon's Overtures for Peace—Consternation in Vienna—Negotiations for Peace—Revolt of Venice—Venetian Envoys—Napoleon Conqueror of Italy—Valteline—Power of Napoleon.

MANTUA had now fallen. The Austrians were driven from Italy. The Pope, with the humility of a child, had implored the clemency of the conqueror. Still, Austria refused to make peace with Republican France, and, with indomitable perseverance, gathered her resources for another conflict. Napoleon resolved to march directly upon Vienna. His object was peace, not conquest. In no other possible way could peace be attained. It was a bold enterprise. Leaving the whole breadth of Italy between his armies and France, he prepared to cross the rugged summits of the Carnic Alps, and to plunge, with an army of but fifty thousand men, into the very heart of one of the most proud and powerful empires upon the globe, numbering twenty millions of inhabitants. Napoleon wished to make an ally of Venice. To her government he said, "Your whole territory is imbued with revolutionary principles. One single word from me will excite a blaze of insurrection through all your provinces. Ally yourself with France, make a few modifications in your government, such as are indispensable for the welfare of the people, and we will pacify public opinion and will sustain your authority." Advice more prudent and humane could not have been given.

The haughty aristocracy of Venice refused the alliance, raised an army of sixty thousand men, ready at any moment to fall upon Napoleon's rear, and demanded neutrality. "Be neutral, then," said Napoleon; "but remember, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance. I march upon Vienna. Conduct which could be forgiven were I in Italy, will be unpardonable when I am in Austria. The hour that witnesses the treachery of Venice shall terminate her independence."

Mantua was the birth-place of Virgil. During centuries of wealth and luxurious ease, neither Italy nor Austria had found time to rear any monument in honor of the illustrious Mantuan bard; but hardly had the cannon of Napoleon ceased to resound around the beleaguered city, and the smoke of the conflict had hardly passed away, ere the young conqueror, ever more interested in the refinements of peace than in the desolations of war, in the midst of the din of arms, and contending against the intrigues of hostile nations, reared a mausoleum and arranged a gorgeous festival in honor of the immortal poet. Thus he endeavored to shed renown upon intellectual greatness, and to rouse the degenerate Italians to appreciate and to emulate the glory of their fathers. From these congenial pursuits of peace he again

turned, with undiminished energy, to pursue the unrelenting assailants of his country.

Leaving ten thousand men in garrison to watch the neutrality of the Italian governments, Napoleon, early in March, removed his head-quarters to Bassano. He then issued to his troops the following martial proclamation, which, like bugle-notes of defiance, reverberated over the hostile and astonished monarchies of Europe.

“Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this, you have sent six millions of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred master-pieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic, opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the republic in its birth, the Austrian emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace, we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation.”

The Archduke Charles, brother of the king, was now intrusted with the command of the Austrian army. His character can not be better described than in the language of his magnanimous antagonist. “Prince Charles,” said Napoleon, “is a man whose conduct can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all, he is a good man, and that includes every thing when said of a prince.”

Early in March, Prince Charles, a young man of about Napoleon’s age, who had already obtained renown upon the Rhine, was in command of an army of fifty thousand men, stationed upon the banks of the Piave. From different parts of the empire, forty thousand men were on the march to join him. This would give him ninety thousand troops to array against the French. Napoleon, with the recruits which he had obtained from France and Italy, had now a force of fifty thousand men with which to undertake this apparently desperate enterprise. The eyes of all Europe were upon the two combatants. It was the almost universal sentiment that, intoxicated with success, Napoleon was rushing to irretrievable ruin. But Napoleon never allowed enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. His plans were deeply laid, and all the combinations of chance were carefully calculated.

The storms of winter were still howling around the snow-clad summits of the Alps, and it was not thought possible that thus early in the season he would attempt the passage of so formidable a barrier. A dreadful tempest of wind and rain swept earth and sky when Napoleon gave the order to march. The troops, with their accustomed celerity, reached the banks of the Piave. The Austrians, astonished at the sudden apparition of the French in the midst

of the elemental warfare, and unprepared to resist them, hastily retired some forty miles to the eastern banks of the Tagliamento. Napoleon closely followed the retreating foe. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th of March, the French army arrived upon the banks of the river. Here they found a wide stream, rippling over a gravelly bed, with difficulty fordable. The imperial troops, in magnificent array, were drawn up upon an extended plain on the opposite shore. Parks of artillery were arranged to sweep with grape-shot the whole surface of the water. In long lines the infantry, with bristling bayonets, and prepared to rain down upon their foes a storm of bullets, presented apparently an invincible front. Upon the two wings of this imposing army, vast squadrons of cavalry awaited the moment, with restless steeds, when they might charge upon the foe, should he effect a landing.

The French army had been marching all night over miry roads and through mountain defiles. With the gloom of the night the storm had passed away, and the cloudless sun of a warm spring morning dawned upon the valley as the French troops arrived upon the banks of the river. Their clothes were torn, and drenched with rain, and soiled with mud. And yet it was an imposing array, as forty thousand men, with plumes and banners, and proud steeds, and the music of a hundred bands, marched down, in that bright sunshine, upon the verdant meadows which skirted the Tagliamento. But it was a fearful barrier which presented itself before them. The rapid river, the vast masses of the enemy in their strong intrenchments, the frowning batteries, whose guns were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot to sweep the advancing ranks, the well-fed war-horses in countless numbers, prancing for the charge, apparently presented an obstacle which no human energy could surmount.

Napoleon, seeing the ample preparations made to oppose him, ordered his troops to withdraw beyond the reach of the enemies' fire, and to prepare for breakfast. As by magic, the martial array was at once transformed into a peaceful picnic scene. Arms were laid aside. The soldiers threw themselves upon the green grass, just sprouting in the valley, beneath the rays of the sun of early spring. Fires were kindled, kettles boiling, knapsacks opened, and groups, in carelessness and joviality, gathered around fragments of bread and meat.

The Archduke Charles, seeing that Napoleon declined the attempt to pass the river until he had refreshed his exhausted troops, withdrew his forces also into the rear, to their encampments. When all was quiet, and the Austrians were thrown completely off their guard, suddenly the trumpets sounded the preconcerted signal. The French troops, disciplined to prompt movements, sprang to arms, instantly formed in battle array, plunged into the stream, and, before the Austrians had recovered from their astonishment, were half across the river.

This movement was executed with such inconceivable rapidity as to excite the admiration as well as the consternation of their enemies. With the precision and beauty of the parade ground, the several divisions of the army gained the opposite shore. The Austrians rallied as speedily as possible; but it was too late. A terrible battle ensued. Napoleon was victor at every point. The imperial army, with their ranks sadly thinned, and leaving the

ground gory with the blood of the slain, retreated in confusion, to await the arrival of the re-enforcements coming to their aid. Napoleon pressed upon



THE PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO.

their rear, every hour attacking them, and not allowing them one moment to recover from their panic.

The Austrian troops, thus suddenly and unexpectedly defeated, were thrown into the extreme of dejection. The exultant French, convinced of the absolute invincibility of their beloved chief, ambitiously sought out points of peril and adventures of desperation, and with shouts of laughter, and jokes, and making the welkin ring with songs of liberty, plunged into the densest masses of the foes. The different divisions of the army vied with each other in their endeavor to perform feats of the most romantic valor, and in the display of the most perfect contempt of life. In every fortress, at every mountain pass, upon every rapid stream, the Austrians made a stand to arrest the march of the conqueror; but with the footsteps of a giant Napoleon crowded upon them, pouring an incessant storm of destruction upon their fugitive ranks. He drove the Austrians to the foot of the mountains. He pursued them up the steep acclivities. He charged the tempests of wind and smothering snow with the sound of the trumpet, and his troops exulted in waging war with combined man and the elements. Soon both pursuers and pursued stood upon the summit of the Carnic Alps. They were in the region of almost perpetual snow. The vast glaciers, which seemed memorials of eternity, spread bleak and cold around them. The clouds floated beneath their feet. The eagle wheeled and screamed as he soared over the sombre firs and pines far below on the mountain sides.

Here the Austrians made a desperate stand. On the storm-washed crags of granite, behind fields of ice and drifts of snow which the French cavalry could not traverse, they sought to intrench themselves against their tireless pursuer. To retreat down the long and narrow defiles of the mountains,

with the French in hot pursuit behind, hurling upon them every missile of destruction, bullets and balls, and craggy fragments of the cliffs, was a calamity to be avoided at every hazard. Upon the summit of Mount Tarwis the battle decisive of this fearful question was to be fought. It was an appropriate arena for the fell deeds of war. Wintry winds swept the bleak and icy eminence, and a clear, cold, cloudless sky canopied the two armies, as, with fiend-like ferocity, they hurled themselves upon each other. The thunder of artillery reverberated above the clouds. The shout of onset and the shrieks of the wounded were heard upon eminences which even the wing of the eagle had rarely attained. Squadrons of cavalry fell upon fields of ice, and men and horses were precipitated into fathomless depths below. The snow-drifts of Mount Tarwis were soon crimsoned with blood, and the warm current from human hearts congealed with the eternal glaciers, and there, embalmed in ice, it long and mournfully testified of man's inhumanity to man.

The Archduke Charles, having exhausted his last reserve, was compelled to retreat. Many of the soldiers threw away their arms, and escaped over the crags of the mountains; thousands were taken prisoners; multitudes were left dead upon the ice, and half buried in the drifts of snow. But Charles, brave and energetic, still kept the mass of his army together, and with great skill conducted his precipitate retreat. With merciless vigor the French troops pursued, pouring down upon the retreating masses a storm of bullets, and rolling over the precipitous sides of the mountains huge rocks, which swept away whole companies at once. The bleeding, breathless fugitives at last arrived in the valley below. Napoleon followed close in their rear. The Alps were now passed. The French were in Austria. They heard a new language. The scenery, the houses, the customs of the inhabitants, all testified that they were no longer in Italy. They had, with unparalleled audacity, entered the very heart of the Austrian empire, and with unflinching resolution were marching upon the capital of twenty millions of people, behind whose ramparts, strengthened by the labor of ages, Maria Theresa had bidden defiance to the invading Turk.

Twenty days had now passed since the opening of the campaign, and the Austrians were already driven over the Alps, and, having lost a fourth of their numbers in the various conflicts which had occurred, dispirited by disaster, were retreating to intrench themselves for a final struggle within the walls of Vienna. Napoleon, with forty-five thousand men flushed with victory, was rapidly descending the fertile streams which flow into the Danube.

Under these triumphant circumstances, Napoleon showed his humanity, and his earnest desire for peace, in dictating the following letter, so characteristic of his strong and glowing intellect. It was addressed to his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles.

"General-in-chief. Brave soldiers, while they make war, desire peace. Has not this war already continued six years? Have we not slain enough of our fellow-men? Have we not inflicted a sufficiency of woes upon suffering humanity? It demands repose upon all sides. Europe, which took up arms against the French Republic, has laid them aside. Your nation alone remains hostile, and blood is about to flow more copiously than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced with sinister omens. Whatever may be its

issue, many thousand men, on the one side and the other, must perish; and after all, we must come to an accommodation, for every thing has an end, not even excepting the passion of hatred. You, general, who by birth approach so near the throne, and are above all the little passions which too often influence ministers and governments, are you resolved to deserve the title of benefactor of humanity, and of the real savior of Austria? Do not imagine that I deny the possibility of saving Austria by the force of arms. But even in such an event your country will not be the less ravaged. As for myself, if the overture which I have the honor to make shall be the means of saving a single life, I shall be more proud of the civic crown which I shall be conscious of having deserved, than of all the melancholy glory which military success can confer."

To these magnanimous overtures the archduke replied: "In the duty assigned to me there is no power either to scrutinize the causes or to terminate the duration of the war; I am not invested with any authority in that respect, and therefore can not enter into any negotiation for peace."

In this interesting correspondence, Napoleon, the plebeian general, speaks with the dignity and the authority of a sovereign—with a natural, unaffected tone of command, as if accustomed from infancy to homage and empire. The brother of the king is compelled to look upward to the pinnacle upon which transcendent abilities have placed his antagonist. The conquering Napoleon pleads for peace; but Austria hates republican liberty even more than war. Upon the rejection of these proposals, the thunders of Napoleon's artillery were again heard, and over the hills and through the valleys, onward he rushed with his impetuous troops, allowing his foe no repose.

At every mountain gorge, at every rapid river, the Austrians stood, and were slain. Each walled town was the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the Austrians were often driven in the wildest confusion through the streets, trampled by the hoofs of the pursuing squadrons. At last they approached another mountain range, called the Stipian Alps. Here, at the frightful gorge of Neumarkt, a defile so gloomy and terrific that even the peaceful tourist can not pass through it unawed, the Archduke Charles again made a desperate effort to arrest his pursuers. It was of no avail. Blood flowed in torrents; thousands were slain. The Austrians, encumbered with baggage-wagons and artillery, choked the narrow passages, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. The French cavalry made destructive charges upon the dense masses. Cannon-balls plowed their way through the confused ranks, and the Austrian rear and the French van struggled hand to hand in the blood-red gorge. But the Austrians were swept along like withered leaves before the mountain gales. Napoleon was now at Leoben. From the eminences around the city, with the telescope, the distant spires of Vienna could be discerned. Here the victorious general halted for a day, to collect his scattered forces. The archduke hurried along the great road to the capital, with the fragments of his army, striving to concentrate all the strength of the empire within those venerable and hitherto impregnable fortifications.

All was consternation in Vienna. The king, dukes, nobles, fled like deer before approaching hounds, seeking refuge in the distant wilds of Hungary.

The Danube was covered with boats, conveying the riches of the city and the terrified families out of the reach of danger. Among the illustrious fugitives was Maria Louisa, then a child but six years of age, flying from that dreaded Napoleon whose bride she afterward became. All the military re-



THE GORGE OF NEUMARKT.

sources of Austria were immediately called into requisition; the fortifications were repaired; the militia organized and drilled; and in the extremity of mortification and despair, all the energies of the empire were roused for final resistance. Charles, to gain time, sent a flag of truce, requesting a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours. Napoleon, too wary to be caught in a trap which he had recently sprung upon his foes, replied that moments were precious, and that they might fight and negotiate at the same time. Napoleon also issued to the Austrian people one of his glowing proclamations, which he caused to be circulated all over the region he had overrun. He assured the *people* that he was their friend; that he was fighting, not for conquest, but for peace; that the Austrian government, bribed by British gold, was waging an unjust war against France; that the *people* of Austria should find in him a protector, who would respect their religion, and defend them in all their rights. His deeds were in accordance with his words. The French soldiers, inspired by the example of their beloved chief, treated the unarmed Austrians as friends, and nothing was taken from them without ample remuneration.

The people of Austria now began to clamor loudly for peace. The Archduke Charles, seeing the desperate posture of affairs, earnestly urged it upon his brother, the emperor, declaring that the empire could no longer be saved by arms. Embassadors were immediately dispatched from the imperial court, authorized to settle the basis of peace. They implored a suspension of arms for five days, to settle the preliminaries. Napoleon nobly replied, "In the present posture of our military affairs, a suspension of hostilities must be very

seriously adverse to the interests of the French army. But if, by such a sacrifice, that peace, which is so desirable and so essential to the happiness of the people, can be secured, I shall not regret consenting to your desires."

A garden in the vicinity of Leoben was declared neutral ground, and here, in the midst of the bivouacs of the French army, the negotiations were conducted. The Austrian commissioners, in the treaty which they proposed, had set down as the first article that the Emperor recognized the French Republic.

"Strike that out," said Napoleon, proudly. "The Republic is like the sun; none but the blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." This exclamation was not merely a burst of romantic enthusiasm, but it was dictated by a deep insight into the probabilities of the future. "If one day the French people," he afterward remarked, "should wish to create a monarchy, the Emperor might object that he had recognized a republic."

Both parties being now desirous of terminating the war, the preliminaries were soon settled. Napoleon, as if he were already the Emperor of France, waited not for the plenipotentiaries from Paris, but signed the treaty in his own name. He thus placed himself upon an equal footing with the Emperor of Austria. The equality was unhesitatingly recognized by the imperial government. In the settlement of the difficulties between these two majestic powers, neither of them manifested much regard for the minor states. Napoleon allowed Austria to take under her protection many of the states of Venice, for Venice had proved treacherous to her professed neutrality, and merited no protection from his hands.

Napoleon, having thus conquered peace, turned to lay the rod upon trem-



MAP OF VENICE.

bling Venice. Richly did Venice deserve his chastising blows. In those days when rail-roads and telegraphs were unknown, the transmission of intelligence was slow. The little army of Napoleon had traversed weary leagues of mountains and vales, and, having passed beyond the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were lost to Italian observation, far away upon the tributaries of the Danube. Rumor, with her thousand voices, filled the air. It was reported that Napoleon was defeated—that he was a captive—that his army was destroyed. The Venetian oligarchy, proud, cowardly, and revengeful, now raised the cry, “Death to the French!” The priests incited the peasants to phrensy. They attacked unarmed Frenchmen in the streets, and murdered them. They assailed the troops in garrison with overwhelming numbers. The infuriated populace even burst into the hospitals, and poniarded the wounded and the dying in their beds.

Napoleon, who was by no means distinguished for meekness and long-suffering, turned sternly to inflict upon them punishment which should long be remembered. The haughty oligarchy was thrown into a paroxysm of terror when it was announced that Napoleon was victor instead of vanquished, and that, having humbled the pride of Austria, he was now returning, with an indignant and triumphant army burning for vengeance. The Venetian Senate, bewildered with fright, dispatched agents to deprecate his wrath. Napoleon, with a pale and marble face, received them. Without uttering a word, he listened to their awkward attempts at an apology, heard their humble submission, and even endured in silence their offer of millions of gold to purchase his pardon. Then, in tones of firmness, which sent paleness to their cheeks and palpitation to their hearts, he exclaimed,



THE VENETIAN ENVOYS.

“If you could proffer me the treasures of Peru, could you strew your whole country with gold, it would not atone for the blood which has been treacher-

ously spilled. You have murdered my children. The lion of St. Mark* must lick the dust. Go."

The Venetians, in their terror, sent enormous sums to Paris, and succeeded in bribing the Directory, ever open to such appeals. Orders were accordingly transmitted to Napoleon to spare the ancient Senate and aristocracy of Venice; but Napoleon, who despised the Directory, and who was probably already dreaming of its overthrow, conscious that he possessed powers which they could not shake, paid no attention to their orders. He marched resistlessly into the dominions of the Doge. The thunders of Napoleon's cannon were reverberating across the lagoons which surround the Queen of the Adriatic. The Doge, pallid with consternation, assembled the Grand Council, and proposed the surrender of their institutions to Napoleon, to be remodeled according to his pleasure. While they were deliberating, the uproar of insurrection was heard in the streets. The aristocrats and the Republicans fell furiously upon each other. The discharge of fire-arms was heard under the very windows of the council-house. Opposing shouts of "Liberty forever!" and "Long live St. Mark!" resounded through the streets. The city was threatened with fire and pillage.

Amid this horrible confusion, three thousand French soldiers crossed the lagoons in boats and entered the city. They were received with loud and long shouts of welcome by the populace, hungering for Republican liberty. Resistance was hopeless. An unconditional surrender was made to Napoleon, and thus fell one of the most execrable tyrannies this world has ever known. The course Napoleon then pursued was so magnanimous as to extort praise from his bitterest foes. He immediately threw open the prison doors to all who were suffering for political opinions. He pardoned all offenses against himself. He abolished aristocracy, and established a popular government, which should fairly represent all classes of the community. The public debt was regarded as sacred, and even the pensions continued to the poor nobles. It was a glorious reform for the Venetian nation; it was a terrible downfall for the Venetian aristocracy. The banner of the new Republic now floated from the windows of the palace, and as it waved exultingly in the breeze, it was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations by the people, who had been trampled under the foot of oppression for fifteen hundred years.

All Italy was now virtually at the feet of Napoleon. Not a year had yet elapsed since he, a nameless young man of twenty-six years of age, with thirty thousand ragged and half-starved troops, had crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, hoping to surprise his powerful foes. He had now traversed the whole extent of Italy, compelled all its hostile states to respect Republican France, and had humbled the Emperor of Austria as emperor had rarely been humbled before. The Italians, recognizing him as a countryman, and proud of his world-wide renown, regarded him, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. His popularity was boundless. Wherever he appeared, the most enthusiastic acclamations welcomed him. Bonfires blazed upon every hill in honor of his movements. The bells rang their merriest peals wherever

* The armorial bearing of Venice.

he appeared. Long lines of maidens strewed roses in his path. The reverberations of artillery and the huzzas of the populace saluted his footsteps. Europe was at peace; and Napoleon was the great pacificator. For this object, he had contended against the most formidable coalitions. He had sheathed his victorious sword the very moment his enemies were willing to retire from the strife.

Still, the position of Napoleon required the most consummate firmness and wisdom. All the states of Italy—Piedmont, Genoa, Naples, the States of the Church, Parma, Tuscany—were agitated with the intense desire for liberty. Napoleon was unwilling to encourage insurrection. He could not lend his arms to oppose those who were struggling for popular rights.

In Genoa, the patriots rose. The haughty aristocracy fell, in revenge, upon the French who chanced to be in the territory. Napoleon was thus compelled to interfere. The Genoese aristocracy were forced to abdicate, and the patriot party, as in Venice, assumed the government; but the Genoese democracy began now, in their turn, to trample upon the rights of their former oppressors. The revolutionary scenes which had disgraced Paris began to be re-enacted in the streets of Genoa. They excluded the priests and the nobles from participating in the government, as the nobles and priests had formerly excluded them. Acts of lawless violence passed unpunished. The religion of the Catholic priests was treated with derision. Napoleon, earnestly and eloquently, thus urged upon them a more humane policy.

“I will respond, citizens, to the confidence you have reposed in me. It is not enough that you refrain from hostility to religion. You should do nothing which can cause inquietude to tender consciences. To exclude the nobles from any public office is an act of extreme injustice. You thus repeat the wrong which you condemn in them. Why are the people of Genoa so changed? Their first impulses of fraternal kindness have been succeeded by fear and terror. Remember that the priests were the first who rallied around the tree of liberty. They first told you that the morality of the Gospel is democratic. Men have taken advantage of the faults, perhaps of the crimes of individual priests, to unite against Christianity. You have proscribed without discrimination. When a state becomes accustomed to condemn without hearing, to applaud a discourse because it is impassioned; when exaggeration and madness are called virtue, moderation and equity designated as crimes, that state is near its ruin. Believe me, I shall consider *that* one of the happiest moments of my life in which I hear that the people of Genoa are united among themselves and live happily.”

This advice, thus given to Genoa, was intended to react upon France, for the Directory then had under discussion a motion for banishing all the nobles from the republic. The voice of Napoleon was thus delicately and efficiently introduced into the debate, and the extreme and terrible measure was at once abandoned.

Napoleon performed another act at this time which drew down upon him a very heavy load of obloquy from the despotic governments of Europe, but which must secure the approval of every generous mind. There was a small state in Italy called the Valteline, eighteen miles wide, and fifty-four miles long, containing one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. These unfor-

fortunate people had become subjects to a German state called the Grisons, and, deprived of all political privileges, were ground down by the most humiliating oppression. The inhabitants of the Valteline, catching the spirit of liberty, revolted, and addressed a manifesto to all Europe setting forth their wrongs, and declaring their determination to recover those rights of which they had been defrauded. Both parties sent deputies to Napoleon soliciting his interference, virtually agreeing to abide by his decision. Napoleon, to promote conciliation and peace, proposed that the Valtelines should remain with the Grisons as one people, and that the Grisons should confer upon them equal political privileges with themselves. Counsel more moderate and judicious could not have been given; but the proud Grisons, accustomed to trample upon their victims, with scorn refused to share with them the rights of humanity. Napoleon then issued a decree, saying, "*It is not just that one people should be subject to another people.*" Since the Grisons have refused equal rights to the inhabitants of the Valteline, the latter are at liberty to unite themselves with the Cisalpine Republic." This decision was received with bursts of enthusiastic joy by the liberated people, and they were immediately embraced within the borders of the new republic.

The great results we have thus far narrated in this chapter were accomplished in six weeks. In the face of powerful armies, Napoleon had traversed hundreds of miles of territory. He had forded rivers, with the storm of lead and iron falling pitilessly around him. He had crossed the Alps, dragging his artillery through snow three feet in depth, scattered the armies of Austria to the winds, imposed peace upon that proud and powerful empire, recrossed the Alps, laid low the haughty despotism of Venice, established a popular government in the emancipated provinces, and revolutionized Genoa.

Josephine was now with him in the palace of Milan. From every state in Italy couriers were coming and going, deprecating his anger, soliciting his counsel, imploring his protection. The destiny of Europe seemed to be suspended upon his decisions. His power transcended that of all the potentates in Europe. A brilliant court of beautiful ladies surrounded Josephine, and all vied to do homage to the illustrious conqueror. The enthusiastic Italians thronged his gates, and waited for hours to catch a glance of the youthful hero. The feminine delicacy of his physical frame, so disproportionate to his mighty renown, did but add to the enthusiasm which his presence ever inspired. His strong arm had won for France peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The indomitable islanders, protected by the ocean from the march of invading armies, still continued the unrelenting warfare. Wherever her navy could penetrate, she assailed the French, and, as the horrors of war could not reach her shores, she refused to live on any terms of peace with Republican France.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COURT OF MILAN.

Napoleon's tireless Activity—Conference at Campo Formio—The Court of Milan—Happiness of Josephine—Temptations—Jealousy of the Directory—Proclamation—Appearance of the young General—Rastadt—Advice to his Troops—Arrival at Paris—Quiet private Life—Delivery of the Treaty—Reply to the Institute—England pertinaciously refuses Peace—Abuse of Napoleon by the English Press—Uneasiness of the Directory in view of the Popularity of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now established his residence, or rather his court, at Montebello, a beautiful palace in the vicinity of Milan. His frame was emaciated in the extreme, from the prodigious toils which he had endured, yet he scarcely allowed himself an hour of relaxation. Questions of vast moment, relative to the settlement of political affairs in Italy, were yet to be adjusted, and Napoleon, exhausted as he was in body, devoted the tireless energies of his mind to the work. His labors were now numerous. He was treating with the plenipotentiaries of Austria, organizing the Italian Republic, creating a navy in the Adriatic, and forming the most magnificent projects relative to the Mediterranean. These were the works in which he delighted; constructing canals and roads, improving harbors, erecting bridges, churches, naval and military depôts, calling cities and navies into existence and awaking every where the hum of prosperous industry.

All the states of Italy were imbued with local prejudices and petty jealousies of each other. To break down these jealousies, he endeavored to consolidate the Republicans into one single state, with Milan for the capital. He strove in multiplied ways to rouse martial energy among the effeminate Italians. Conscious that the new republic could not long stand alone in the midst of the surrounding monarchies so hostile to its existence—that it could only be strong by the alliance of France—he conceived the design of a high road, broad, safe, and magnificent, from Paris to Geneva, thence across the Simplon, through the plains of Lombardy to Milan. He was in treaty with the government of Switzerland for the construction of the road through its territories, and had sent engineers to explore the route and make an estimate of the expense. He himself arranged all the details with the greatest precision. He contemplated also, at the same time, with the deepest interest and solicitude, the empire which England had gained on the seas. To cripple the power of this formidable foe, he formed the design of taking possession of the islands of the Mediterranean. "From these different posts," he wrote to the Directory, "we shall command the Mediterranean, we shall keep an eye upon the Ottoman empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we shall have it in our power to render the dominion of the ocean almost useless to the English. They have possession of the Cape of Good Hope. We can do without it. *Let us occupy Egypt.* We shall be in the direct road for India. It will be easy for us to found there one of the finest colonies in the world. *It is in Egypt that we must attack England.*"

It was in this way that Napoleon *rested* after the toils of the most arduous campaigns mortal man had ever passed through. The Austrians were rapidly recruiting their forces from their vast empire, and now began to throw many difficulties in the way of a final adjustment. The last conference between the negotiating parties was held at Campo Formio, a small village about ten miles east of the Tagliamento. The commissioners were seated at an oblong table, the four Austrian negotiators upon one side, Napoleon by himself upon the other. The Austrians demanded terms to which Napoleon could not accede, threatening, at the same time, that if Napoleon did not accept these terms, the armies of Russia would be united with those of Austria, and France should be compelled to adopt those less favorable. One of the Austrian commissioners concluded an insulting apostrophe by saying, "Austria desires peace, and she will severely condemn the negotiator who sacrifices the interest and repose of his country to military ambition."

Napoleon, cool and collected, sat in silence while these sentiments were uttered. Then rising from the table, he took from the sideboard a beautiful porcelain vase: "Gentlemen," said he, "the truce is broken; war is declared. But remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." With these words, he dashed the vase into frag-



THE CONFERENCE DISSOLVED

ments upon the floor, and, bowing to the astounded negotiators, abruptly withdrew. With his accustomed promptness of action, he instantly dispatched an officer to the archduke, to inform him that hostilities would be recommenced in twenty-four hours, and, entering his carriage, urged his horses at their utmost speed toward the head-quarters of the army. One of the conditions of this treaty upon which Napoleon insisted was the release of La Fayette, then imprisoned for his republican sentiments in the dungeons of Olmutz. The Austrian plenipotentiaries were thunderstruck by this decis-

ion, and immediately agreed to the terms which Napoleon demanded. The next day at five o'clock the treaty of Campo Formio was signed.

The terms which Napoleon offered the Austrians in this treaty, though highly advantageous to France, were far more lenient to Austria than that government had any right to expect. The Directory in Paris, anxious to strengthen itself against the monarchical governments of Europe by revolutionizing the whole of Italy, and founding there republican governments, positively forbade Napoleon to make peace with Italy unless the freedom of the republic of Venice was recognized. Napoleon wrote to the Directory that, if they insisted upon that ultimatum, the renewal of the war would be inevitable. The Directory replied, "Austria has long desired to swallow up Italy, and to acquire maritime power. It is the interest of France to prevent both of these designs. It is evident that if the Emperor acquires Venice, with its territorial possessions, he will secure an entrance into the whole of Lombardy. We should be treating as if we had been conquered. What would posterity say of us if we surrender that great city, with its naval arsenals, to the Emperor? The whole question comes to this: Shall we give up Italy to the Austrians? The French government neither can nor will do so. It would prefer all the hazards of war."

Napoleon wished for peace. He could only obtain it by disobeying the orders of his government. The middle of October had now arrived. One morning, at daybreak, he was informed that the mountains were covered with snow. Leaping from his bed, he ran to the window, and saw that the storms of winter had really commenced on the bleak heights. "What! before the middle of October!" he exclaimed; "what a country is this! Well, we must make peace." He shut himself up in his cabinet for an hour, and carefully reviewed the returns of the army. "I can not have," said he to Bourrienne, "more than sixty thousand men in the field. Even if victorious, I must lose twenty thousand in killed and wounded; and how, with forty thousand, can I withstand the whole force of the Austrian monarchy, who will hasten to the relief of Vienna? The armies of the Rhine could not advance to my succor before the middle of November, and before that time arrives the Alps will be impassable from snow. It is all over. I will sign the peace. The government and the lawyers may say what they choose."

This treaty extended France to the Rhine, recognized the Cisalpine Republic, composed of the Cispadane Republic and Lombardy, and allowed the Emperor of Austria to extend his sway over several of the states of Venice. Napoleon was very desirous of securing republican liberty in Venice. Most illustriously did he exhibit his desire for peace in consenting to sacrifice that desire, and to disobey the positive commands of his government, rather than renew the horrors of battle. He did not think it his duty to keep Europe involved in war, that he might secure republican liberty for Venice, when it was very doubtful whether the Venetians were sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves, and when, perhaps, one half of the nation were so ignorant as to prefer despotism. The whole glory of this peace redounds to his honor. His persistence in that demand, which the Directory enjoined, would but have kindled anew the flames of war.

During these discussions at Campo Formio, every possible endeavor was

made which the most delicate ingenuity could devise, to influence Napoleon in his decisions by personal considerations. The wealth of Europe was literally laid at his feet. Millions upon millions in gold were proffered him; but his proud spirit could not thus be tarnished. When some one alluded to the different course pursued by the Directors, he replied, "You are not then aware, citizen, that there is not one of those Directors whom I could not bring, for four thousand dollars, to kiss my boot." The Venetians offered him a present of one million five hundred thousand dollars. He smiled, and declined the offer. The Emperor of Austria, professing the most profound admiration of his heroic character, entreated him to accept a principality, to consist of at least two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, for himself and his heirs. This was indeed an alluring offer. The young general transmitted his thanks to the Emperor for this proof of his good-will, but added, that he could accept of no honors but such as were conferred upon him by the French people, and that he should always be satisfied with whatever they might be disposed to offer.

While at Montebello, transacting the affairs of his victorious army, Josephine presided with most admirable propriety and grace over the gay circle of Milan. Napoleon, who well understood the imposing influence of courtly pomp and splendor, while extremely simple in his personal habiliments, dazzled the eyes of the Milanese with all the pageantry of a court. The destinies of Europe were even then suspended upon his nod. He was tracing out the lines of empire; and dukes, and princes, and kings were soliciting



THE COURT AT MILAN.

his friendship. Josephine, by her surpassing loveliness of person and of character, won universal admiration. Her wonderful tact, her genius, and her amiability vastly strengthened the influence of her husband. "I conquer provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts." She fre-

quently, in after years, reverted to this as the happiest period of her life. To them both it must have been as a bewildering dream.

But a few months before, Josephine was in prison, awaiting her execution, and her children were literally begging bread in the streets. Hardly a year had elapsed since Napoleon, a penniless Corsican soldier, was studying in a garret in Paris, hardly knowing where to obtain a single franc. Now the name of Napoleon was emblazoned through Europe. He had become more powerful than the government of his own country. He was overthrowing and uprearing dynasties. The question of peace or war was suspended upon his lips. The proudest potentates of Europe were ready, at any price, to purchase his favor. Josephine reveled in the exuberance of her dreamlike prosperity and exaltation. Her benevolent heart was gratified with the vast power she now possessed of conferring happiness. She was beloved, adored. She had long cherished the design of visiting this land, so illustrious in the most lofty reminiscences.

Even Italy can hardly present a more delightful excursion than the ride from Milan to the romantic, mountain-embowered lakes of Como and Maggiore. It was a bright and sunny Italian morning, when Napoleon, with his blissful bride, drove along the luxuriant valleys and the vine-clad hillsides to Lake Maggiore. They were accompanied by a numerous and glittering retinue. Here they embarked upon this beautiful sheet of water, in a boat with silken awnings and gay banners, and the rowers beat time to the most voluptuous music. They landed upon Beautiful Island, which, like another Eden, emerges from the bosom of the lake. This became the favorite retreat of Napoleon. Its monastic palace, so sombre in its antique architecture, was in peculiar accord with that strange melancholy which, with but now and then a ray of sunshine, ever overshadowed his spirit. On one of these occasions, Josephine was standing upon a terrace with several ladies, under a large orange-tree, profusely laden with its golden treasures. As their attention was all absorbed in admiring the beautiful landscape, Napoleon slipped up unperceived, and, by a sudden shake, brought down a shower of the rich fruit upon their heads. Josephine's companions screamed with fright and ran, but she remained unmoved. Napoleon laughed heartily, and said, "Why, Josephine, you stand fire like one of my veterans." "And why should I not?" she promptly replied; "am I not the wife of their general?"

Every conceivable temptation was at this time presented to entice Napoleon into habits of licentiousness. Purity was a virtue then and there almost unknown. Some one, speaking of Napoleon's universal talents, compared him with Solomon. "Poh!" exclaimed another, "what do you mean by calling him wiser than Solomon? The Jewish king had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, while Napoleon is contented with one wife, and she older than himself." The corruption of those days of infidelity was such, that the ladies were jealous of Josephine's exclusive influence over her illustrious spouse, and they exerted all their powers of fascination to lead him astray. The loftiness of Napoleon's ambition, and those principles instilled so early by a mother's lips as to be almost instincts, were his safeguard. Josephine was exceedingly gratified, some of the ladies said, "insufferably vain," that Napoleon clung so faithfully and confidingly to her. "Truly,"

he said, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world—and there are some very fine eyes here—shall not make me deviate a hair's-breadth from it."

A lady of rank, after wearying him one day with a string of the most fulsome compliments, exclaimed, among other things, "What is life worth, if one can not be General Bonaparte?" Napoleon fixed his eyes coldly upon her, and said, "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

The jealousy which the Directory entertained of Napoleon's vast accession of power induced them to fill his court with spies, who watched all his movements and reported his words. Josephine, frank and candid, and a stranger to all artifice, could not easily conceal her knowledge or her thoughts. Napoleon consequently seldom intrusted to her any plans which he was unwilling to have made known. "A secret," he once observed, "is burdensome to Josephine." He was careful that she should not be thus encumbered. He would be indeed a shrewd man who could extort any secret from the bosom of Napoleon. He could impress a marble-like immovableness upon his features, which no scrutiny could penetrate. "I never," said Josephine in subsequent years, "beheld Napoleon for a moment perfectly at ease—not even with myself. He is constantly on the alert. If at any time he appears to show a little confidence, it is merely a feint to throw the person with whom he converses off his guard, and to draw forth his sentiments; but never does he himself disclose his real thoughts."

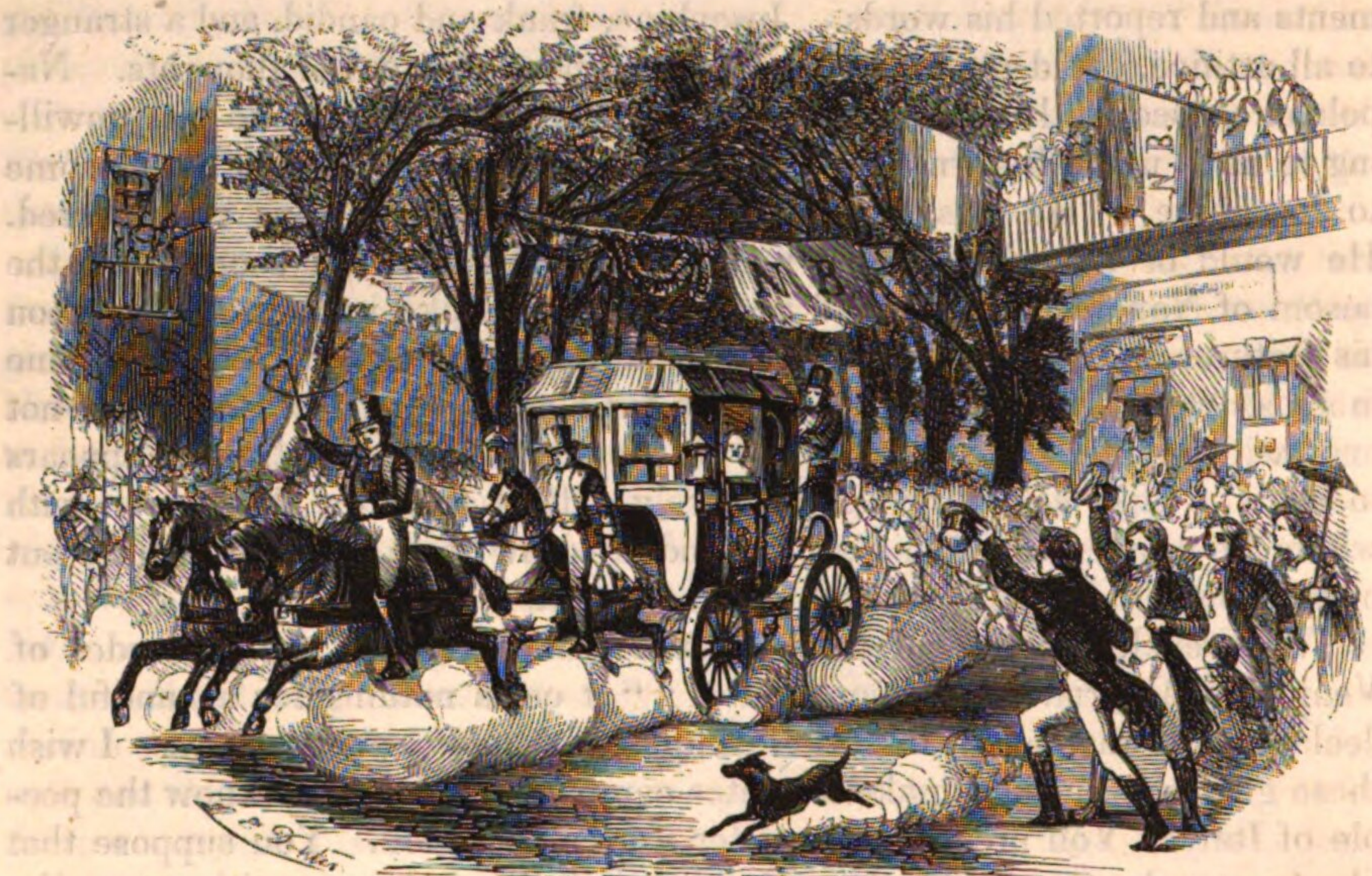
The French government remonstrated bitterly against the surrender of Venice to Austria. Napoleon replied: "It costs nothing for a handful of declaimers to rave about the establishment of *republics* every where. I wish these gentlemen would make a winter campaign. You little know the people of Italy. You are laboring under a great delusion. You suppose that liberty can do great things to a base, cowardly, and superstitious people. You wish me to perform miracles. I have not the art of doing so. Since coming into Italy, I have derived little, if any, support from the love of the Italian people for liberty and equality."

The treaty of peace signed at Campo Formio Napoleon immediately sent to Paris. Though he had disobeyed the positive commands of the Directory in thus making peace, the Directors did not dare to refuse its ratification. The victorious young general was greatly applauded by the people for refusing the glory of a new campaign, in which they doubted not that he would have obtained fresh laurels, that he might secure peace for bleeding Europe. On the 17th of November, Napoleon left Milan for the Congress at Rastadt, to which he was appointed, with plenipotentiary powers. At the moment of leaving, he addressed the following proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic:

"We have given you liberty. Take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny, make only discreet and honorable laws, and cause them to be executed with energy. Favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your battalions, not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the republic, and closely linked with its prosperity. You have need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the free man. Divided and bowed down

by ages of tyranny, you could not alone have achieved your independence. In a few years, if true to yourselves, no nation will be strong enough to wrest liberty from you. Till then the great nation will protect you."

Napoleon, leaving Josephine at Milan, traveled rapidly through Piedmont, intending to proceed by the way of Switzerland to Rastadt. His journey was an uninterrupted scene of triumph. Illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, the explosions of artillery, the huzzas of the populace, and, above all, the most cordial and warm-hearted acclamations of ladies, accompanied him all the way. The enthusiasm was indescribable.



THE TRIUMPHAL JOURNEY.

Napoleon had no fondness for such displays. He but slightly regarded the applause of the populace.

"It must be delightful," said Bourrienne, "to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration."

"Bah!" Napoleon replied, "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Traveling with great rapidity, he appeared and vanished like a meteor, ever retaining the same calm, pensive, thoughtful aspect. A person who saw him upon this occasion thus described his appearance: "I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him much like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not, as has been reported, in ill health. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is im-

possible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe."

Napoleon did not remain long at Rastadt, for all the questions of great political importance were already settled, and he had no liking for those discussions of minor points which engrossed the attention of the petty German princes who were assembled at that Congress. He accordingly prepared for his departure.* In taking leave of the army, he thus bade adieu to his troops. "Soldiers! I leave you to-morrow. In separating myself from the army, I am consoled with the thought that I shall soon meet you again, and engage with you in new enterprises. Soldiers! when conversing among yourselves of the kings you have vanquished, of the people upon whom you have conferred liberty, of the victories you have won in two campaigns, say, '*In the next two we will accomplish still more.*'"

Napoleon's attention was already eagerly directed to the gorgeous East. These vast kingdoms, enveloped in mystery, presented just the realm for his exuberant imagination to range. It was the theatre, as he eloquently said, "of mighty empires, where all the great revolutions of the earth have arisen, where mind had its birth, and all religions their cradle, and where six hundred millions of men still have their dwelling-place."

Napoleon left Rastadt, and traveling incognito through France, arrived in Paris on the 7th of December, 1797, having been absent but about eighteen months. His arrival had been awaited with the most intense impatience. The enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic capital had been excited to the highest pitch. The whole population were burning with the desire to see the youthful hero whose achievements seemed to surpass the fictions of romance. But Napoleon was nowhere visible. A strange mystery seemed to envelop him. He studiously avoided observation; very seldom made his appearance at any place of public amusement; dressed like the most unobtrusive private citizen, and glided unknown through the crowd, whose enthusi-

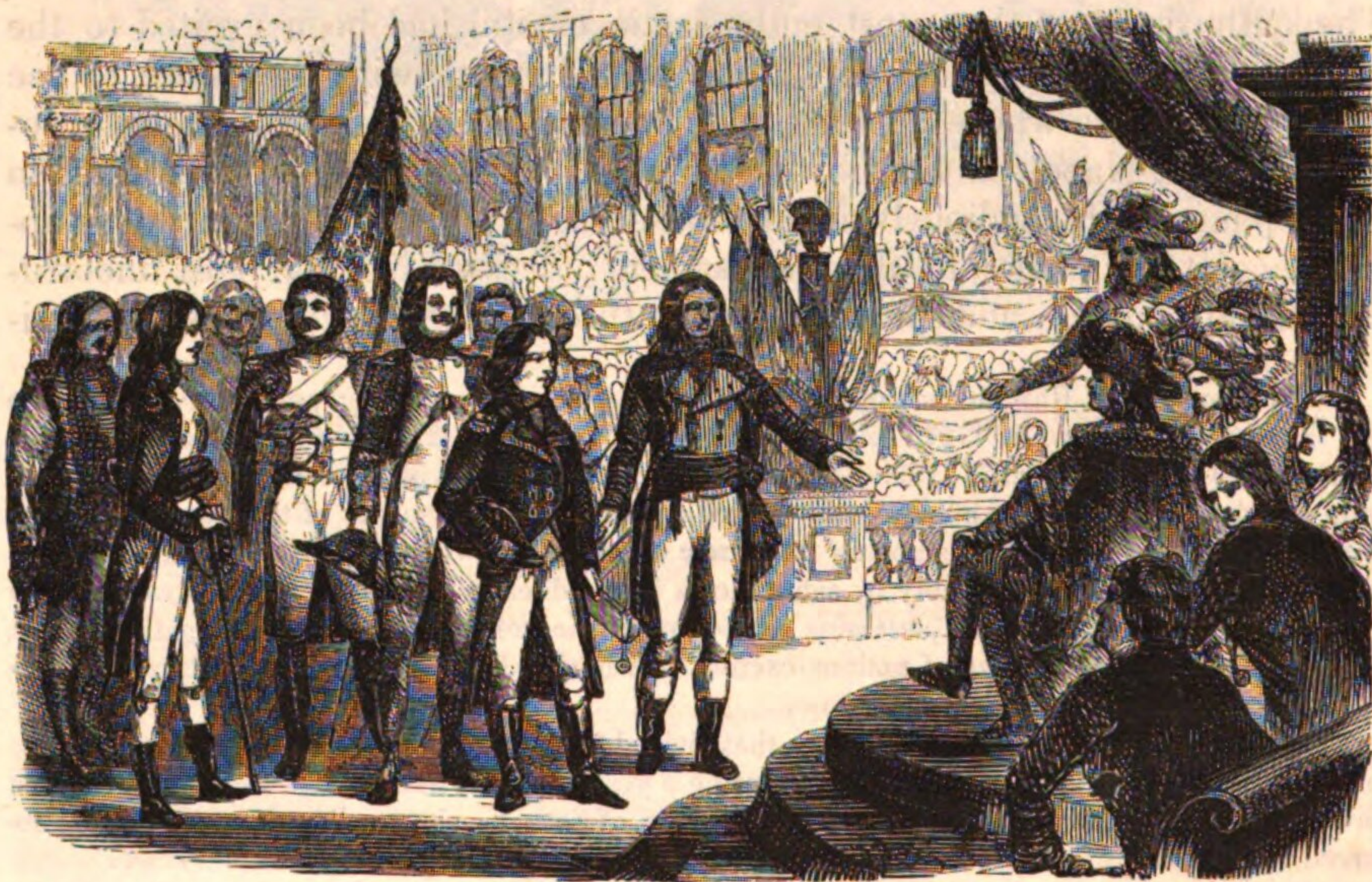
* The Congress of Rastadt was opened, for the purpose of concluding peace between France and Germany, December 9, 1797. After a session of more than a year, it was dissolved by the Emperor of Germany, April 7, 1799. The French ambassadors had hardly left the city when they were attacked by a troop of hussars, who seized them, dragged them out of their carriages, slew Bonnier and Robertjot, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the wife of the latter to save her husband, and struck down Jean Debry by sabre blows into a ditch, when he escaped destruction only by feigning himself dead. The assassins seized and carried off the papers of the legation. This atrocious violation of the laws of nations excited universal indignation throughout Europe.—See article "*Rastadt*," *Encyclopædia Americana*.

"Thus the war between the two systems that divided the world was implacable. The republican ministers, ill received at first, then insulted during a year of peace, were at last murdered in a most unworthy manner, and with a ferocity characteristic of savages alone. The law of nations, observed between the most inveterate enemies, was violated only in regard to them."—*Thiers*.

"About this time our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt, and notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all Frenchmen at that atrocious act, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The two Councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honor to the victims. Who that witnessed that ceremony can ever forget its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and tribunes when the vote was put? The president turned toward the curule chair of the victim—on which lay the official costume of the assassinated representative, covered with black crape—bent over it, and pronouncing the names of Robertjot and Bonnier, added, in a voice the tone of which was always thrilling, '*Assassinated at the Congress of Rastadt!*' Immediately all the representatives responded, '*May their blood be upon the heads of their murderers.*'"—*Duchess of Abrantes*.

asm was roused to the highest pitch to get a sight of the hero. He took a small house in the Rue Chantereine, which street immediately received the name of Rue de la Victoire, in honor of Napoleon. He sought only the society of men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. In this course he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and vastly enhanced public curiosity by avoiding its gratification.

The Directory, very jealous of Napoleon's popularity, yet impelled to honor him by the voice of the people, now prepared a triumphal festival for the delivery of the treaty of Campo Formio. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg was arranged and decorated for this gorgeous show. At the further end of the court a large platform was raised, where the five Directors were seated, dressed in the costume of the Roman Senate, at the foot of the altar of their country. Embassadors, ministers, magistrates, and the members of the two councils, were assembled on seats ranged amphitheatrically around. Vast galleries were crowded with all that was illustrious in rank, beauty, and character in the metropolis. Magnificent trophies, composed of the banners taken from the enemy, embellished the court, while the surrounding walls were draped with festoons of tri-colored tapestry. Bands of music filled the air with martial sounds, while the very walls of Paris were shaken by the thunders of exploding artillery, and by the acclamations of the countless thousands who thronged the court.



THE DELIVERY OF THE TREATY.

It was the 10th of December, 1797. A bright sun shone through cloudless skies upon the resplendent scene. Napoleon had been in Paris but five days. Few of the citizens had as yet been favored with a sight of the hero, whom all were impatient to behold. At last a great flourish of trumpets announced his approach. He ascended the platform dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, accompanied by Talleyrand and his aids-de-

camp, all gorgeously dressed, and much taller men than himself, but evidently regarding him with the most profound homage. The contrast was most striking. Every eye was riveted upon Napoleon. The thunder of the cannon was drowned in the still louder thunder of enthusiastic acclamations which simultaneously arose from the whole assemblage. The fountains of human emotion were never more deeply moved. The graceful delicacy of his fragile figure, his remarkably youthful appearance, his pale and wasted cheeks, the classic outline of his finely moulded features, the indescribable air of pensiveness and self-forgetfulness which he ever carried with him, and all associated with his most extraordinary achievements, aroused an intensity of enthusiastic emotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. No one who witnessed the scenes of that day ever forgot them. Talleyrand introduced the hero in a brief and eloquent speech.

"For a moment," said he, in conclusion, "I did feel on his account that disquietude which, in an infant republic, arises from every thing which seems to destroy the equality of the citizens. But I was wrong. Individual grandeur, far from being dangerous to equality, is its highest triumph; and on this occasion every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country. And when I reflect upon all which he has done to shroud from envy that light of glory; on that ancient love of simplicity, which distinguishes him in his favorite studies; his love for the abstract sciences; his admiration for that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the world; on his well-known contempt for luxury, for pomp, for all that constitutes the pride of ignoble minds, I am convinced that, far from dreading his ambition, we shall one day have occasion to rouse it anew to allure him from the sweets of studious retirement."

Napoleon, apparently quite unmoved by this unbounded applause, and as calm and unembarrassed as if speaking to an under-officer in his tent, thus briefly replied: "Citizens! The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively, for two thousand years, governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by the Emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

The moment Napoleon began to speak, the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. The desire to hear his voice was so intense, that hardly did the audience venture to move a limb or to breathe, while, in tones calm and clear, he addressed them. The moment he ceased speaking, a wild burst of enthusiasm filled the air. The most unimpassioned lost their self-control. Shouts of "Live Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacifi-

cator of Europe, the savior of France !" resounded loud and long. Barras, in the name of the Directory, replied :

"Nature," exclaimed the orator, in his enthusiasm, "has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte ! Go," said he, turning to Napoleon, "crown a life so illustrious by a conquest which the great nation owes to its outraged dignity. Go, and, by the punishment of the cabinet of London, strike terror into the hearts of all who would miscalculate the powers of a free people. Let the conquerors of the Po, the Rhine, and the Tiber march under your banners. The ocean will be proud to bear them. It is a slave, still indignant, who blushes for his fetters. Hardly will the tri-colored standard wave on the bloodstained shores of the Thames ere a unanimous cry will bless your arrival, and that generous nation will receive you as its liberator."

Chenier's famous Hymn to Liberty was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. In the ungovernable enthusiasm of the moment, the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. The blast of trumpets, the peal of martial bands, the thunder of cannon, and the acclamations of the countless multitude, rent the air. Says Thiers, "All heads were overcome with the intoxication. Thus it was that France threw herself into the hands of an extraordinary man. Let us not censure the weakness of our fathers. That glory reaches us only through the clouds of time and adversity, and yet it transports us ! Let us say with *Æschylus*, 'How would it have been had we seen the monster himself?'"

Napoleon's powers of conversation were inimitable. There was a peculiarity in every phrase he uttered which bore the impress of originality and genius. He fascinated every one who approached him. He never spoke of his own achievements, but, in most lucid and dramatic recitals, often portrayed the bravery of the army and the heroic exploits of his generals.

He was now elected a member of the celebrated Institute, a society composed of the most illustrious literary and scientific men in France. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and returned the following answer :

"The suffrages of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honor me. I feel sensible that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of human intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in the acquisition of the whole sum of human knowledge, and in not allowing a single new idea to exist which does not owe its birth to their exertions."

He laid aside entirely the dress of a soldier, and, constantly attending the meetings of the Institute as a philosopher and a scholar, became one of its brightest ornaments. His comprehensive mind enabled him at once to grasp any subject to which he turned his attention. In one hour he would make himself master of the accumulated learning to which others had devoted the labor of years. He immediately, as a literary man, assumed almost as marked a pre-eminence among those distinguished scholars, as he had already acquired as a general on fields of blood. Apparently forgetting the renown he had already attained, with boundless ambition he pressed on to still great-

er achievements, deeming nothing accomplished while any thing remained to be done.

Subsequently he referred to his course at this time, and remarked, "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing; I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army."

A strong effort was made at this time by the Royalists for the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon, while he despised the inefficient government of the Directory, was by no means willing that the despotic Bourbons should crush the spirit of liberty in France. He was not adverse to a monarchy; but he wished for a monarch who would consult the interests of the *people*, and not merely pamper the luxury and pride of the nobles. He formed the plan and guided the energies which discomfited the Royalists, and sustained the Directors. Thus twice had the strong arm of this young man protected the government. The Directors, in their multiplied perplexities, often urged his presence in their councils, to advise with them on difficult questions. Quiet and reserved, he would take his seat at their table, and by that superiority of tact which ever distinguished him, and by that intellectual pre-eminence which could not be questioned, he assumed a moral position far above them all, and guided those gray-haired diplomatists as a father guides his children. Whenever he entered their presence, he instinctively assumed the supremacy, and it was instinctively recognized.

The altars of religion, overthrown by revolutionary violence, still remained prostrate. The churches were closed, the Sabbath abolished, the sacraments were unknown, the priests were in exile. A whole generation had grown up in France without any knowledge of Christianity. Corruption was universal. A new sect sprang up, called Theophilanthropists, who gleaned, as the basis of their system, some of the moral precepts of the Gospel, divested of the sublime sanctions of Christianity. They soon, however, found that it is not by flowers of rhetoric, and smooth-flowing verses, and poetic rhapsodies upon the beauty of love and charity, of rivulets and skies, that the stern heart of man can be controlled. Leviathan is not so tamed. Man, exposed to temptations which rive his soul, trembling upon the brink of fearful calamities, and glowing with irrepressible desires, can only be allured and overawed when the voice of love and mercy blends with Sinai's thunders. "There was frequently," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "so much truth in the moral virtues which this new sect inculcated, that if the evangelists had not said the same things much better eighteen hundred years before them, one might have been tempted to embrace their opinions."

Napoleon took a correct view of these enthusiasts. "They can accomplish nothing," said he; "they are merely actors." "How!" it was replied, "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All systems of morality," Napoleon rejoined, "are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to

see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be encountered by the weapons of ridicule. All their efforts will prove ineffectual."

Republican France was now at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The English government still waged unrelenting war against the republic, and strained every nerve to rouse the monarchies of Europe again to combine to force a detested dynasty upon the French people. The British navy, in its invincibility, had almost annihilated the commerce of France. In their ocean-guarded isle, safe from the ravages of war themselves, their fleet could extend those ravages to all shores. The Directory raised an army for the invasion of England, and gave to Napoleon the command. Drawing the sword, not of aggression, but of defense, he immediately proceeded to a survey of the French coast opposite to England, and to form his judgment respecting the feasibility of the majestic enterprise. Taking three of his generals in his carriage, he passed eight days in this tour of observation. With great energy and tact, he immediately made himself familiar with every thing which could aid him in coming to a decision. He surveyed the coast, examined the ships and the fortifications, selected the best points for embarkation, and examined until midnight sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He made objections, and carefully weighed their answers.

Upon his return to Paris, his friend Bourrienne said to him, "Well, general, what do you think of the enterprise? Is it feasible?" "No!" he promptly replied, shaking his head; "it is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake the fate of our beautiful France." At the same time that he was making this survey of the coast, with his accustomed energy of mind, he was also studying another plan for resisting the assaults of the British government. The idea of attacking England, by the way of Egypt, in her East Indian acquisitions, had taken full possession of his imagination. He filled his carriage with all the books he could find in the libraries of Paris relating to Egypt. With almost miraculous rapidity, he explored the pages, treasuring up, in his capacious and retentive memory, every idea of importance. Interlineations and comments on the margin of these books, in his own handwriting, testify to the indefatigable energy of his mind.

Napoleon was now almost adored by the Republicans all over Europe as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. In England, in particular, there was a large, influential, and increasing party, dissatisfied with the prerogatives of the crown, and with the exclusive privileges of the nobility, who were never weary of proclaiming the praises of this champion of liberty and equality. The brilliance of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature, and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before. The command of the army for the invasion of England was now assigned to Napoleon. He became the prominent and dreaded foe of that great empire; and yet the common people, who were to fight the battles, almost to a man loved him. The throne trembled. The nobles were

in consternation. "If we deal fairly and justly with France," Lord Chatham is reported frankly to have avowed, "the English government will not exist for four-and-twenty hours."*

It was necessary to change public sentiment, and to rouse feelings of personal animosity against this powerful antagonist. To render Napoleon unpopular, all the wealth and energies of the government were called into requisition, opening upon him the batteries of ceaseless invective. The English press teemed with the most atrocious and absurd abuse. It is truly amusing, in glancing over the pamphlets of that day, to contemplate the enormity of the vices attributed to him, and their contradictory nature. He was represented as a demon in human form. He was a robber and a miser, plundering the treasuries of nations that he might hoard his countless millions, and he was also a profligate and a spendthrift, squandering upon his lusts the wealth of empires. He was wallowing in licentiousness, his camp a harem of pollution, ridding himself by poison of his concubines as his vagrant desires wandered from them; at the same time he was *physically an imbecile*—a monster, whom God in his displeasure had deprived of the passions and the powers of healthy manhood. He was an idol whom the entranced people bowed down before and worshiped with more than Oriental servility. He was also a sanguinary, heartless, merciless butcher, exulting in carnage, grinding the bones of his own wounded soldiers into the dust beneath his chariot-wheels, and finding congenial music for his depraved and malignant spirit in the shrieks of the mangled and the groans of the dying. To Catholic Ireland he was represented as seizing the venerable Pope by his gray hairs, and thus dragging him over the marble floor of his palace. To Protestant England, on the contrary, he was exhibited as in league with the Pope, whom he treated with the utmost adulation, endeavoring to strengthen the despotism of the sword with the energies of superstition.

The philosophical composure with which Napoleon regarded this incessant flow of invective was strikingly grand. "Of all the libels and pamphlets," said Napoleon subsequently, "with which the English ministers have inundated Europe, there is not one which will reach posterity. When I have been asked to cause answers to be written to them, I have uniformly replied, 'My victories and my works of public improvement are the only response which it becomes me to make.' When there shall not be a trace of these libels to be found, the great monuments of utility which I have reared, and the code of laws that I have formed, will descend to the most remote ages, and future historians will avenge the wrongs done me by my contemporaries. There was a time," said he, again, "when all crimes seemed to belong to me of right. Thus I poisoned Hoche;† I strangled Pichegru‡ in his cell; I

* John Pitt, earl of Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and elder brother of William Pitt.

† Lazare Hoche, a very distinguished young general, who died very suddenly in the army. "Hoche," said Bonaparte, "was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating."

‡ Charles Pichegru, a celebrated French general, who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the consular government and restore the Bourbons. He was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. The physicians who met on the occasion asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat. "Pichegru," said Napoleon, "instructed me

caused Kleber* to be assassinated in Egypt; I blew out Desaix's† brains at Marengo; I cut the throats of persons who were confined in prison; I dragged the Pope by the hair of his head, and a hundred similar absurdities. As yet," he again said, "I have not seen one of those libels which is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice than to write *false, false*, on every page. The only truth I have seen in them is, that I one day met an officer, General Rapp, I believe, on the field of battle, with his face begrimed with smoke and covered with blood, and that I exclaimed, 'Oh, comme il est beau! Oh, how beautiful the sight!' This is true enough, and of it they have made a crime. My commendation of the gallantry of a brave soldier is construed into a proof of my delighting in blood."

The revolutionary government were in the habit of celebrating the 21st of January with great public rejoicing, as the anniversary of the execution of the king. They urged Napoleon to honor the festival by his presence, and to take a conspicuous part in the festivities. He peremptorily declined. "This fête," said he, "commemorates a melancholy event—a tragedy, and can be agreeable to but few people. It is proper to celebrate victories, but victims left upon the field of battle are to be lamented. To celebrate the anniversary of a man's death is an act unworthy of a government; it irritates instead of calming; it shakes the foundations of government instead of adding to their strength."

The ministry urged that it was the custom with all nations to celebrate the downfall of tyrants; and that Napoleon's influence over the public mind was so powerful, that his absence would be regarded as indicative of hostility to the government, and would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the republic. At last Napoleon consented to attend as a private member of the Institute, taking no active part in the ceremonies, but merely walking with the members of the class to which he belonged. As soon as the procession entered the Church of St. Sulpice, all eyes were searching for Napoleon. He was soon descried, and every one else was immediately eclipsed. At the close of the ceremony, the air was rent with the shouts, "Long live Napoleon!" The Directory were made exceedingly uneasy by ominous exclamations in the streets, "We will drive away these lawyers, and make the *little corporal* king." These cries wonderfully accelerated the zeal of the Directors in sending Napoleon to Egypt; and most devoutly did they hope that from that distant land he would never return.

in mathematics at Brienne when I was about ten years old. As a general, he was a man of no ordinary talent. After he had united himself with the Bourbons, he sacrificed the lives of upward of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intention."

* General Kleber fell beneath the poniard of an assassin in Egypt, when Napoleon was in Paris.

† General Desaix fell, pierced by a bullet, on the field of Marengo. Napoleon deeply deplored his loss as that of one of his most faithful and devoted friends.



CHAPTER X.

THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Dreams of Napoleon's Boyhood—Decision respecting England—Egypt—Napoleon's Plea—His grand Preparations—Proclamation to his Soldiers—Advice to the Commissioners at Toulon—Embarkation—Napoleon's Power of Fascination—Surrender of Malta—Preparations for meeting Nelson's Squadron—Disembarkation at Alexandria—Proclamation to the Soldiers.

NAPOLEON'S Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. When Napoleon was a school-boy at Brienne, his vivid imagination became enamored of the heroes of antiquity, and ever dwelt in the society of the illustrious men of Greece and Rome. Indulging in solitary walks and pensive musings, at that early age he formed vague and shadowy, but magnificent conceptions of founding an empire in the East, which should outvie in grandeur all that had yet been told in ancient or in modern story. His eye wandered along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea, as traced upon the map, and followed the path of the majestic floods of the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges, rolling through tribes and nations whose myriad population, dwelling in barbaric pomp and Pagan darkness, invited a conqueror. "The Persians," exclaimed this strange boy, "have blocked up the route of Tamerlane, but I will open another." He, in those early dreams, imagined himself a conqueror, with Alexander's strength, but without Alexander's vice or weakness, spreading the energies of civilization, and of a just and equitable government, over the wild and boundless regions which were lost to European eyes in the obscurity of distance.

When struggling against the armies of Austria upon the plains of Italy, visions of Egypt and the East blended with the smoke and the din of the conflict. In the retreat of the Austrians before his impetuous charges, in the

shout of victory which incessantly filled his ear, swelling ever above the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, Napoleon saw but increasing indications that destiny was pointing out his path toward an Oriental throne.

When the Austrians were driven out of Italy, and the campaign was ended, and Napoleon, at Montebello, was receiving the homage of Europe, his ever-impetuous mind turned with new interest to the object of his early ambition. He often passed hours, during the mild Italian evenings, walking with a few confidential friends in the magnificent park of his palace, conversing with intense enthusiasm upon the illustrious empires which have successively overshadowed those countries and faded away. "Europe," said he, "presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are to be found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Upon his return to Paris, he was deaf to all the acclamations with which he was surrounded. His boundless ambition was such that his past achievements seemed as nothing. The most brilliant visions of Eastern glory were dazzling his mind. "They do not long preserve at Paris," said he, "the remembrance of any thing. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one, in this great Babylon, speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be accomplished. Every thing here passes away. My glory is declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All the great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity."

When requested to take command of the army of England, and to explore the coast to judge of the feasibility of an attack upon the English in their own island, he said to Bourrienne, "I am perfectly willing to make a tour to the coast. Should the expedition to Britain prove too hazardous, as I much fear that it will, the army of England will become the army of the East, and we will go to Egypt."

He carefully studied the obstacles to be encountered in the invasion of England, and the means at his command to surmount them. In his view, the enterprise was too hazardous to be undertaken, and he urged upon the Directory the Expedition to Egypt. "Once established in Egypt," said he, "the Mediterranean becomes a *French Lake*; we shall found a colony there, unenervated by the curse of slavery, and which will supply the place of St. Domingo; we shall open a market for French manufactures through the vast regions of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. All the caravans of the East will meet at Cairo, and the commerce of India must forsake the Cape of Good Hope, and flow through the Red Sea. Marching with an army of sixty thousand men, we can cross the Indus, rouse the oppressed and discontented native population against the English usurpers, and drive the English out of India. We will establish governments which will respect the rights and promote the interests of the people. The multitude will hail us as their deliverers from oppression. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, and the Armenians, will join our standards. We may change the face of the world." Such was the magnificent project which inflamed this ambitious mind.

England, without a shadow of right, had invaded India. Her well-armed

dragoons had ridden, with bloody hoofs, over the timid and naked natives. Cannon, howitzers, and bayonets had been the all-availing arguments with which England had silenced all opposition. English soldiers, with unsheathed swords ever dripping with blood, held in subjection provinces containing uncounted millions of inhabitants. A circuitous route of fifteen thousand miles, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, conducted the merchant fleets of London and Liverpool to Calcutta and Bombay; and through the same long channel there flooded back upon the maritime isle the wealth of the Indies.

It was the plea of Napoleon that he was not going to make an unjust war upon the unoffending nations of the East, but that he was the ally of the oppressed people, drawing the sword against their common enemy, and that he was striving to emancipate them from their powerful usurpers, and to confer upon them the most precious privileges of freedom. He marched to Egypt, not to desolate, but to ennoble; not to enslave, but to enfranchise; not to enrich himself with the treasures of the East, but to transfer to those shores the opulence and the high civilization of the West. Never was an ambitious conqueror furnished with a more plausible plea. England, as she looks at India and China, must be silent. America, as she listens to the dying wail of the Red Man, driven from the forests of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, can throw no stone. Napoleon surely was not exempt from the infirmities of humanity. But it is not becoming in an English or an American historian to breathe the prayer, "We thank Thee, oh God, that we are not like this Bonaparte!"

Egypt, the memorials of whose former grandeur still attract the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, after having been buried, during centuries, in darkness and oblivion, is again slowly emerging into light, and is doubtless destined eventually to become one of the greatest centres of industry and of knowledge. The Mediterranean washes its northern shores, opening to its commerce all the opulent cities of Europe. The Red Sea wafts to its fertile valley the wealth of India and of China. The Nile, rolling its vast floods from the unknown interior of Africa, opens a highway for inexhaustible internal commerce with unknown nations and tribes.

The country consists entirely of the lower valley of the Nile, with a front of about one hundred and twenty miles on the Mediterranean. The valley, six hundred miles in length, rapidly diminishes in breadth as it is crowded by the sand of the desert, presenting, a few miles from the mouth of the river, but the average width of about six miles. The soil, fertilized by the annual inundations of the Nile, possesses most extraordinary fertility. These floods are caused by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains of Abyssinia. It never rains in Egypt. Centuries may pass while a shower never falls from the sky. Under the Ptolemies, the population of the country was estimated at twenty millions. But by the terrific energies of despotism, these numbers had dwindled away, and at the time of the French Expedition, Egypt contained but two million five hundred thousand inhabitants.

These were divided into four classes. First came the Copts, about two hundred thousand, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They were in a state of the most abject degradation and slavery. The great body of the

population, two millions in number, were Arabs. They were a wild and semi-barbarous race, restrained from all enterprise and industry by unrelenting despotism. The Turks or Janizaries, two hundred thousand strong, composed a standing army of sensual, merciless, unprincipled usurpers, which kept the trembling population, by the energies of the bastinado, the cimeter, and the bowstring, in most servile subjection. The Mamelukes composed a body of twelve thousand horsemen—proud, powerful, and intolerable oppressors. Each horseman had two servants to perform his menial service. Twenty-four beys, each of whom had five or six hundred Mamelukes under his command, governed this singular body of cavalry. Two principal beys, Ibrahim and Mourad, divided between them the sovereignty of Egypt.

It was the old story of despotism. The millions were ground down into hopeless degradation and poverty to pamper to the luxury and vice of a few haughty masters. Oriental voluptuousness and luxury reigned in the palaces of the beys; beggary and wretchedness deformed the mud hovels of the defrauded and degraded people. It was Napoleon's aim to present himself to the *people* of Egypt as their friend and liberator; to rally them around his standard; to subdue the Mamelukes; to establish a government which should revive all the sciences and the arts of civilized life in Egypt; to acquire a character, by these benefactions, which should emblazon his name throughout the East; and then, with oppressed nations welcoming him as a deliverer, to strike blows upon the British power in India, which should compel the mistress of the seas to acknowledge that upon the land there was an arm which could reach and humble her. It was a design sublime in its magnificence, but it was not the will of God that it should be accomplished.

The Directory, at last overcome by the arguments of Napoleon, and also, through jealousy of his unbounded popularity, being willing to remove him from France, assented to the proposed expedition. It was, however, necessary to preserve the utmost secrecy. Should England be informed of the direction in which the blow was about to fall upon her, she might, with her invincible fleet, intercept the French squadron; she might rouse the Mamelukes to most formidable preparations for resistance, and might thus vastly increase the difficulties of the enterprise. All the deliberations were consequently conducted with closed doors, and the whole plan was enveloped in the most profound mystery.

For the first time in the history of the world, literature, and science, and art formed a conspicuous part of the organization of an army. It was agreed that Napoleon should take forty-six thousand men, a certain number of officers of his own selection, men of science, engineers, geographers, and artisans of all kinds. Napoleon now devoted himself with the most extraordinary energy to the execution of his plans. Order succeeded order with ceaseless rapidity. He seemed to rest not day nor night. He superintended every thing himself, and with the utmost rapidity passed from place to place, corresponding with literary men, conversing with generals, raising money, collecting ships, and accumulating supplies. His comprehensive and indefatigable mind arranged even the minutest particulars.

"I worked all day," said one, in apology for his assigned duty not having been fully performed. "But had you not the night also?" Napoleon replied.

“Now, sir,” said he to another, “use dispatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*; that is the only thing which is beyond my power.”

His own energy was thus infused into the hearts of hundreds, and with incredible rapidity the work of preparation went on. He selected four points for the assemblage of convoys and troops: Toulon, Genoa, Ajaccio, and Civita Vecchia. He chartered four hundred vessels of merchantmen in France and Italy as transports for the secret service, and assembled them at the points of departure. He dispatched immediate orders for the divisions of his renowned army of Italy to march to Genoa and Toulon. He collected the best artisans Europe could furnish in all the arts of human industry. He took printing-types of the various languages of the East from the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and a company of printers. He formed a large collection of the most perfect philosophical and mathematical instruments. The most illustrious men, though knowing not where he was about to lead them, were eager to attach themselves to the fortunes of the young general. Preparations for an enterprise upon such a gigantic scale could not be made without attracting the attention of Europe.

Rumor was busy with her countless contradictions. “Where is Napoleon bound?” was the universal inquiry. “He is going,” said some, “to the Black Sea”—“to India”—“to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Suez”—“to Ireland”—“to the Thames.” Even Kleber supposed that they were bound for England, and, reposing implicit confidence in the invincibility of Napoleon, he said, “Well! if you throw a fire-ship into the Thames, put Kleber on board of her, and you shall see what he will do.” The English cabinet was extremely perplexed. They clearly foresaw that a storm was gathering, but knew not in what direction it would break. Extraordinary efforts were made to equip a powerful fleet, which was placed under the command of Lord Nelson, to cruise in the Mediterranean, and watch the movements of the French.

On the 9th of May, 1798, just five months after Napoleon’s return to Paris from the Italian campaign, he entered Toulon, having completed all his preparations for the most magnificent enterprise ever contemplated by a mortal. Josephine accompanied him, as he wished to enjoy as long as possible the charms of her society. Passionately as he loved his own glory, his love for Josephine was *almost* equally enthusiastic. A more splendid armament never floated upon the bosom of the ocean than here awaited him, its supreme lord and master. The fleet consisted of thirty ships of the line and frigates, seventy-two brigs and cutters, and four hundred transports. It bore forty-six thousand combatants, and a literary corps of one hundred men, furnished with all the appliances of art, to transport to Asia the science and the arts of Europe, and to bring back, in return, the knowledge gleaned among the monuments of antiquity. The old army of Italy was drawn up in proud array to receive its youthful general, and they greeted him with enthusiastic acclamations. But few even of the officers of the army were aware of its destination. Napoleon inspirited his troops with the following proclamation:

“Soldiers! You are one of the wings of the army of England. You have made war in mountains, plains, and cities. It remains to make it on the

ocean. The Roman legions, whom you have often imitated, but not yet equaled, combated Carthage, by turns, on the seas and on the plains of Zama. Victory never deserted their standards, because they never ceased to be brave, patient, and united. Soldiers! The eyes of Europe are upon you. You have great destinies to accomplish, battles to fight, dangers and fatigues to overcome. You are about to do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of your country, the happiness of man, and for your own glory." Thus the magnitude of the enterprise was announced, while at the same time it was left veiled in mystery.



THE EMBARKATION.

Napoleon had, on many occasions, expressed his dislike of the arbitrary course pursued by the Directory. In private, he expressed, in the strongest terms, his horror of Jacobin cruelty and despotism. "The Directors," said he, "can not long retain their position. They know not how to do any thing

for the imagination of the nation." It is said that the Directors, at last, were so much annoyed by his censure, that they seriously contemplated his arrest, and applied to Fouché for that purpose. The wily minister of police replied, "Napoleon Bonaparte is not the man to be arrested, neither is Fouché the man who will undertake to arrest him."

When Bourrienne inquired if he were really determined to risk his fate on the Expedition to Egypt, "Yes!" he replied, "if I remain here, it will be necessary for me to overturn this miserable government, and make myself king. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not yet ripe. I have sounded, but the time has not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits." One of his last acts before embarkation was to issue a humane proclamation to the military commission at Toulon, urging a more merciful construction of one of the tyrannical edicts of the Directory against the emigrants. "I exhort you, citizens," said he, "when the law presents at your tribunal old men and females, to declare that, in the midst of war, Frenchmen respect the aged and the women, even of their enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against one incapable of bearing arms is a coward." There was, perhaps, not another man in France who would have dared thus to oppose the sanguinary measures of government. This benevolent interposition met, however, with a response in the hearts of the people, and added a fresh laurel to his brow.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1798, just as the sun was rising over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the fleet got under way. Napoleon, with Eugene, embarked in the *Orient*, an enormous ship of one hundred and twenty guns. It was a brilliant morning, and the unclouded sun perhaps never shone upon a more splendid scene. The magnificent armament extended over a semicircle of not less than eighteen miles. The parting between Napoleon and Josephine is represented as having been tender and affecting in the extreme. She was very anxious to accompany him, but he deemed the perils to which they would be exposed, and the hardships they must necessarily endure, far too formidable for a lady to encounter. Josephine stood upon a balcony, with her eyes blinded with tears, as she waved



THE DISTANT ALPS.

her adieux to Napoleon, and watched the receding fleet till the lessening sails disappeared beneath the distant horizon. The squadron sailed first to Genoa, thence to Ajaccio, and thence to Civita Vecchia, to join the convoys collected in those ports. The signal was then given for the whole fleet to bear away, as rapidly as possible, for Malta.

In coasting along the shores of Italy, Napoleon, from the deck of the *Orient*, descried, far away in the distant horizon, the snow-capped summits of the Alps. He called for a telescope, and gazed long and earnestly upon the scene of his early achievements. "I can not," said he, "behold without emotion the land of Italy. These mountains command the plains where I have so often led the French to victory. Now I am bound to the East. With the same troops victory is still secure."

All were fascinated by the striking originality, animation, and eloquence of his conversation. Deeply read in all that is illustrious in the past, every island, every bay, every promontory, every headland, recalled the heroic deeds of antiquity. In pleasant weather, Napoleon passed nearly all the time upon deck, surrounded by a group never weary of listening to the freshness and the poetic vigor of his remarks. Upon all subjects he was alike at home, and the most distinguished philosophers, in their several branches of science, were amazed at the instinctive comprehensiveness with which every subject seemed to be familiar to his mind. He was never depressed and never mirthful. A calm and thoughtful energy inspired every moment. From all the ships, the officers and distinguished men were in turn invited to dine with him. He displayed wonderful tact in drawing them out in conversation, forming with unerring skill an estimate of character, and thus preparing himself for the selection of suitable agents in all the emergencies which were to be encountered.

In nothing was the genius of Napoleon more conspicuous than in the lightning-like rapidity with which he detected any vein of genius in another. Not a moment of time was lost. Intellectual conversation, or reading, or philosophical discussion, caused the hours to fly on swiftest wing. Napoleon always, even in his most hurried campaigns, took a compact library with him. When driving in his carriage from post to post of the army, he improved the moments in garnering up that knowledge for the accumulation of which he ever manifested such an insatiable desire. *Words* were with him nothing, *ideas* every thing. He devoured biography, history, philosophy, treatises upon political economy and upon all the sciences. His contempt for works of fiction—the whole class of novels and romances—amounted almost to indignation. He could never endure to see one reading such a book, or to have such a volume in his presence. Once, when Emperor, in passing through the saloons of his palace, he found one of the maids of honor with a novel in her hands. He took it from her, gave her a severe lecture for wasting her time in such frivolous reading, and cast the volume into the flames. When he had a few moments for diversion, he not unfrequently employed them in looking over a book of logarithms, in which he always found recreation.

At the dinner-table some important subject of discussion was ever proposed. For the small talk and indelicacies which wine engenders Napoleon

had no taste, and his presence alone was sufficient to hold all such themes in abeyance. He was a young man of but twenty-eight years of age, but his pre-eminence over all the forty-six thousand who composed that majestic armament was so conspicuous, that no one dreamed of questioning it. Without arrogance, without haughtiness, he was fully conscious of his own superiority, and received unembarrassed the marks of homage which ever surrounded him. The questions for discussion, relating to history, mythology, and science, were always proposed by Napoleon. "Are the planets inhabited?" "What is the age of the world?" "Will the earth be destroyed by fire or water?" "What are the comparative merits of Christianity and Moslemism?" Such were some of the questions which interested the mind of this young general.

From the crowded state of the vessels, and the numbers on board unaccustomed to nautical maneuvers, it not unfrequently happened that some one fell overboard. Napoleon could look with perfect composure upon the carnage of the field of battle, and order movements, without the tremor of a nerve, which he knew must consign thousands to a bloody death. But when, by such an accidental event, life was periled, his sympathies were aroused to the highest degree, and he could not rest until the person was extricated. He always liberally rewarded those who displayed unusual courage and zeal in effecting a rescue. One dark night a noise was heard as of a man falling overboard. The whole ship's company, consisting of two thousand men, as the cry of alarm spread from stem to stern, was instantly in commotion. Napoleon immediately ascended to the deck. The ship was put about; boats were lowered, and, after much agitation and search, it was discovered that the whole stir was occasioned by the slipping of a quarter of beef from a noose at the bulwark. Napoleon ordered that the recompense for signal exertions should be more liberal than usual. "It might have been a man," he said, "and the zeal and courage now displayed have not been less than would have been required in that event."

On the morning of the 16th of June, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, the white cliffs of Malta, and the magnificent fortifications of that celebrated island, nearly a thousand miles from Toulon, emerged from the horizon, glittering with dazzling brilliance in the rays of the rising sun. By a secret understanding with the Knights of Malta, Napoleon had prepared the way for the capitulation of the island before leaving France. The Knights, conscious of their inability to maintain independence, preferred to be the subjects of France rather than of any other power. "I captured Malta," said Napoleon, "while at Mantua." The reduction by force of that almost impregnable fortress would have required a long siege, and a vast expenditure of treasure and of life. A few cannon-shot were exchanged, that there might be a show of resistance, when the island was surrendered, and the tri-colored flag waved proudly over those bastions which, in former years, had bid defiance to the whole power of the all-conquering Turk.

The generals of the French army were amazed as they contemplated the grandeur and the strength of these works, upon which had been expended the science, the toil, and the wealth of ages. "It is well," said General Caffarelli to Napoleon, "that there was some one within to open the gates to

us. We should have had more trouble in making our way through if the place had been empty." The Knights of Malta, living upon the renown acquired by their order in by-gone ages, and reveling in luxury and magnifi-



cence, were very willing to receive the gold of Napoleon, and palaces in the fertile plains of Italy and France, in exchange for turrets and towers, bastions and ramparts of solid rock. The harbor is one of the most safe and commodious in the world. It embraced, without the slightest embarrassment, the whole majestic armament, and allowed the magnificent Orient to float, with abundance of water, at the quay.

Napoleon immediately devoted his mind, with its accustomed activity, to securing and organizing the new colony. The innumerable batteries were immediately armed, and three thousand men were left in defense of the place. All the Turkish prisoners found in the galleys were set at liberty, treated with the greatest kindness, and scattered through the fleet, that their friendship might be won, and that they might exert a moral influence in favor of the French upon the Mohammedan population of the East. With as much facility as if he had devoted a long life to the practical duties of a statesman, Napoleon arranged the municipal system of the island; and having accomplished all this in less than a week, he again weighed anchor, and directed his course toward Egypt. Many of the Knights of Malta followed the victorious general, and with profound homage accepted appointments in his army.

The whole French squadron, hourly anticipating collision with the English fleet, were ever ready for battle. Though Napoleon did not turn from his great object to seek the English, he felt no apprehension in view of meeting the enemy. Upon every ship of the line he had put five hundred picked men, who were daily exercised in working the guns. He had enjoined upon the whole fleet that, in case of an encounter, every ship was to have but one single aim, that of closing immediately with a ship of the enemy, and boarding her with the utmost desperation. Nelson, finding that the French had left their harbors, eagerly but unavailingly searched for them. He was entirely at a loss respecting their destination, and knew not in what direction to sail. It was not yet known, even on board the French ships, but to a few individuals, whither the fleet was bound. Gradually, however, as the vast squadron drew nearer the African shore, the secret began to transpire. Mirth and gayety prevailed. All were watching with eagerness to catch a first glimpse of the continent of Africa. In the evenings, Napoleon assembled in the capacious cabins of the *Orient* the men of science and general officers, and then commenced the learned discussions of the Institute of Egypt. One night the two fleets were within fifteen miles of each other, so near that the signal-guns of Nelson's squadron were heard by the French. The night, however, was dark and foggy, and the two fleets passed without collision.*

On the morning of the 1st of July, after a passage of forty-two days, the low and sandy shores of Egypt, about two thousand miles from France, were discerned, extending along the distant horizon as far as the eye could reach.

* The spirit with which Lord Nelson was actuated may be seen in the following declarations, taken from Southey's "Eulogy."

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king. And thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." "Down, down with the French, is my constant prayer." "*Down, down with the French*, ought to be written in the council-room of every country in the world. *For all must be a republic*, if the Emperor" (of Austria) "does not act with expedition and vigor." "There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down." "My principle is to assist in driving the French to the devil." To the Duke of Clarence he wrote, "To serve my king and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring. And if one of these militate against it, I go back, and obey the great order and object, to down, down with the damned French villains. My blood boils at the name of Frenchman!" How noble does the spirit of Napoleon appear when contrasted with that of his enemies!

As with a gentle breeze they drew nearer the land, the minarets of Alexandria, the Needle of Cleopatra, and Pompey's Pillar, rose above the sand hills, exciting in the minds of the enthusiastic French the most romantic dreams of Oriental grandeur. The fleet approached a bay at a little distance from the harbor of Alexandria, and dropped anchor about three miles from the shore. But two days before, Nelson had visited that very spot in quest of the French, and, not finding them there, had sailed for the mouth of the Hellespont.

The evening had now arrived, and the breeze had increased to almost a gale. Notwithstanding the peril of disembarkation in such a surf, Napoleon decided that not a moment was to be lost. The landing immediately com-



THE DISEMBARKATION.

menced, and was continued with the utmost expedition through the whole night. Many boats were swamped, and some lives lost, but, unintimidated

by such disasters, the landing was continued with unabated zeal. The transfer of the horses from the ships to the shore presented a very curious spectacle. They were hoisted out of the ships and lowered into the sea with simply a halter about their necks, where they swam in great numbers around the vessels, not knowing which way to go. Six were caught by their halters, and towed by a boat toward the shore. The rest, by instinct, followed them. As other horses were lowered into the sea from all the ships, they joined the column hastening toward the land, and thus soon there was a dense and wide column of swimming horses, extending from the ships to the beach. As fast as they reached the shore, they were caught, saddled, and delivered to their riders. Toward morning the wind abated, and before the blazing sun rose over the sands of the desert, a proud army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery was marshaled upon the dreary waste, awaiting the commands of its general.

In the midst of the disembarkation, a sail appeared in the distant horizon. It was supposed to be an English ship. "Oh, Fortune!" exclaimed Napoleon, "dost thou forsake me now? I ask of thee but a short respite." The strange sail proved to be a French frigate rejoining the fleet. While the disembarkation was still going on, Napoleon advanced with three thousand men, whom he had hastily formed in battle array upon the beach, to Alexandria, which was at but a few miles distance, that he might surprise the place before the Turks had time to prepare for a defense. No man ever better understood the value of time. His remarkable saying to the pupils of a school which he once visited, "*My young friends! every hour of time is a chance of misfortune for future life,*" formed the rule of his own conduct.

Just before disembarking, Napoleon had issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You are about to undertake a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death-blow. The people with whom we are about to live are Mohammedans. Their first article of faith is, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' Contradict them not. Treat them as you have treated the Italians and the Jews. Show the same regard to their muftis and imaums as you have shown to the bishops and rabbis. Manifest for the ceremonies of the Koran the same respect you have shown to the convents and the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and that of Jesus Christ. All religions were protected by the legions of Rome. You will find here customs greatly at variance with those of Europe. Accustom yourselves to respect them. Women are not treated here as with us; but in every country he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few, while it dishonors an army, destroys its resources, and makes enemies of those whom it is the interest of all to attach as friends."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO CAIRO.

Sentiments of the Turks toward Napoleon—Proclamation to the Egyptians—Napoleon's Views of Religion—Labors in Alexandria—Order to Brueys—March across the Desert—Mameluke Horsemen—Joy of the Army on seeing the Nile—Repulse of the Mamelukes—Arab Sheik—Cairo—Charge of Mourad Bey—Entrance into Cairo—Love of the Egyptians—Battle of the Nile—Touching Letter to Madame Brueys.

THE first gray of the morning had not yet dawned, when Napoleon, at the head of his enthusiastic columns, marched upon the city which bore the name and which had witnessed the achievements of Alexander. It was his aim, by the fearlessness and the impetuosity of his first assault, to impress the Turks with the idea of the invincibility of the French. The Mamelukes, hastily collected upon the ramparts of the city, received the foe with discharges of musketry and artillery, and with shouts of defiance. The French, aided by their ladders, poured over the walls like an inundation, sweeping every thing before them. The conflict was short, and the tri-colored flag waved triumphantly over the city of Alexandria. The Turkish prisoners from Malta, who had become fascinated by the magnificence of Napoleon, as all were fascinated who approached that extraordinary man, dispersed themselves through the city, and exerted a powerful influence in securing the friendship of the people for their invaders.

The army, imbibing the politic sentiments of their general, refrained from all acts of lawless violence, and amazed the enslaved populace by their justice, mercy, and generosity. The people were immediately liberated from the most grinding and intolerable despotism; just and equal laws were established; and Arab and Copt soon began, lost in wonder, to speak the praises of Napoleon. He was a strange conqueror for the East; liberating and blessing, not enslaving and robbing the vanquished. Their women were respected, their property was uninjured, their persons protected from violence, and their interests in every way promoted. A brighter day never dawned upon Egypt than the day in which Napoleon placed his foot upon her soil. The accomplishment of his plans, so far as human vision can discern, would have been one of the greatest of possible blessings to the East. Again Napoleon issued one of those glowing proclamations which are as characteristic of his genius as were the battles which he fought:

“People of Egypt! You will be told by our enemies that I am come to destroy your religion. Believe them not. Tell them that I am come to restore your rights, punish your usurpers, and revive the true worship of Mohammed. Tell them that I venerate, more than do the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Tell them that all men are equal in the sight of God; that wisdom, talents, and virtue alone constitute the difference between them. And what are the virtues which distinguish the Mamelukes, that entitle them to appropriate all the enjoyments of life to themselves? If Egypt

is their farm, let them show their lease from God by which they hold it. Is there a fine estate? it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a fine horse, a good house? all belong to the Mamelukes. But God is just and merciful, and He hath ordained that the empire of the Mamelukes shall come to an end. Thrice happy those who shall side with us; they shall prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy they who shall be neutral; they will have time to become acquainted with us, and will range themselves upon our side. But woe, threefold woe to those who shall arm for the Mamelukes and fight against us. For them there will be no hope; they shall perish!"

"You witlings of Paris," wrote one of the officers of the army, "will laugh outright at the Mohammedan proclamation of Napoleon. He, however, is proof against all your raillery, and the proclamation itself has produced the most surprising effect. The Arabs, natural enemies of the Mamelukes, sent us back, as soon as they had read it, thirty of our people whom they had made prisoners, with an offer of their services against the Mamelukes."

It was an interesting peculiarity in the character of Napoleon, that he respected all religions as necessities of the human mind. He never allowed himself to speak in contemptuous terms even of the grossest absurdities of religious fanaticism. Christianity was presented to him only as exhibited by the Papal Church. He professed the most profound admiration of the doctrines and the moral precepts of the Gospel, and often expressed the wish that he could be a devout believer; but he could not receive, as from God, all that Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests claimed as divine. In the spiritual power of the Pope he recognized an agent of tremendous efficiency. As such, he sincerely respected it, treated it with deference, and sought its alliance. He endeavored to gain control over every influence which could sway the human heart. So of the Mohammedans; he regarded their religion as an element of majestic power, and wished to avail himself of it. While the philosophers and generals around him regarded all forms of religion with contempt, he, influenced by a far higher philosophy, regarded all with veneration.

Since the Revolution, there had been no sort of worship in France. The idea even of a God had been almost entirely obliterated from the public mind. The French soldiers were mere animals, with many noble as well as depraved instincts. At the command of their beloved chieftain, they were as ready to embrace a religion as to storm a battery. Napoleon was accused of hypocrisy for pursuing this course in Egypt. "I never," said he, subsequently, "followed any of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine or was circumcised. I said merely that we were friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected their prophet; which was true. I respect him now."*

* "Among the innumerable calumnies spent on Bonaparte, it was said, and long believed by many, that he had no religion. Scott, and other writers of his life, published as a fact that he embraced Islamism, which was a mere fabrication. He did no more in Egypt than respectfully attend at the religious exercises of the Mussulmans, which gratified them and tranquillized the country, whose creed it was as much his duty as his policy to tolerate. He was penetrated with the importance of religion, reverently convinced of the existence and providence of God, and in that belief not only religious, but of the Roman Catholic religion. The great body of the French people

Napoleon remained in Alexandria but six days. During this time, he devoted himself, with a zeal and energy which elicited universal admiration, to the organization of equitable laws, the regulation of police, and the development of the resources of the country. The very hour of their establishment in the city, artisans, and artists, and engineers all were busy, and the life and enterprise of the West were infused into the sepulchral streets of Alexandria.

Preparations were immediately made for improving the harbor, repairing the fortifications, erecting mills, establishing manufactories, founding schools, exploring antiquities; and the government of the country was placed in the hands of the prominent inhabitants, who were interested to promote the wise and humane policy of Napoleon. Since that day, half a century of degradation, ignorance, poverty, oppression, and wretchedness has passed over Egypt.

Had Napoleon succeeded in his designs, it is probable that Egypt would now have been a civilized and a prosperous land, enriched by the commerce of the East and the West; with villas of elegance and refinement embellishing the meadows and headlands of the Nile, and steamers, freighted with the luxuries of all lands, plowing her majestic waves. The shores of the Red Sea, now so silent and lonely, would have echoed with the hum of happy industry, and fleets would have been launched from her forests, and thriving towns and opulent cities would have sprung up, where the roving Bedouin now meets but desolation and gloom. It is true that, in the mysterious providence of God, all these hopes might have been disappointed; but it is certain that, while Napoleon remained in Egypt, the whole country received an impulse unknown for centuries before; and human wisdom can not devise a better plan than he proposed, for arousing the enterprise, and stimulating the industry, and developing the resources of the land.

About thirty of the French troops fell in the attack upon Alexandria. Napoleon, with his prompt conceptions of the sublime, caused them to be buried at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, and had their names engraven upon that monument, whose renown has grown venerable through countless ages. The whole army assisted at the imposing ceremony of their interment. Enthusiasm spread through the ranks. The French soldiers, bewildered by the meteor glare of glory, and deeming their departed comrades now immortalized, envied their fate. Never did conqueror better understand than Napoleon what springs to touch, to rouse the latent energies of human nature.

Leaving three thousand men in Alexandria, under the command of General Kleber, who had been wounded in the assault, Napoleon set out, with

being inflexible Roman Catholics, he could not inculcate any change so obnoxious as Protestantism without distracting the country. All he could do was to favor liberality and establish toleration. He therefore restored, but reformed Catholicity; separating, as far as was prudent, spiritual from temporal, and healing the angry divisions which the republic left in the Church. That great result, with its powerful tendency to European peace, quelling religious discord, the cause of so much calamity, it was one of the first acts of his government successfully to bring about. But Italy, almost a French province, and Spain, a neighboring, close ally, were entirely Roman Catholic, like the large majority of France. The concordat arranged with the Pope was, therefore, all that was peaceably practicable; and even to that many of the military were opposed, and the Republicans." —*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 161, 162.

the rest of his army, to cross the desert to Cairo. The fleet was not in a place of safety, and Napoleon gave emphatic orders to Admiral Brueys to remove the ships, immediately after landing the army, from the Bay of Aboukir, where it was anchored, into the harbor of Alexandria ; or, if the large ships could not enter that port, to proceed, without any delay, to the island of Corfu. The neglect, on the part of the Admiral, promptly to execute these orders, upon which Napoleon had placed great stress, led to a disaster which proved fatal to the expedition.

Napoleon dispatched a large flotilla, laden with provisions, artillery, ammunition, and baggage, to sail along the shore of the Mediterranean to the western branch of the Nile, called the Rosetta mouth, and ascend the river to a point where the army, having marched across the desert, would meet it. The flotilla and the army would then keep company, ascending the Nile, some fifty miles, to Cairo. The army had a desert of sixty miles to cross. It was dreary and inhospitable in the extreme. A blazing sun glared fiercely down upon the glowing sands. Not a tree or a blade of grass cheered the eye. Not a rivulet trickled across their hot and sandy path. A few wells of brackish water were scattered along the trackless course pursued by the caravans, but even these the Arabs had filled up or poisoned.

Early on the morning of the 6th of July, the army commenced its march over the apparently boundless plain of shifting sands. No living creature met the eye but a few Arab horsemen, who occasionally appeared and disappeared at the horizon, and who, concealing themselves behind the sand-hills, immediately murdered any stragglers who wandered from the ranks, or from sickness or exhaustion loitered behind. Four days of inconceivable suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. The soldiers, accustomed to the luxuriance, beauty, and abundance of the valleys of Italy, were plunged into the most abject depression. Even the officers found their firmness giving way, and Lannes and Murat, in paroxysms of despair, dashed their hats upon the sand, and trampled them under foot. Many fell and perished on the long and dreary route. But the dense columns toiled on, hour after hour, weary, and hungry, and faint, and thirsty, the hot sun blazing down upon their unsheltered heads, and the yielding sands burning their blistered feet. At the commencement of the enterprise, Napoleon had promised to each of his soldiers seven acres of land. As they looked around upon this dreary and boundless ocean of sand, they spoke jocularly of his moderation in promising them but *seven acres*. "The young rogue," said they, "might have safely offered us as much as we chose to take. We certainly should not have abused his good-nature."

Nothing can show more strikingly the singular control which Napoleon had obtained over his army than the fact that, under these circumstances, no one murmured against him. He toiled along on foot at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them, he threw himself upon the sands at night, with the sand for his pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse beans which afforded the only food for the army. He was ever the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning. The soldiers bitterly cursed the government who had sent them to that land of



THE MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT.

barrenness and desolation. Seeing the men of science stopping to examine the antiquities, they accused them of being the authors of the expedition, and revenged themselves with witticisms. But no one uttered a word against Napoleon. His presence overawed all. He seemed to be insensible to hunger, thirst, or fatigue. It was observed that, while all others were drenched with perspiration, not a drop of moisture oozed from his brow.

Through all the hours of this dreary march, not a word or a gesture escaped him which indicated the slightest embarrassment or inquietude. One day he approached a group of discontented officers, and said to them, in tones of firmness which at once brought them to their senses, "You are holding mutinous language! Beware! It is not your being six feet high which will save you from being shot in a couple of hours."

In the midst of the desert, when gloom and despondency had taken possession of all hearts, unbounded joy was excited by the appearance of a lake of crystal water but a few miles before them, with villages and palm-trees beautifully reflected in its clear and glassy depths. The parched and panting troops rushed eagerly on to plunge into the delicious waves. Hour after hour passed, and they approached no nearer the elysium before them. Dreadful was their disappointment when they found that it was all an illusion, and that they were pursuing the *mirage* of the dry and dusty desert. At one time Napoleon, with one or two of his officers, wandered a little distance from the main body of his army. A troop of Arab horsemen, concealed by some sand-hills, watched his movements, but for some unknown reason, when he was entirely in their power, did not harm him. Napoleon soon perceived his peril, and escaped unmolested. Upon his return to the

troops, peacefully smiling, he said, "It is not written on high that I am to perish by the hands of the Arabs."

As the army drew near the Nile, the Mameluke horsemen increased in numbers, and in the frequency and the recklessness of their attacks. Their appearance, and the impetuosity of their onset, was most imposing. Each one was mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, and was armed with pistol, sabre, carbine, and blunderbuss. The carbine was a short gun, which threw a small bullet with great precision. The blunderbuss was also a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls, and of doing execution without exact aim. These fierce warriors, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, presented an array indescribably brilliant, as, with gay turbans, and waving plumes, and gaudy banners, and gold-spangled robes, in meteoric splendor, with the swiftness of the wind, they burst from behind the sand-hills. Charging like the rush of a tornado, they rent the air with their hideous yells, and discharged their carbines while in full career, and halted, wheeled, and retreated with a precision and celerity which amazed even the most accomplished horsemen of the army of Italy.

The extended sandy plains were exactly adapted to the maneuvers of these flying herds. The least motion or the slightest breath of wind raised a cloud of dust, blinding, choking, and smothering the French, but apparently presenting no annoyance either to the Arab rider or to his horse. If a weary straggler loitered a few steps behind the toiling column, or if any soldiers ventured to leave the ranks in pursuit of the Mamelukes in their bold attacks, certain and instant death was encountered. A wild troop, enveloped in clouds of dust, like spirits from another world, dashed upon them, cut down the adventurers with their keen Damascus blades, and disappeared in the desert almost before a musket could be leveled at them.

After five days of inconceivable suffering, the long-wished-for Nile was seen, glittering through the sand-hills of the desert, and bordered by a fringe of the richest luxuriance. The scene burst upon the view of the panting soldiers like a vision of enchantment. Shouts of joy burst from the ranks. All discipline and order were instantly forgotten. The whole army of thirty thousand men, with horses and camels, rushed forward, a tumultuous throng, and plunged, in the delirium of excitement, into the waves. They luxuriated, with indescribable delight, in the cool and refreshing stream. They rolled over and over in the water, shouting and frolicking in wild joy. Reckless of consequences, they drank and drank again, as if they never could be satiated with the delicious beverage.

In the midst of this scene of turbulent and almost phrensied exultation, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, the trampling of hoofs was heard, and a body of nearly a thousand Mameluke horsemen, on fleet Arabian chargers, came sweeping down upon them with fiendlike velocity, their sabres flashing in the sunlight, and rending the air with their hideous yells. The drums beat the alarm, the trumpets sounded, and the veteran soldiers, drilled to the most perfect mechanical precision, instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, to meet the foe. In a moment the assault, like a tornado, fell upon them. But it was a tornado striking a rock. Not a line wavered. A palisade of bristling bayonets met the breasts of the

horses, and they recoiled from the shock. A volcanic burst of fire, from artillery and musketry, rolled hundreds of steeds and riders together in the dust. The survivors, wheeling their unchecked chargers, disappeared with the same meteoric rapidity with which they had approached.

The flotilla now appeared in sight, having arrived at the destined spot at the precise hour designated by Napoleon. This was not accident. It was the result of that wonderful power of mind and extent of information which had enabled Napoleon perfectly to understand the difficulties of the two routes, and to give his orders in such a way that they could be and would be obeyed. It was remarked by Napoleon's generals that, during a week's residence in Egypt, he acquired apparently as perfect an acquaintance with the country as if it had been his native land.

The whole moral aspect of the army was now changed with the change in the aspect of the country. The versatile troops forgot their sufferings, and, rejoicing in abundance, danced and sang beneath the refreshing shade of sycamores and palm-trees. The fields were waving with luxuriant harvests. Pigeons were abundant. The most delicious water-melons were brought to the camp in inexhaustible profusion; but the villages were poor and squalid, and the houses mere hovels of mud. The execrations in which the soldiers had indulged in the desert now gave place to jokes and glee. For seven days they marched resolutely forward along the banks of the Nile, admiring the fertility of the country, and despising the poverty and degradation of the inhabitants. They declared that there was no such place as Cairo, but that the "Little Corporal" had suffered himself to be transported, *like a good boy*, to that miserable land, in search of a city even more unsubstantial than the mirage of the desert.

On the march, Napoleon stopped at the house of an Arab sheik. The interior presented a revolting scene of squalidness and misery. The proprietor was, however, reported to be rich. Napoleon treated the old man with great kindness, and asked, through an interpreter, why he lived in such utter destitution of all the comforts of life, assuring him that an unreserved answer should expose him to no inconvenience. He replied, "Some years ago I repaired and furnished my dwelling. Information of this was carried to Cairo, and having been thus proved to be wealthy, a large sum of money was demanded from me by the Mamelukes, and the bastinado was inflicted until I paid it. Look at my feet, which bear witness to what I endured. From that time I have reduced myself to the barest necessities, and no longer seek to repair any thing." The poor old man was lamed for life, in consequence of the mutilation which his feet received from the terrible infliction. Such was the tyranny of the Mamelukes. The Egyptians, in abject slavery to their proud oppressors, were compelled to surrender their wives, their children, and even their own persons, to the absolute will of the despots who ruled them.

Numerous bands of Mameluke horsemen, the most formidable body of cavalry in the world, were continually hovering about the army, watching for points of exposure, and it was necessary to be constantly prepared for an attack. Nothing could have been more effective than the disposition which Napoleon made of his troops to meet this novel mode of warfare. He form-

ed his army into five squares. The sides of each square were composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery were placed at the angles. Within the square were grenadier companies in platoons to support the points of attack. The generals, the scientific corps, and the baggage were in the centre. These squares were moving masses. When on the march, all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. When charged, they immediately halted and fronted on every side—the outermost rank kneeling, that those behind might shoot over their heads; the whole body thus presenting a living fortress of bristling bayonets.

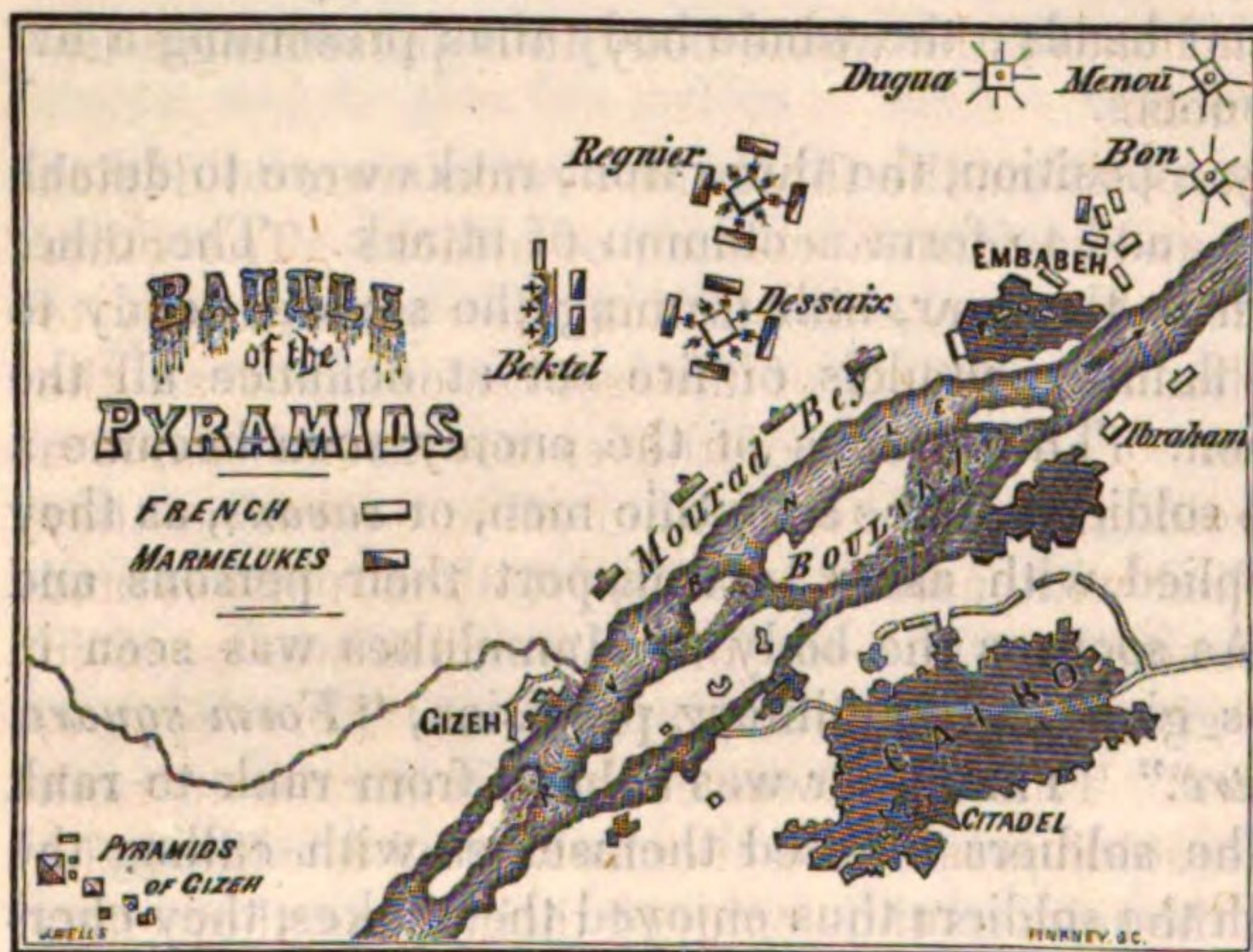
When they were to carry a position, the three front ranks were to detach themselves from the square, and to form a column of attack. The other three ranks were to remain in the rear, still forming the square, ready to rally the column. These flaming citadels of fire set at defiance all the power of the Arab horsemen. The attacks of the enemy soon became a subject of merriment to the soldiers. The scientific men, or *savans*, as they were called, had been supplied with asses to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. As soon as the body of Mamelukes was seen in the distance, the order was given, with military precision, "*Form square, savans and asses in the centre.*" This order was echoed from rank to rank with peals of laughter. The soldiers amused themselves with calling the asses *demi-savans*. Though the soldiers thus enjoyed their jokes, they cherished the highest respect for many of these savans, who in scenes of battle had manifested the utmost intrepidity. After a march of seven days, during which time they had many bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the army approached Cairo.

Mourad Bey had there assembled the greater part of his Mamelukes, nearly ten thousand in number, for a decisive battle. These proud and powerful horsemen were supported by twenty-four thousand foot-soldiers, strongly intrenched. Cairo is on the eastern bank of the Nile. Napoleon was marching along the western shore. On the morning of the 21st of July, Napoleon, conscious that he was near the city, set his army in motion before the break of day. Just as the sun was rising in those cloudless skies, the soldiers beheld the lofty minarets of the city upon their left, gilded by its rays, and upon the right, upon the borders of the desert, the gigantic pyramids rising like mountains upon an apparently boundless plain.

The whole army instinctively halted, and gazed, awe-stricken, upon those monuments of antiquity. The face of Napoleon beamed with enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, as he rode along the ranks, "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The ardor of the soldiers was aroused to the highest pitch. Animated by the clangor of martial bands and the gleam of flaunting banners, they advanced with impetuous steps to meet their foes. The whole plain before them, at the base of the pyramids, was filled with armed men. The glittering weapons of ten thousand horsemen, in the utmost splendor of barbaric chivalry, brilliant with plumes and arms of burnished steel and gold, presented an array inconceivably imposing. Undismayed, the French troops, marshaled in five invincible squares, pressed on. There was no other alternative. Napoleon must march upon those intrenchments, behind which twenty-four thousand men were stationed

with powerful artillery and musketry to sweep his ranks, and a formidable body of ten thousand horsemen, on fleet and powerful Arabian steeds, awaiting the onset, and ready to seize upon the slightest indications of confusion to plunge, with the fury which fatalism can inspire, upon his bleeding and mangled squares.

It must have been with Napoleon a moment of intense anxiety. But as he sat upon his horse, in



the centre of one of the squares, and carefully examined, with his telescope, the disposition of the enemy, no one could discern the least trace of uneasiness. His gaze was long and intense. The keenness of his scrutiny detected that the enemy's guns were not mounted upon carriages, and that they could not, therefore, be turned from the direction in which

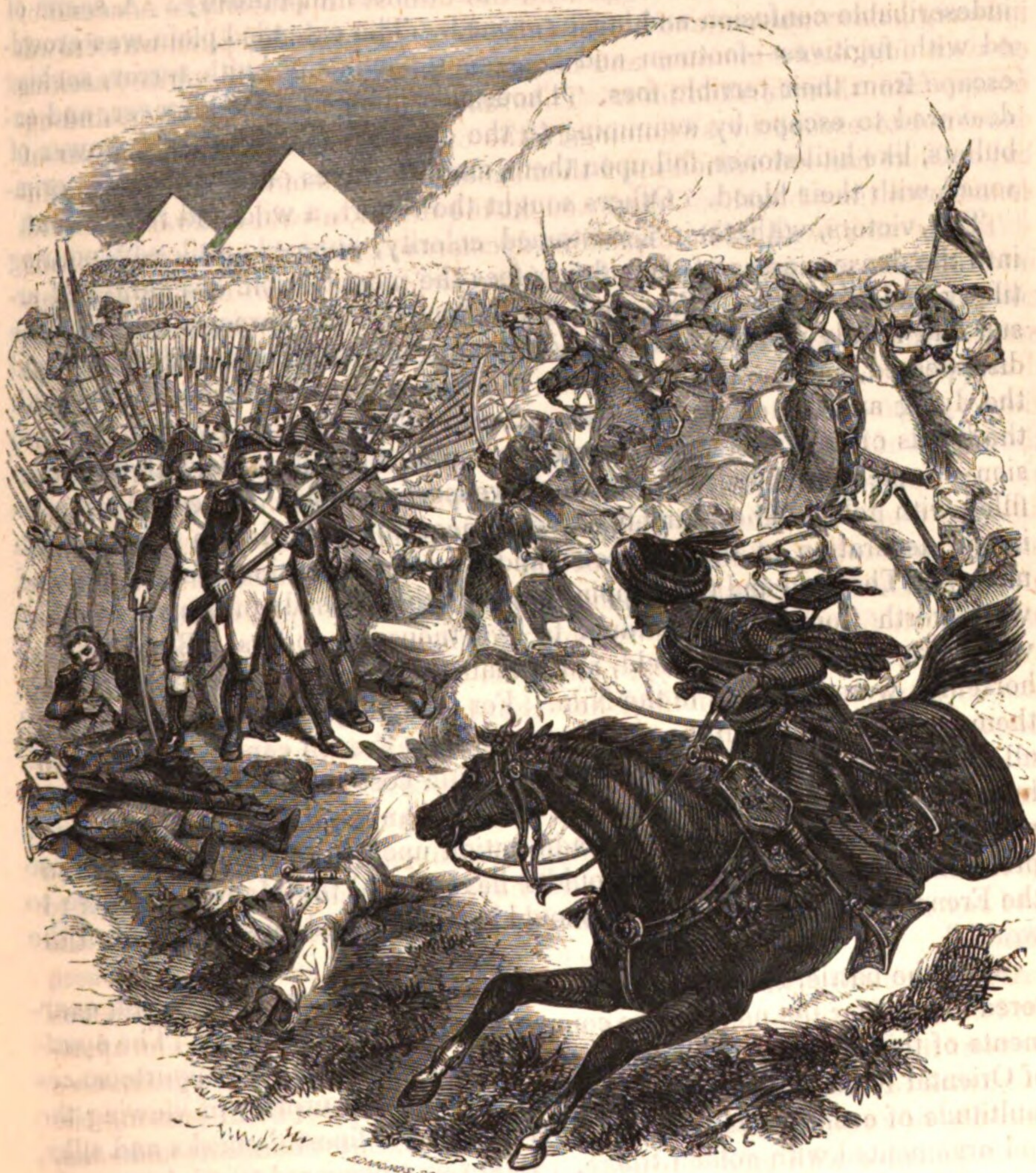
they were placed. No other officer, though many of them had equally good glasses, made this important discovery. He immediately, by a lateral movement, guided his army to the right, toward the pyramids, that his squares might be out of the range of the guns, and that he might attack the enemy in flank. The moment Mourad Bey perceived this evolution, he divined its object, and, with great military sagacity, resolved instantly to charge.

"You shall now see us," said the proud Bey, "cut up those dogs like gourds!"

It was, indeed, a fearful spectacle. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently dressed, with the fleetest steeds in the world, urging their horses, with bloody spurs, to the most impetuous and furious onset, rending the heavens with their cries, and causing the very earth to tremble beneath the thunder of iron feet, came down upon the adamant host. Nothing was ever seen in war more furious than this charge. Ten thousand horsemen form an enormous mass. Those longest inured to danger felt that it was an awful moment. It seemed impossible to resist such a living avalanche. The most profound silence reigned through the ranks, interrupted only by the word of command. The nerves of excitement being roused to the utmost tension, every order was executed with most marvelous rapidity and precision. The soldiers held their breath, and, with bristling bayonets, stood shoulder to shoulder to receive the shock.

The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, the artillery at the angles plowed their ranks, and platoons of musketry, volley after volley, in uninterrupted discharge, swept into their faces a pitiless tempest of destruction. Horses and riders, struck by the balls, rolled over each other by hundreds on the sand. They were trampled and crushed by the iron

hoofs of the thousands of frantic steeds, enveloped in dust and smoke, composing the vast and impetuous squadrons. But the squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The daring Mamelukes, in the phrensy of their rage and disappoint-



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

ment, threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the ranks, that they might kick their way into those terrible fortresses of living men. Rendered furious by their inability to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French. The wounded crawled along the ground, and with their cimeters cut at the legs of their indomitable foes. They displayed superhuman bravery, the only virtue which the Mamelukes possessed.

But an incessant and merciless fire from Napoleon's well-trained battalions continually thinned their ranks, and at last the Mamelukes, in the wild-

est disorder, broke and fled. The infantry in the intrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted troops, whom they had considered invincible, and seeing such incessant and volcanic sheets of flame bursting from the impenetrable squares, caught the panic, and joined the flight. Napoleon now, in his turn, charged with the utmost impetuosity. A scene of indescribable confusion and horror ensued. The extended plain was crowded with fugitives—footmen and horsemen, bewildered with terror, seeking escape from their terrible foes. Thousands plunged into the river, and endeavored to escape by swimming to the opposite shore. But a shower of bullets, like hail-stones, fell upon them, and the waves of the Nile were crimsoned with their blood. Others sought the desert, a wild and rabble rout.

The victors, with their accustomed celerity, pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete—the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian before the whole embattled host had disappeared, and the plain, as far as the eye could extend, was strewn with the dying and the dead. The camp, with all its Oriental wealth, fell into the hands of the victors, and the soldiers enriched themselves with its profusion of splendid shawls, magnificent weapons, Arabian horses, and purses filled with gold. The Mamelukes were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decoration of their persons, and to carry with them large sums of money. The gold and the trappings found upon the body of each Mameluke were worth from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Besides those who were slain upon the field, more than a thousand of these formidable horsemen were drowned in the Nile. For many days the soldiers employed themselves in fishing up the rich booty, and the French camp was filled with all abundance. This most sanguinary battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded. More than ten thousand of the enemy perished. Napoleon gazed with admiration upon the bravery which these proud horsemen displayed. “Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry,” said he, “I should have reckoned myself master of the world.”

After the battle, Napoleon, now the undisputed conqueror of Egypt, quartered himself for the night in the country palace of Mourad Bey. The apartments of this voluptuous abode were embellished with all the appurtenances of Oriental luxury. The officers were struck with surprise in viewing the multitude of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks, and ornamented with golden fringe. Egypt was beggared to minister to the sensual indulgence of these haughty despots. Much of the night was passed in exploring this singular mansion. The garden was extensive and exceedingly magnificent. Innumerable vines were laden with the richest grapes. The vintage was soon gathered by the thousands of soldiers who filled the alleys and loitered in the arbors. Pots of preserves, of confectionery, and of sweetmeats of every kind, were quickly devoured by an army of mouths. The thousands of little elegancies which Europe, Asia, and Africa had contributed to minister to the voluptuous splendors of the regal mansion, were speedily transferred to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The “Battle of the Pyramids,” as Napoleon characteristically designated

it, sent a thrill of terror, far and wide, into the interior of Asia and Africa. These proud, merciless, licentious oppressors were execrated by the timid Egyptians, but they were deemed invincible. In an hour they had vanished, like the mist, before the genius of Napoleon.

The caravans which came to Cairo circulated through the vast regions of the interior, with all the embellishments of Oriental exaggeration, glowing accounts of the destruction of those terrible squadrons, which had so long tyrannized over Egypt, and the fame of whose military prowess had caused the most distant tribes to tremble. The name of Napoleon became suddenly as renowned in Asia and Africa as it had previously become in Europe. But twenty-one days had elapsed since he placed his foot upon the sands at Alexandria, and now he was sovereign of Egypt. The Egyptians also welcomed him as a friend and a liberator. The sheets of flame which incessantly burst from the French ranks so deeply impressed their imaginations, that they gave to Napoleon the Oriental appellation of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire.

The wives of the Mamelukes had all remained in Cairo. Napoleon treated them with the utmost consideration. He sent Eugene to the wife of Mourad Bey, to assure her of his protection. He preserved all her property for her, and granted her several requests which she made to him. Thus he endeavored, as far as possible, to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. The lady was so grateful for these attentions, that she entertained Eugene with all possible honors, and presented him, upon his departure, with a valuable diamond ring.

Cairo contained three hundred thousand inhabitants. Its population was degraded, inhuman, and ferocious. The capital was in a state of terrible agitation, for the path of Oriental conquerors is ever marked with brutality, flames, and blood. Napoleon immediately dispatched a detachment of his army into the city to restore tranquillity, and to protect persons and property from the fury of the populace. The next day but one, with great pomp and splendor, at the head of his victorious army, he entered Cairo, and took possession of the palace of Mourad Bey. With extraordinary intelligence and activity, he immediately consecrated all his energies to promote the highest interests of the country he had conquered.

Nothing escaped his observation. He directed his attention to the mosques, the harems, the condition of the women, the civil and religious institutions, the state of agriculture, the arts and sciences—to every thing which could influence the elevation and prosperity of the country. He visited the most influential of the Arab inhabitants, assured them of his friendship, of his respect for their religion, of his determination to protect their rights, and of his earnest desire to restore to Egypt its pristine glory. He disclaimed all sovereignty over Egypt, but organized a government to be administered by the people themselves. He succeeded perfectly in winning their confidence and admiration. He immediately established a Congress, composed of the most distinguished citizens of Cairo, for the creation of laws and the administration of justice, and established similar assemblies in all the provinces, which were to send deputies to the General Congress at Cairo. He organized the celebrated Institute of Egypt, to diffuse among the people the light and the

sciences of Europe. Some of the members were employed in making an accurate description and a perfect map of Egypt; others were to study the productions of the country, that its resources might be energetically and economically developed; others were to explore the ruins, thus to shed new light upon history; others were to study the social condition of the inhabitants, and proper plans for the promotion of their welfare, by the means of manufactures, canals, roads, mills, works upon the Nile, and improvements in agriculture.

Among the various questions proposed to the Institute by Napoleon, the following may be mentioned as illustrative of his enlarged designs. Ascertain the best construction for wind and water mills; find a substitute for the hop, which does not grow in Egypt, for the making of beer; select sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; select spots for wells in different parts of the desert; inquire into the means of clarifying and cooling the waters of the Nile; devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo, and all the ancient towns of Egypt, are encumbered; find materials for the manufacture of gunpowder. It is almost incredible that the Egyptians were not acquainted with wind-mills, wheel-barrows, or even hand-saws, until they were introduced by Napoleon. Engineers, draughtsmen, and men of science immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces of Egypt. Flour, as fine as could be obtained in Paris, was ground in mills at Alexandria, Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo. By the erection of public ovens, bread became abundant. Hospitals were established, with a bed for each patient. Saltpetre and gunpowder mills were erected. A foundry was constructed with reverberating furnaces. Large shops were built for locksmiths, armorers, joiners, cart-wrights, carpenters, and rope-makers. Silver goblets and services of plate were manufactured. A French and Arabic printing-press was set at work. Inconceivable activity was infused into every branch of industry. The genius of Napoleon, never weary, inspired all and guided all.

It was indeed a bright day which, after centuries of inaction and gloom, had thus suddenly dawned upon Egypt. The route was surveyed, and the expense estimated of two ship-canals, one connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Nile at Cairo; the other uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, across the Isthmus of Suez. Five millions of dollars and two years of labor would have executed both of these magnificent enterprises, and would have caused a new era to have dawned upon three continents. It is impossible not to deplore those events which have thus consigned anew these fertile regions to beggary and to barbarism. The accomplishment of these majestic plans might have transferred to the Nile and the Euphrates those energies now so transplendent upon the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio. "It is incredible," says Talleyrand, "how much Napoleon was able to achieve. He could effect more than any man, yes, more than any four men whom I have ever known. His genius was inconceivable. Nothing could exceed his energy, his imagination, his spirit, his capacity for work, his ease of accomplishment. He was clearly the most extraordinary man that I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in

our age, or for many ages." All the energies of Napoleon's soul were engrossed by these enterprises of grandeur and utility. Dissipation could present no aspect to allure him. "I have no passion," said he, "for women or gaming. I am entirely a political being."

The Arabs were lost in astonishment that a conqueror who wielded the thunderbolt could be so disinterested and merciful. Such generosity and self-denial was never before heard of in the East. They could in no way account for it. Their females were protected from insult; their persons and property were saved. Thirty thousand Europeans were toiling for the comfort and improvement of the Egyptians. They called Napoleon the worthy son of the prophet, the favorite of Allah. They even introduced his praises into their Litany, and chanted in the mosques, "Who is he that hath saved the favorite of Victory from the dangers of the sea, and from the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile? It is Allah! the great Allah! The Mamelukes put their trust in horses; they draw forth their infantry in battle array; but the favorite of Victory hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes. As the vapors which rise in the morning are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West; for the brave men of the West are as the apple of the eye to the great Allah."

Napoleon, to ingratiate himself with the people, and to become better acquainted with their character, attended their religious worship, and all their national festivals. Though he left the administration of justice in the hands of the sheiks, he enjoined and enforced scrupulous impartiality in their decisions. The robbers of the desert, who for centuries had devastated the frontiers with impunity, he repulsed with a vigorous hand, and under his energetic sway life and property became as safe in Egypt as in England or in France. The French soldiers became very popular with the native Egyptians, and might be seen in the houses, socially smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their domestic labors, and playing with their children.

One day Napoleon, in his palace, was giving audience to a numerous assemblage of sheiks and other distinguished men. Information was brought to him that some robbers from the desert had slain a poor friendless peasant, and carried off his flocks.

"Take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels," said Napoleon, immediately, to an officer of his staff, "and pursue these robbers until they are captured and the outrage is avenged."

"Was the poor wretch your cousin," exclaimed one of the sheiks, contemptuously, "that you are in such a rage at his death?"

"He was more," Napoleon replied, sublimely; "he was one whose safety Providence had intrusted to my care."

"Wonderful!" rejoined the sheik; "you speak like one inspired of the Almighty."

More than one assassin was dispatched by the Turkish authorities to murder Napoleon; but the Egyptians, with filial love, watched over him, gave him timely notice of the design, and effectually aided him in defeating it.

In the midst of this extraordinary prosperity, a reverse, sudden, terrible,

and irreparable, befell the French army. Admiral Brueys, devotedly attached to Napoleon, and anxious to ascertain that he had obtained a foothold in the country before leaving him to his fate, delayed withdrawing his fleet, as Napoleon had expressly enjoined, from the Bay of Aboukir, to place it in a position of safety. The second day after entering Cairo, Napoleon received dispatches from Admiral Brueys by which he learned that the squadron was in the Bay of Aboukir, exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He



was amazed at the intelligence, and immediately dispatched a messenger, to proceed with the utmost haste, and inform the admiral of his great disapprobation, and to warn him to take the fleet, without an hour's delay, either into the harbor of Alexandria, where it would be safe, or to make for

Corfu. The messenger was assassinated on the way by a party of Arabs. He could not, however, have reached Aboukir before the destruction of the fleet. In the mean time, Lord Nelson learned that the French had landed in Egypt. He immediately turned in that direction to seek their squadron.

At six o'clock in the evening of the first of August, but ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, the British fleet majestically entered the Bay of Aboukir, and closed upon their victims. The French squadron, consisting of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, was anchored in a semicircle, in a line corresponding with the curve of the shore. The plan of attack adopted by Nelson possessed the simplicity and originality of genius, and from the first moment victory was almost certain. As soon as Nelson perceived the situation of the French fleet, he resolved to double, with his whole force, on half of that of his enemy, pursuing the same system of tactics by sea which Napoleon had found so successful on the land. He ordered his fleet to take its station half on the outer, and half on the inner side of one end of the French line. Thus each French ship was placed between the fire of two of those of the English. The remainder of the French fleet, being at anchor to the leeward, could not easily advance to the relief of their doomed friends.

Admiral Brueys supposed that he was anchored so near the shore that the English could not pass inside of his line; but Nelson promptly decided that where there was room for the enemy to swing, there must be room for his ships to float. "If we succeed, what will the world say?" exclaimed one of Nelson's captains, with transport, as he was made acquainted with the plan of attack. "There is no if in the case," Nelson replied; "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The French fought with the energies of despair. For fifteen hours the unequal contest lasted. Dark night came on. The Bay of Aboukir resembled one wide flaming volcano, enveloped in the densest folds of sulphureous smoke. The ocean never witnessed a conflict more sanguinary and dreadful. About eleven o'clock, the *Orient* took fire. The smoke from the enormous burning mass ascended like an immense black balloon, when suddenly the flames, flashing through them, illumined the whole horizon with awful brilliance. At length its magazine, containing hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so tremendous as to shake every ship to its centre. So awfully did this explosion rise above the incessant roar of the battle, that simultaneously, on both sides, the firing ceased, and a silence as of the grave ensued. But immediately the murderous conflict was resumed. Death and destruction, in the midst of the congenial gloom of night, held high carnival in the bay. Thousands of Arabs lined the shore, gazing with astonishment and terror upon the awful spectacle. Without intermission, that dreadful conflict continued through the night and during the morning, and until high noon of the ensuing day, when the firing gradually ceased, for the French fleet was destroyed. Four ships only escaped, and sailed for Malta. The English ships were too much shattered to attempt to pursue the fugitives.

Admiral Brueys was wounded early in the action. He would not leave the quarter-deck. "An admiral," said he, "should die giving orders." A cannon-ball struck him, and but the fragments of his body could be found. Nelson was also severely wounded on the head. When carried to the cockpit, drenched in blood, he nobly refused, though in imminent danger of bleeding to death, to have his wounds dressed till the wounded seamen, who had been brought in before him, were attended to. "I will take my turn with my brave fellows," said he. Fully believing that his wound was mortal, he called for the chaplain, and requested him to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When the surgeon came, in due time, to inspect his wound, it was found that it was only superficial.

All of the transports and small craft which had conveyed Napoleon's army to Egypt were in the harbor of Alexandria, safe from attack, as Nelson had no frigates with which to cross the bar. For leagues the shore was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and with the mangled bodies of the dead. The bay was also filled with floating corpses, notwithstanding the utmost efforts to sink them. The majestic armament, which but four weeks before had sailed from Toulon, was thus utterly overthrown. The loss of the English was but about one thousand. Of the French, five thousand perished, and three thousand were made prisoners.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson made signal for the crew, in every ship, to be assembled for prayers. The stillness of the Sabbath instantly pervaded the whole squadron, while thanksgivings were offered to God for the signal victory. So strange is the heart of man. England was desolating the whole civilized world with war, to compel the French people to renounce republicanism, and establish a monarchy. And in the bloody hour when the Bay of Aboukir was covered with the thousands of the mutilated dead, whom her strong arm had destroyed, she, with unquestioned sin-

cerity, offered to God the tribute of thanksgiving and praise; and from the churches and the firesides of England, tens of thousands of pious hearts breathed the fervent prayer of gratitude to God for the great victory of Aboukir.

Such was the famous *Battle of the Nile*, as it has since been called. It was a signal conquest. It was a magnificent triumph of British arms; but a victory apparently more fatal to the great interests of humanity was, perhaps, never gained. It was the death-blow to reviving Egypt. It extinguished in midnight gloom the light of civilization and science which had just been enkindled on those dreary shores. Merciless oppression again tightened its iron grasp upon Asia and Africa, and already, as the consequence, has another half century of crime, cruelty, and outrage blighted that doomed land.

Napoleon at once saw that all his hopes were blasted. The blow was utterly irreparable. He was cut off from Europe. He could receive no supplies. He could not return. Egypt was his prison. Yet he received the news of this terrible disaster with imperturbable equanimity. Not a word or gesture was permitted to escape him which indicated the slightest discouragement. With unabated zeal, he pursued his plans, and soon succeeded in causing the soldiers to forget the disaster. He wrote to Kleber, "We must die in this country, or get out of it as great as the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt a heritage of greatness." "Yes!" Kleber replied, "we must do great things. I am preparing my faculties."

The exultation among the crowned heads in Europe, in view of this great monarchical victory, was unbounded. England immediately created Nelson Baron of the Nile, and conferred a pension of ten thousand dollars a year, to be continued to his two immediate successors. The Grand Seignior, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and the East India Company, made him magnificent presents. Despotism upon the Continent, which had received such heavy blows from Napoleon, began to rejoice and to revive. The newly-emancipated people, struggling into the life of liberty, were disheartened. Exultant England formed new combinations of banded kings, to replace the Bourbons on their throne, and to crush the spirit of popular liberty and equality, which had obtained such a foothold in France. All monarchical Europe rejoiced; all republican Europe mourned.*

The day of Aboukir was indeed a disastrous day to France. Napoleon, with his intimate friends, did not conceal his conviction of the magnitude of the calamity. He appeared occasionally, for a moment, lost in painful reverie, and was heard, two or three times, to exclaim, in indescribable tones of emotion, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done?" But hardly an hour elapsed after he had received the dreadful tidings ere he entirely recovered his accustomed fortitude and presence of mind, and he soon succeeded in al-

* The tidings of this victory sent a wave of unutterable exultation through all the aristocratic courts of Europe. Lady Hamilton thus writes of its effects upon the infamous Queen of Naples: "It is not possible to describe her transports. She wept, she kissed her husband, her children, walked frantically about the room, burst into tears again, and again embraced every person near her, exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer. O Nelson! Nelson! what do we not owe you? O conqueror! savior of Italy! oh that my swollen heart could now tell him personally what we owe him!'"

laying the despair of the soldiers. He saw, at a glance, all the consequences of this irreparable loss; and it speaks well for his heart that, in the midst of a disappointment so terrible, he could have forgotten his own grief in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of his friend. A heartless man could never have penned so touching an epistle as the following, addressed to Madame Brueys, the widow of the man who had been unintentionally the cause of apparently the greatest calamity which could have befallen him.

"Your husband has been killed by a cannon-ball while combating on his quarter-deck. He died, without suffering, the death the most easy and the most envied by the brave. I feel warmly for your grief. The moment which separates us from the object which we love is terrible; we feel isolated on the earth; we almost experience the convulsions of the last agony; the faculties of the soul are annihilated; its connection with the earth is preserved only through the medium of a painful dream, which disturbs every thing. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life; that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, Madame! they will open the fountains of your heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the republic have sustained in his death. After having resumed the interests in life by the chord of maternal love, you

will perhaps feel some consolation from the friendship and warm interest which I shall ever take in the widow of my friend."

The French soldiers, with the versatility of disposition which has ever characterized the light-hearted nation, finding all possibility of a return to France cut off, soon regained their wonted gaiety, and with zeal engaged in all the plans of Napoleon for the improvement of the country, which it now appeared that, for many years, must be their home.



STUDYING THE RUINS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SYRIAN EXPEDITION.

Government of Desaix—Excursion to the Red Sea—Combination against Napoleon—Insurrection in Cairo—The Dromedary Regiment—Terrible Sufferings—El Arish—Dilemma—Joy of the Soldiers at Rain—Jaffa—Council of War—Statement of Bourrienne—March upon Acre—Letter to Achmet—Plague—Charge upon the Band of Kleber—Arrival of Napoleon—Tempting Offer of Sir Sydney Smith—The Bomb-shell.

THOUGH, after the Battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon was the undisputed master of Egypt, still much was to be accomplished in pursuing the desperate remnants of the Mamelukes, and in preparing to resist the overwhelming forces which it was to be expected that England and Turkey would send against him. Mourad Bey had retreated, with a few thousand of his horsemen, into Upper Egypt. Napoleon dispatched General Desaix, with two thousand men, to pursue him. After several terribly bloody conflicts, Desaix took possession of all of Upper Egypt, as far as the cataracts. Imbibing the humane and politic sentiments of Napoleon, he became widely renowned and beloved for his justice and his clemency. A large party of scientific men accompanied the military division, examining every object of interest, and taking accurate drawings of those sphinxes, obelisks, temples, and sepulchral monuments which, in solitary grandeur, have withstood the ravages of four thousand years. To the present hour, the Egyptians remember with affection the mild and merciful, yet efficient government of Desaix. They were never weary with contrasting it with the despotism of the Turks.

In the mean time, Napoleon, in person, made an expedition to Suez, to inspect the proposed route of a canal to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. With indefatigable activity of mind, he gave orders for the construction of new works to fortify the harbor of Suez, and commenced the formation of an infant marine. One day, with quite a retinue, he made an excursion to that identical point of the Red Sea which, as tradition reports, the children of Israel crossed three thousand years ago. The tide was out, and he passed over to the Asiatic shore upon extended flats. Various objects of interest engrossed his attention until late in the afternoon, when he commenced his return. The twilight faded away, and darkness came rapidly on. The party lost their path, and, as they were wandering, bewildered, among the sands, the rapidly returning tide surrounded them. The darkness of the night increased, and the horses floundered deeper and deeper in the rising waves. The water reached the girths of the saddles, and dashed upon the feet of the riders, and destruction seemed inevitable.

From this perilous position, Napoleon extricated himself by that presence of mind and promptness of decision which seemed never to fail him. It was an awful hour and an awful scene; and yet, amid the darkness and the rising waves of apparently a shoreless ocean, the spirit of Napoleon was as

unperturbed as if he were reposing in slippered ease upon his sofa. He collected his escort around him in concentric circles, each horseman facing outward, and ranged in several rows. He then ordered them to advance,



THE ESCAPE FROM THE RED SEA.

each in a straight line. When the horse of the leader of one of these columns lost his foothold, and began to swim, the column drew back, and followed in the direction of another column which had not yet lost the firm ground. The radii, thrown out in every direction, were in this way successively withdrawn, till all were following in the direction of one column which had a stable footing. Thus escape was effected. The horses did not reach the shore until midnight, when they were wading breast-deep in the swelling waves. The tide rises on that part of the coast to the height of twenty-two feet. "Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh," said Napoleon, "it would have furnished all the preachers in Christendom with a magnificent text against me."

England, animated in the highest degree by the great victory of Aboukir, now redoubled her exertions to concentrate all the armies of Europe upon republican France. Napoleon had been very solicitous to avoid a rupture with the Grand Seignior at Constantinople. The Mamelukes who had revolted against his authority had soothed the pride of the Ottoman Porte, and purchased peace by paying tribute. Napoleon proposed to continue the tribute, that the revenues of the Turkish empire might not be diminished by the transfer of the sovereignty of Egypt from the oppressive Mamelukes to better hands. The Sultan was not sorry to see the Mamelukes punished, but he looked with much jealousy upon the movements of a victorious European army so near his throne.

The destruction of the French fleet deprived Napoleon of his ascendancy in the Levant, and gave the preponderance to England. The agents of the British government succeeded in rousing Turkey to arms, to recover a province which the Mamelukes had wrested from her, before Napoleon took it

from the Mamelukes. Russia also, with her barbaric legions, was roused, by the eloquence of England, to rush upon the French Republic in this day of disaster. Her troops crowded down from the north to ally themselves with the turbaned Turk for the extermination of the French in Egypt. Old enmities were forgotten, as Christians and Mussulmans grasped hands in friendship, unmindful of all other animosities in their common hatred and dread of republicanism.

The Russian fleet crowded down from the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, to the Golden Horn, where, amid the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the hundreds of thousands who throng the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, it was received into the embrace of the Turkish squadron. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle as, beneath the unclouded splendor of a September sun, this majestic armament swept through the beautiful scenery of the Hellespont. The shores of Europe and Asia, separated by this classic strait, were lined with admiring spectators, as the crescent and the cross, in friendly blending, fluttered together in the breeze. The combined squadron emerged into the Mediterranean, to co-operate with the victorious fleet of England, which was now the undisputed mistress of the sea. Religious animosities the most inveterate, and national antipathies the most violent, were reconciled by the pressure of a still stronger hostility to those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overthrow the despotism both of the Sultan and the Czar.

The Grand Seignior had assembled an army of twenty thousand men at Rhodes. They were to be conveyed by the combined fleet to the shores of Egypt, and were there to effect a landing under cover of its guns. Another vast army was assembled in Syria, to march down upon the French by way of the desert, and attack them simultaneously with the forces sent by the fleet. England and the emissaries of the Bourbons, with vast sums of money accumulated from the European monarchies, were actively co-operating upon the Syrian coast, by landing munitions of war, and by supplying able military engineers. The British government was also accumulating a vast army in India, to be conveyed by transports up the Red Sea, and to fall upon the French in their rear. England also succeeded in forming a new coalition with Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and other minor European States, to drive the French out of Italy, and with countless numbers to invade the territory of France. Thus it would be in vain for the Directory to attempt even to send succors to their absent general; and it was not doubted that Napoleon, thus assailed in divers quarters by overpowering numbers, would fall an easy prey to his foes. Thus suddenly and portentously peril frowned upon France from every quarter.

Mourad Bey, animated by this prospect of the overthrow of his victorious enemies, formed a wide-spread conspiracy, embracing all the friends of the Mamelukes and of the Turks. Every Frenchman was doomed to death, as in one hour, all over the land, the conspirators, with cimeter and poniard, should fall upon their unsuspecting foes. In this dark day of accumulating disaster, the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with new and terrible brilliance.

But few troops were at the time in Cairo, for no apprehension of danger was cherished, and the French were scattered over Egypt, engaged in all

plans of utility. At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, Napoleon was awaked from sleep by the announcement that the city was in revolt; that mounted Bedouin Arabs were crowding in at the gates; and that several officers and many soldiers were already assassinated. He ordered an aid immediately to take a number of the Guard and quell the insurrection. But a few moments passed ere one of them returned covered with blood, and informed him that all the rest were slain. It was an hour of fearful peril. Calmly, fearlessly, mercilessly did Napoleon encounter it.

Immediately mounting his horse, accompanied by a body of his faithful Guard, he proceeded to every threatened point. Instantly the presence of Napoleon was felt. A fierce storm of grapeshot, cannon-balls, and bomb-shells swept the streets with unintermitted and terrible destruction. Blood flowed in torrents. The insurgents, in dismay, fled to the most populous quarters of the city. Napoleon followed them with their doom, as calm as destiny. From the windows and the roofs, the insurgents fought with desperation. The buildings were immediately enveloped in flames. They fled into the streets only to be hewn down with sabres and mown down with grapeshot. Multitudes, bleeding and breathless with consternation, sought refuge in the mosques. The mosques were battered down and set on fire, and the wretched inmates perished miserably. The calm yet terrible energy with which Napoleon annihilated "the murderers of the French," sent a thrill of dismay through Egypt.

This language of energetic action was awfully eloquent. It was heard and heeded. It accomplished the purpose for which it was uttered. Neither Turk nor Arab ventured again to raise the dagger against Napoleon. Egypt felt the spell of the mighty conqueror, and stood still while he gathered his strength to encounter England, and Russia, and Turkey in their combined power. "My soldiers," said Napoleon, "are my children." The lives of thirty thousand Frenchmen were in his keeping. Mercy to the barbaric and insurgent Turks would have been counted weakness, and the bones of Napoleon and of his army would soon have whitened the sands of the desert. War is a wholesale system of brutality and carnage. The most revolting, execrable details are essential to its vigorous execution. Bomb-shells can not be thrown affectionately. Charges of cavalry can not be made with a meek and lowly spirit. Red-hot shot, falling into the beleaguered city, will not turn from the cradle of the infant, or from the couch of the dying maiden. These horrible scenes must continue to be enacted till the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

Early in January, Napoleon received intelligence that the van-guard of the Syrian army, with a formidable artillery train, and vast military stores, which had been furnished from the English ships, had invaded Egypt, on the borders of the great Syrian desert, and had captured El Arish. He immediately resolved to anticipate the movements of his enemies, to cross the desert with the rapidity of the wind, to fall upon the enemy at unawares, and thus to cut up this formidable army before it could be strengthened by the co-operation of the host assembled at Rhodes.

Napoleon intended to rally around his standard the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and all the Christian tribes of Syria, who were anxiously awaiting his

approach, and having established friendly relations with the Ottoman Porte, to march, with an army of a hundred thousand auxiliaries, upon the Indus, and drive the English out of India. As England was the undisputed mistress of the sea, this was the only point where republican France could assail its unrelenting foe. The imagination of Napoleon was lost in contemplating the visions of power and of empire thus rising before him.

For such an enterprise, the ambitious general, with an army of but ten thousand men, commenced his march over the desert, one hundred and fifty miles broad, which separates Africa from Asia. The Pacha of Syria, called Achmet the *Butcher*, from his merciless ferocity, was execrated by the Syrians. Napoleon had received delegations from the Christian tribes entreating him to come for their deliverance from the most intolerable oppression, and assuring him of their readiness to join his standard. The English, to divert the attention of Napoleon from his project upon Syria, commenced the bombardment of Alexandria. He understood the object of the unavailing attack, and treated it with disdain. He raised a regiment of entirely a new kind, called the Dromedary Regiment. Two men, seated back to back, were mounted on each dromedary; and such was the strength and endurance of these animals, that they could thus travel ninety miles without food, water, or rest. This regiment was formed to give chase to the Arab robbers, who, in fierce banditti bands, were the scourge of Egypt. The marauders were held in terror by the destruction with which they were overwhelmed by these swift avengers. Napoleon himself rode upon a dromedary.

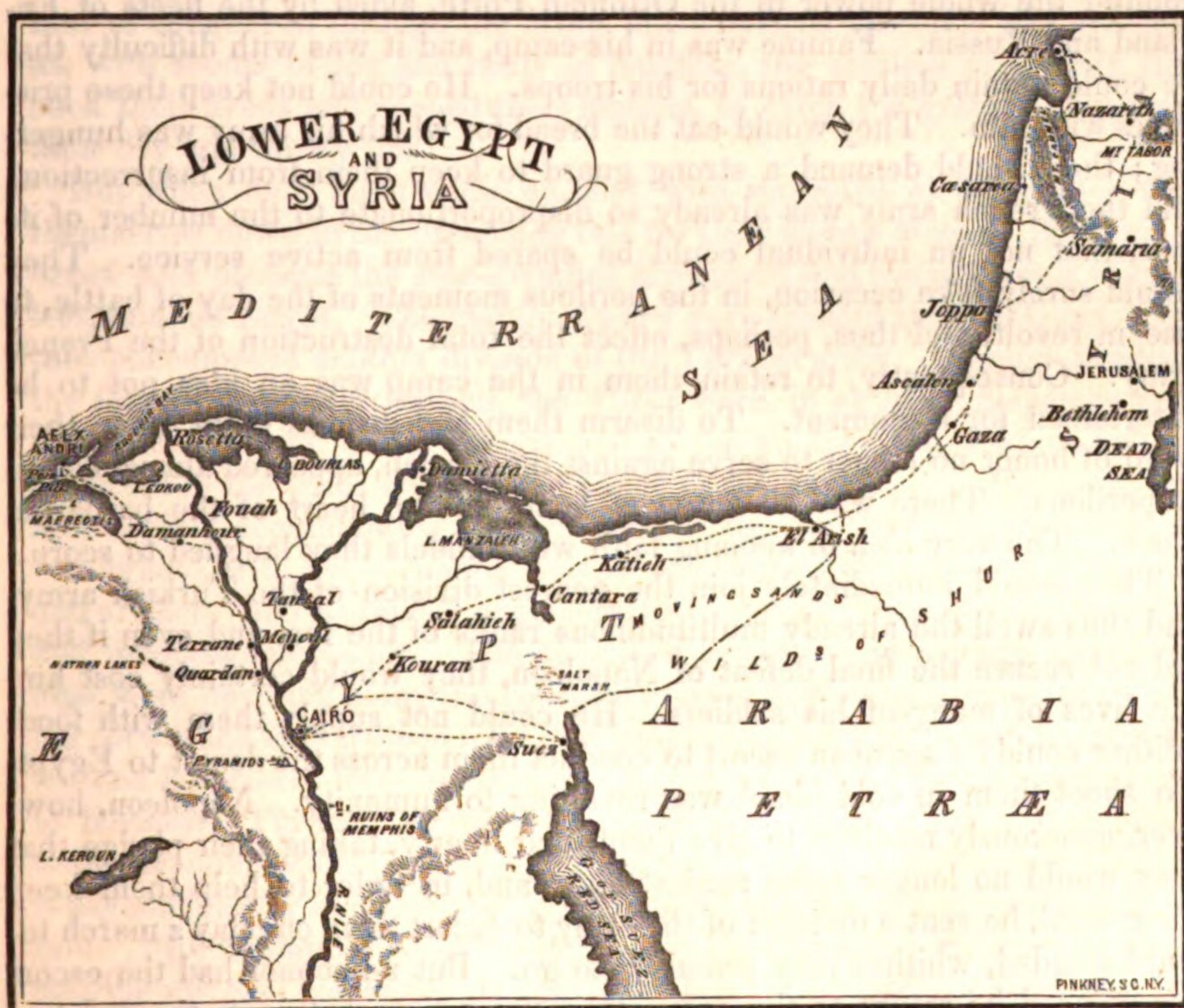


THE DROMEDARY REGIMENT.

The conveyance of an army of ten thousand men, with horses and artillery, across such an apparently interminable waste of shifting sand, was attended with inconceivable suffering. To allay the despair of the soldiers, Napoleon, ever calm and unagitated in the contemplation of any catastrophe however dreadful, soon dismounted, and waded through the burning sands by the side of the soldiers, sharing the deprivations and the toils of the humblest

private in the ranks. Five days were occupied in traversing this forlorn waste. Water was carried for the troops in skins. At times, portions of the army, almost perishing with thirst, surrendered themselves to despair. The presence of Napoleon, however, invariably reanimated hope and courage. The soldiers were ashamed to complain when they saw their youthful leader, pale and slender, and with health seriously impaired, toiling along by their side, sharing cheerfully all their privations and fatigues.

The heat of these glowing deserts, beneath the fierce glare of a cloudless sun, was almost intolerable. At one time, when nearly suffocated by the intense heat, while passing by some ruins, a common soldier yielded to Napoleon the fragments of a pillar, in whose refreshing shadow he contrived, for a few moments, to shield his head. "And this," said Napoleon, "was no trifling concession." At another time, a party of the troops got lost among



the sand-hills, and nearly perished. Napoleon took some Arabs on dromedaries, and hastened in pursuit of them. When found, they were nearly dead from thirst, fatigue, and despair. Some of the younger soldiers, in their phrensy, had broken their muskets and thrown them away. The sight of their beloved general revived their hopes, and inspired them with new life. Napoleon informed them that provisions and water were at hand. "But," said he, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmurings and loss of courage? No! soldiers learn to die with honor."

After a march of five days, they arrived before El Arish, one of those small, strongly fortified military towns, deformed by every aspect of poverty and

wretchedness, with which iron despotism has filled the once fertile plains of Syria. El Arish was within the boundaries of Egypt. It had been captured by the Turks, and they had accumulated there immense magazines of military stores. It was the hour of midnight when Napoleon arrived beneath its walls. The Turks, not dreaming that a foe was near, were roused from sleep by the storm of balls and shells shaking the walls and crushing down through the roofs of their dwellings. They sprang to their guns, and, behind the ramparts of stone, fought with their accustomed bravery; but, after a short and bloody conflict, they were compelled to retire, and effected a disorderly retreat.

The garrison in the citadel, consisting of nearly two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Napoleon was not a little embarrassed in deciding what to do with these men. He had but ten thousand soldiers with whom to encounter the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, aided by the fleets of England and Russia. Famine was in his camp, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain daily rations for his troops. He could not keep these prisoners with him. They would eat the bread for which his army was hungering; they would demand a strong guard to keep them from insurrection; and the French army was already so disproportionate to the number of its foes, that not an individual could be spared from active service. They would surely take occasion, in the perilous moments of the day of battle, to rise in revolt, and thus, perhaps, effect the total destruction of the French army. Consequently, to retain them in the camp was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. To disarm them and dismiss them, upon their word of honor no longer to serve against the French, appeared almost equally perilous. There was no sense of honor in the heart of the barbarian Turk. The very idea of keeping faith with infidels they laughed to scorn.

They would immediately join the nearest division of the Turkish army, and thus swell the already multitudinous ranks of the foe, and even if they did not secure the final defeat of Napoleon, they would certainly cost him the lives of many of his soldiers. He could not supply them with food, neither could he spare an escort to conduct them across the desert to Egypt. To shoot them in cold blood was revolting to humanity. Napoleon, however, generously resolved to give them their liberty, taking their pledge that they would no longer serve against him; and, in order to help them keep their word, he sent a division of the army to escort them one day's march toward Bagdad, whither they promised to go. But no sooner had the escort commenced its return to the army, than these men, between one and two thousand in number, turned also, and made a straight path for their feet to the fortress of Jaffa, laughing at the simplicity of their outwitted foe. But Napoleon was not a man to be laughed at. This merriment soon died away in fearful wailings. Here they joined the marshaled hosts of Achmet the Butcher. The bloody pacha armed them anew, and placed them in his foremost ranks, again to pour a shower of bullets upon the little band headed by Napoleon.

El Arish is in Egypt, eighteen miles from the granite pillars which mark the confines of Asia and Africa. Napoleon now continued his march through a dry, barren, and thirsty land. After having traversed a dreary desert of a

hundred and fifty miles, the whole aspect of the country began rapidly to change. The soldiers were delighted to see the wreaths of vapor gathering in the hitherto glowing and cloudless skies. Green and flowery valleys, groves of olive-trees, and wood-covered hills, rose like a vision of enchantment before the eye, so long weary of gazing upon shifting sands and barren rocks. Napoleon often alluded to his passage across the desert, remarking that the scene was ever peculiarly gratifying to his mind. "I never passed the desert," said he, "without experiencing very powerful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It displayed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man." As they approached the mountains of Syria, clouds began to darken the sky, and when a few drops of rain descended—a phenomenon which they had not witnessed for many months—the joy of the soldiers was exuberant. A murmur of delight ran through the army, and a curious spectacle was presented, as, with shouts of joy and peals of laughter, the soldiers in a body threw back their heads and opened their mouths, to catch the grateful drops upon their dry and thirsty lips.

But when dark night came on, and, with saturated clothing, they threw themselves down in the drenching rain for their night's bivouac, they remembered with pleasure the star-spangled firmament and the dry sands of cloudless, rainless Egypt. The march of a few days brought them to Gaza. Here they encountered another division of the Turkish army. Though headed by the ferocious Achmet himself, the Turks were, in an hour, dispersed before the resistless onset of the French, and all the military stores which had been collected in the place fell into the hands of the conqueror. But perils were now rapidly accumulating around the adventurous band.

England, with her invincible fleet, was landing men and munitions of war, and artillery, and European engineers, to arrest the progress of the audacious and indefatigable victor. The combined squadrons of Turkey and Russia, also, were hovering along the coast, to prevent any possible supplies from being forwarded to Napoleon from Alexandria. Thirty thousand Turks, infantry and horsemen, were marshaled at Damascus. Twenty thousand were at Rhodes. Through all the ravines of Syria, the turbaned Mussulmans, with gleaming sabres, were crowding down to swell the hostile ranks, already sufficiently numerous to render Napoleon's destruction apparently certain. Still unintimidated, Napoleon pressed on, with the utmost celerity, into the midst of his foes. On the 3d of March, twenty-three days after leaving Cairo, he arrived at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. This place, strongly garrisoned, was surrounded by a massive wall flanked by towers. Napoleon had no heavy battering train, for such ponderous machines could not be dragged across the desert. He had ordered some pieces to be forwarded to him from Alexandria, by small vessels which could coast near the shore; but they had been intercepted and taken by the vigilance of the English cruisers.

Not an hour, however, was to be lost. From every point in the circumference of the circle of which his little band was the centre, the foe was hurrying to meet him. The sea was whitened with their fleets, and the tramp of their dense columns shook the land. His only hope was, by rapidity of action to defeat the separate divisions before all should unite. With his light

artillery he battered a breach in the walls, and then, to save the effusion of blood, sent a summons to the commander to surrender. The barbarian Turk, regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, cut off the head of the unfortunate messenger, and raised the ghastly, gory trophy upon a pole from one of the towers. This was his bloody gauntlet, his defiance, and threat.

The enraged soldiers, with extraordinary intrepidity, rushed in at the breach and took sanguinary vengeance. The French suffered very severely, and the carnage on both sides was awful. Nothing could restrain the fury of the assailants, enraged at the wanton murder of their comrade. For many hours a scene of horror was exhibited in the streets of Jaffa, which could hardly have been surpassed had the conflict raged between fiends in the world of woe. Earth has never presented a spectacle more horrible than that of a city taken by assault. The vilest and the most abandoned of mankind invariably crowd into the ranks of an army. Imagination shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the rush of ten thousand demons, infuriated and inflamed, into the dwellings of a crowded city.

Napoleon, shocked at the outrages which were perpetrated, sent two of his aids to appease the fury of the soldiers, and to stop the massacre. Proceeding upon this message of mercy, they advanced to a large building where a portion of the garrison had taken refuge. The soldiers were shooting them as they appeared at the windows, battering the doors with cannon-balls, and setting fire to the edifice, that all might be consumed together. The Turks fought with the energies of despair. These were the men who had capitulated at El Arish, and who had violated their parole. They now offered to surrender again, if their lives might be spared. The aids, with much difficulty, rescued them from the rage of the maddened soldiers, and they were conducted, some two thousand in number, as prisoners into the French camp.

Napoleon was walking in front of his tent when he saw the multitude of men approaching. The whole dreadfulness of the dilemma in which he was placed flashed upon him instantaneously. His countenance fell, and in tones of deep grief he exclaimed, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why have they served me thus?" The aids excused themselves for taking them prisoners by pleading that he had ordered them to go and stop the carnage. "Yes!" Napoleon replied, sadly, "as to women, children, and old men, all the peaceful inhabitants, but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?"

A council of war was immediately held in the tent of Napoleon, to decide upon their fate. Long did the council deliberate, and finally it adjourned without coming to any conclusion. The next day the council was again convened. All the generals of division were summoned to attend. For many anxious hours they deliberated, sincerely desirous of discovering any measures by which they might save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners. The murmurs of the French soldiers were loud and threatening. They complained bitterly of having their scanty rations given to the prisoners; of having men again liberated who had already broken their pledge of honor, and had caused the death of many of their comrades.

General Bon represented that the discontent was so deep and general, that, unless something were expeditiously done, a serious revolt in the army was to be apprehended. Still the council adjourned, and the third day arrived without their being able to come to any conclusion favorable to the lives of these unfortunate men. Napoleon watched the ocean with intense solicitude, hoping against hope that some French vessel might appear, to relieve him of the fearful burden; but the evil went on increasing. The murmurs grew louder. The peril of the army was real and imminent, and, by the delay, was already seriously magnified. It was impossible longer to keep the prisoners in the camp. If set at liberty, it was only contributing so many more troops to swell the ranks of Achmet the Butcher, and thus, perhaps, to insure the total discomfiture and destruction of the French army.

The Turks spared no prisoners. All who fell into their hands perished by horrible torture. The council at last unanimously decided that the men must be put to death. Napoleon, with extreme reluctance, signed the fatal order. The melancholy troop, in the silence of despair, were led, firmly fettered, to the sand-hills on the sea-coast, where they were divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry. The dreadful scene was soon over, and they were all silent in death. The pyramid of their bones still remains in the desert, a frightful memorial of the horrors of war.

As this transaction has ever been deemed the darkest blot upon the character of Napoleon, it seems but fair to give his defense in his own words: "I ordered," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot. Among the garrison at Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El Arish, and sent to Bagdad, on their parole not to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted thirty-six miles on their way to Bagdad by a division of my army; but, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, they threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me the lives of many of my brave troops. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away on their parole, they would directly have gone to Acre, and have played over, for the second time, the same scene that they had done at Jaffa.

"In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already reduced in number in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would

Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

Whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb-shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself and his army to the tender mercies of the Turk; and to allow England, and Austria, and Russia to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France, to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French, in self-defense, were endeavoring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely the responsibility of this war rests with the assailants, and not with the assailed.

There was a powerful party in the British Parliament and throughout the nation, the friends of reform and of popular liberty, who sympathized entirely with the French in this conflict, and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust; but the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. "Nothing was easier," says Alison, "than to have disarmed the captives and sent them away." The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said, "Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government." But had this been done, the throne of England's king and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Alas for man!

Bourrienne, the rejected secretary of Napoleon, who became the enemy of his former benefactor, and who, as the minister and flatterer of Louis XVIII., recorded with caustic bitterness the career of the great rival of the European kings, thus closes his narrative of this transaction: "I have related the truth—the whole truth. I assisted at all the conferences and deliberations, though, of course, without possessing any deliberative voice. But I must in candor declare that, had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of the army, would have constrained me to this. War, unfortunately, offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law, of all times and common to all nations, has decreed that private interest shall succumb to the paramount good of the public, and that humanity itself shall be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have a firm conviction that it was; and this is strengthened by the fact that the opinion of the members of the council was unanimous upon the subject, and that the order was issued upon their decis-

ion. I owe it also to truth to state, that Napoleon yielded only at the last extremity, and was perhaps one of those who witnessed the massacre with the deepest sorrow."

Even Sir Walter Scott, who, unfortunately, allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that "this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," is constrained to admit, "yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice; and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane."

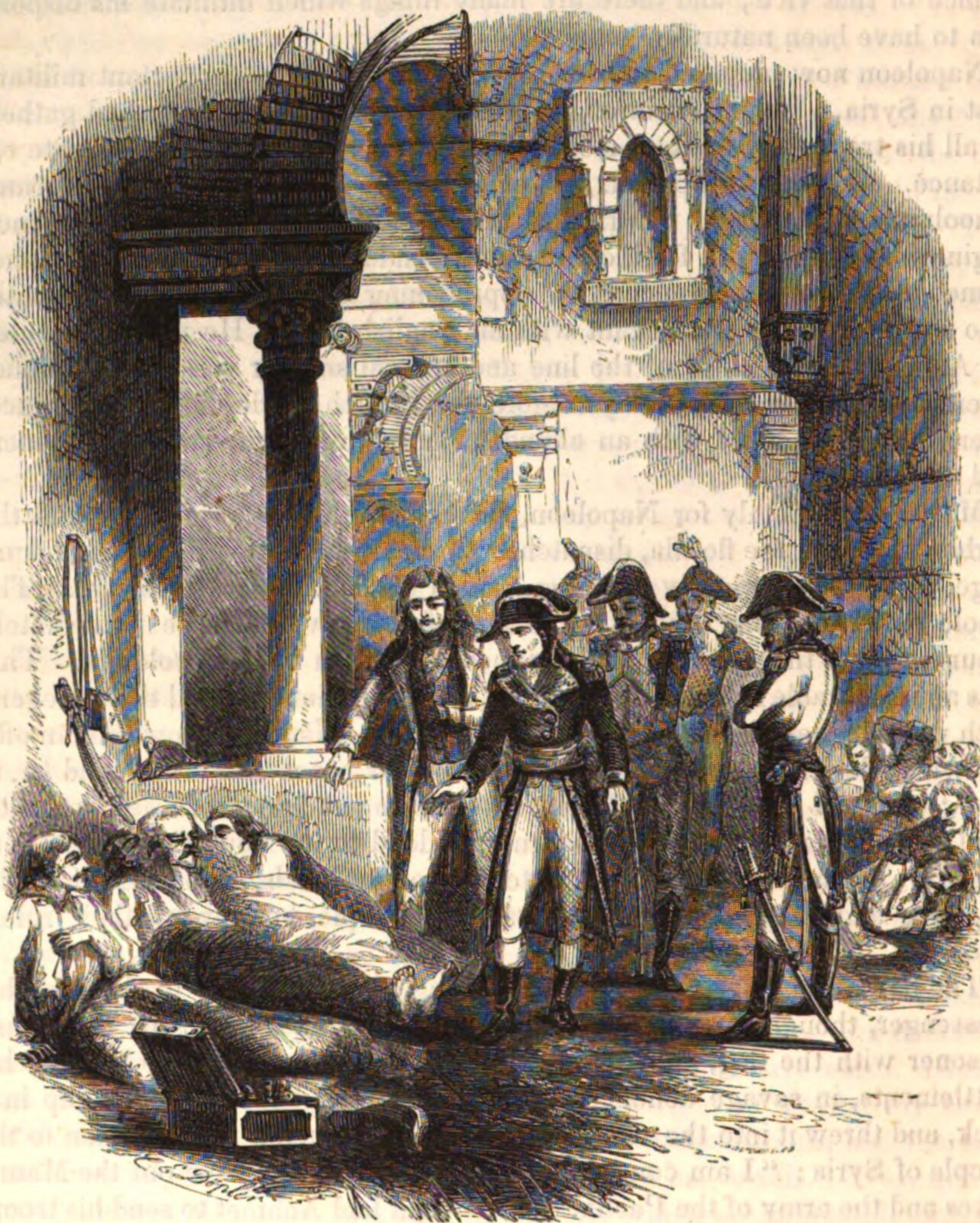
Napoleon now prepared to march upon Acre, the most important military post in Syria. Behind its strong ramparts Achmet the Butcher had gathered all his troops and military stores, determined upon the most desperate resistance. Colonel Philippeaux, an emissary of the Bourbons, and a former schoolmate of Napoleon, contributed all the skill of an accomplished French engineer in arming the fortifications and conducting the defense. Achmet immediately sent intelligence of the approaching attack to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet. He promptly sailed for Acre, with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels, and proudly entered the harbor two days before the French made their appearance, strengthening Achmet with an abundant supply of engineers, artillerymen, and ammunition.

Most unfortunately for Napoleon, Sir Sidney, just before he entered the harbor, captured the flotilla, dispatched from Alexandria with the siege equipage, as it was cautiously creeping around the headlands of Carmel. The whole battering train, amounting to forty-four heavy guns, he immediately mounted upon the ramparts, and manned them with English soldiers. This was an irreparable loss to Napoleon, but with undiminished zeal the besiegers, with very slender means, advanced their works. Napoleon now sent an officer with a letter to Achmet, offering to treat for peace. "Why," said he, in this, "should I deprive an old man, whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more, added to the countries I have conquered? Since God has given victory into my hands, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only toward the people, but toward their rulers also."

The barbarian Turk, regardless of the flag of truce, cut off the head of this messenger, though Napoleon had taken the precaution to send a Turkish prisoner with the flag, and raised the ghastly trophy upon a pole, over his battlements, in savage defiance. The decapitated body he sewed up in a sack, and threw it into the sea. Napoleon then issued a proclamation to the people of Syria: "I am come into Syria," said he, "to drive out the Mamelukes and the army of the Pacha. What right had Achmet to send his troops to attack me in Egypt? He has provoked me to war. I have brought it to him. But it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors. Remain quiet in your homes. Let those who have abandoned them through fear return again; I will grant to every one the property which he possesses. It is my wish that the Cadis continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion, in particular, be protected and revered, and that the

mosques should continue to be frequented by all faithful Mussulmans. It is from God that all good things come; it is He who gives the victory. The example of what has occurred at Gaza and Jaffa ought to teach you that, if I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor."

The plague, that most dreadful scourge of the East, now broke out in the army. It was a new form of danger, and created a fearful panic. The soldiers refused to approach their sick comrades, and even the physicians, terri-



THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL.

fied in view of the fearful contagion, abandoned the sufferers to die unaided. Napoleon immediately entered the hospitals, sat down by the cots of the sick soldiers, took their fevered hands in his own, even pressed their bleeding tumors, and spoke to them words of encouragement and hope. The dying soldiers looked upon their heroic and sympathizing friend with eyes moistened

with gratitude, and blessed him. Their courage was reanimated, and thus they gained new strength to throw off the dreadful disease. "You are right," said a grenadier, upon whom the plague had made such ravages that he could hardly move a limb; "your grenadiers were not made to die in a hospital."

The physicians, shamed by the heroism of Napoleon, returned to their duty. The soldiers, animated by the example of their chief, no longer refused to administer to the wants of their suffering comrades, and thus the progress of the infection in the army was materially arrested. One of the physicians reproached Napoleon for his imprudence in exposing himself to such fearful peril. He coolly replied, "It is but my duty. I am the commander-in-chief!"

Napoleon now pressed the siege of Acre. It was the only fortress in Syria which could stop him. Its subjugation would make him the undisputed master of Syria. Napoleon had already formed an alliance with the Druses and other Christian tribes, who had taken refuge from the extortions of the Turks among the mountains of Lebanon, and they only awaited the capture of Acre to join his standard in a body, and to throw off the intolerable yoke of Moslem despotism. Delegations of their leading men frequently appeared in the tent of Napoleon, and their prayers were fervently ascending for the success of the French arms. That in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism, is undeniable. The Turks were not idle. By vast exertions they had roused the whole Mussulman population to march, in the name of the Prophet, for the destruction of the "Christian dogs." An enormous army was marshaled, and was on its way for the relief of the beleaguered city. Damascus had furnished its thousands. The scattered remnants of the fierce Mamelukes, and the mounted Bedouins of the desert, had congregated, to rush, with resistless numbers, upon their bold antagonist.

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best-trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre, and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the siege, he boldly advanced, with but six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand, already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance guard of three thousand men. Napoleon followed soon after with three thousand more.

As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the 16th of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East, were reflected by the rays of the brill-

iant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curveting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility, and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock.

It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point ; but if the bayonet remain firm, he will rear, and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horse and rider rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming citadel, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy plowed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon formed around them a rampart of dead men and horses.

Behind this horrible abattis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies. Seven long hours passed away, while the battle raged with unabated ferocity. The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives most dearly.

Matters were in this state when, at one o'clock, Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamor and confusion. They were canopied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon could only distinguish the French by the regular and unintermitted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot incessantly emitting lightning flashes in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle, inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen.

Cautiously and silently, the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach till they were just ready to plunge upon the plain. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled, with joyful surprise, the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks, "It is Bonaparte! it is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scarred and bleeding veterans, as, disdaining longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled.

The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in reflux surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet of flame. Peal after peal, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grapeshot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there, with his proud cavalry — Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm, he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing cimeters. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng.

It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, "In the hottest of this terrible fight I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with tenfold courage and strength." The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. "How can you," exclaimed a French officer to the human tiger, "in your condition, be guilty of such an act?" "You speak much at your ease," the man replied, "you who are unhurt; but I, who am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can."

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered — it was destroyed. As that day's sun, veiled in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array,

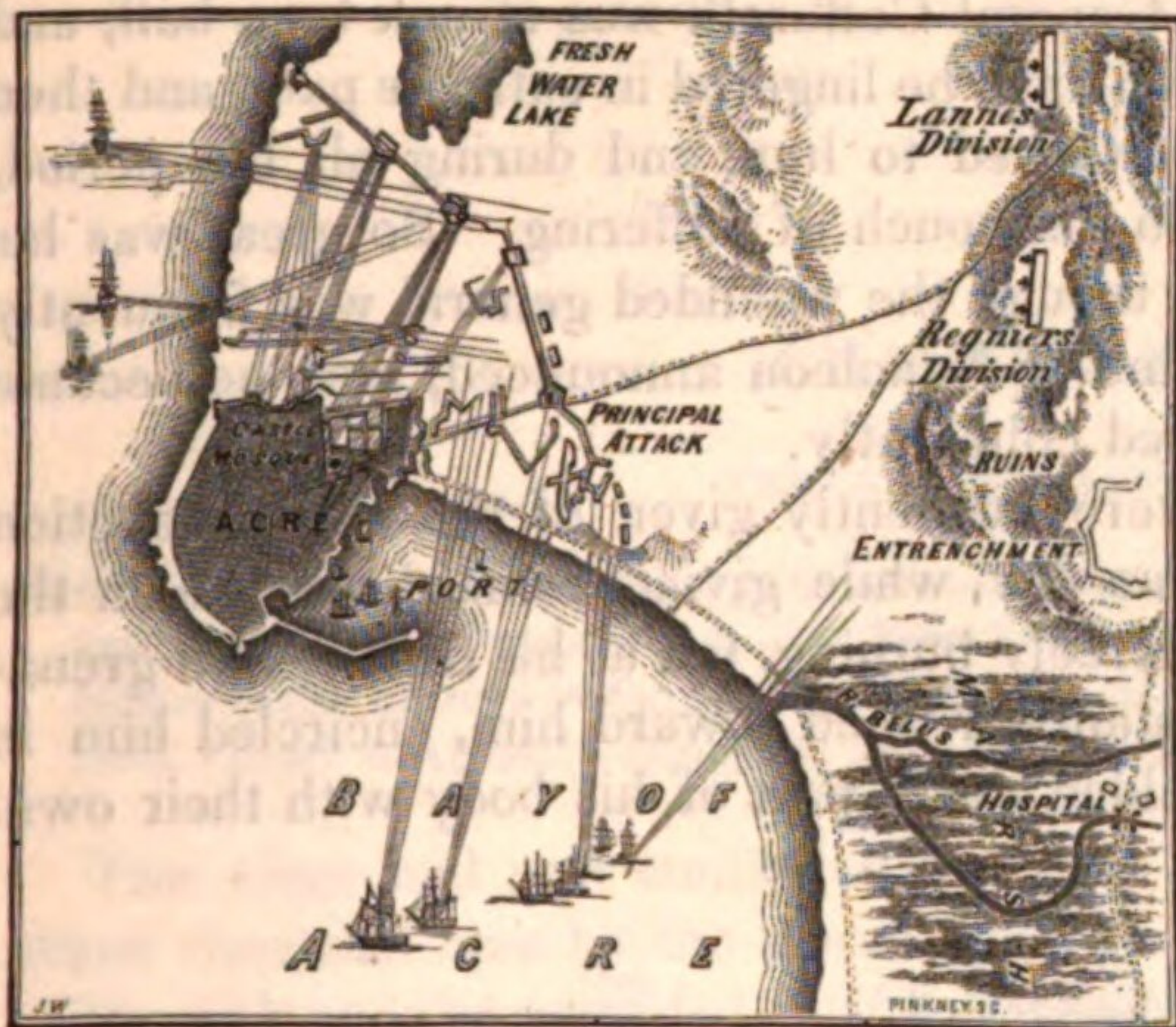
assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were "innumerable as the sands of the sea, or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared, to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history can not record without amazement. The ostensible and avowed object of Napoleon's march into Syria was now accomplished. Napoleon returned again to Acre, to prosecute, with new vigor, its siege; for, though the great army marshaled for his destruction was annihilated, he had other plans, infinitely more majestic, revolving in his capacious mind. One evening he was standing with his secretary upon the mount which still bears the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, contemplating the smouldering scene of blood and ruin around him, when, after a few moments of silent thought, he exclaimed,

"Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has cost me dear; but matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will then raise and arm the whole population of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of Achmet, and for whose fall all classes daily supplicate Heaven. I shall advance on Damascus and Aleppo. I will recruit my army, as I advance, by enlisting all the discontented. I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains, and the abolition of the tyrannical governments of the Pachas. The Druses wait but for the fall of Acre to declare themselves. I am already offered the keys of Damascus. My armed masses will penetrate to Constantinople, and the Mussulman dominion will be overturned. I shall found in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity."

With these visions animating his mind, and having fully persuaded himself that he was the child of destiny, he prosecuted, with all possible vigor, the siege of Acre. But English, and Russian, and Turkish fleets were in that harbor. English generals, and French engineers, and European and Turkish soldiers, stood, side by side, behind those formidable ramparts, to resist the utmost endeavors of their assailants with equal vigor, science, and fearlessness.

No pen can describe the desperate conflicts and the scenes of carnage which ensued. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, the horrible slaughter, without intermission, continued. The French succeeded in transporting, by means of their cruisers, from Alexandria, a few pieces of heavy artillery, and the walls of Acre were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins. The streets were plowed up, and the houses blown down by bombshells. Bleeding forms, blackened with smoke, and with clothing burned and tattered, rushed upon each other with dripping sabres and bayonets, and with hideous yells, which rose even above the incessant thunders of the cannonade. The noise, the uproar, the flash of guns, the enveloping cloud of sulphurous smoke, converting the day into hideous night, and the uninter-



SIEGE OF ACRE.

mitted flashes of musketry and artillery, transforming night into lurid and portentous day, the forms of the combatants, gliding like spectres, with demoniacal fury, through the darkness, the blast of trumpets, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, presented a scene which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive.

There was no time to bury the dead, and the putrefaction of hundreds of corpses under that burning sun added appalling horrors. To the pure spir-

its of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of a pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked, that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

There was occasional lulls in this awful storm, during which each party would be rousing its energies for more terrible collision. The besiegers burrowed mines deep under the foundation of walls and towers, and, with the explosion of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, opened volcanic craters, blowing men and rocks into hideous ruin. In the midst of the shower of destruction darkening the skies, the assailants rushed, with sabres and dripping bayonets, to the assault. The onset, on the part of the French, was as furious and desperate as mortal man is capable of making. The repulse was equally determined and fearless.

Sir Sydney Smith conducted the defense, with the combined English and Turkish troops. He displayed consummate skill and unconquerable firmness, and availed himself of every weapon of effective warfare. Conscious of the earnest desire of the French soldiers to return to France, and of the despair with which the army had been oppressed when the fleet was destroyed, and thus all hope of a return was cut off, he circulated a proclamation among them offering to convey safely to France every soldier who would desert from the standard of Napoleon. This proclamation, in large numbers, was thrown from the ramparts to the French troops. A more tempting offer could not have been presented; and yet, so strong was the attachment of the soldiers for their chief, that it is not known that a single individual availed himself of the privilege. Napoleon issued a counter-proclamation to his army, in which he asserted that the English commodore had actually gone mad. This so provoked Sir Sydney that he sent a challenge to Napoleon to meet him in single combat. The young general proudly replied, "If Sir Sydney will send Marlborough from his grave to meet me, I will think of it. In the mean time, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

In the progress of the siege, General Caffarelli was struck by a ball, and mortally wounded. For eighteen days he lingered in extreme pain, and then died. Napoleon was strongly attached to him, and during all the period, twice every day, made a visit to his couch of suffering. So great was his influence over the patient, that, though the wounded general was frequently delirious, no sooner was the name of Napoleon announced, than he became perfectly collected, and conversed coherently.

The most affecting proofs were frequently given of the entire devotion of the troops to Napoleon. One day, while giving some directions in the trenches, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, perceiving his danger, instantly rushed toward him, encircled him in their arms, and completely shielded every part of his body with their own.



THE BOMB-SHELL.

The shell exploded, blowing a hole in the earth sufficiently large to bury "a cart and two horses." All three were tumbled into the excavation, and covered with stones and sand. One of the men was rather severely wounded; Napoleon escaped with but a few slight bruises. He immediately elevated both of these heroes to the rank of officers.

"Never yet, I believe," said Napoleon, "has there been such devotion shown by soldiers to their general as mine have manifested for me. At Arcola, Colonel Muiron threw himself before me, covered my body with his own, and received the blow which was intended for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier been wanting in fidelity—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, '*Vive Napoleon!*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE ABANDONED.

Terrible Butchery—Bitter Disappointment—Napoleon's Magnanimity to his Foes—Hostility against Dueling—Proclamation—The French retire from Acre—Humanity of Napoleon to the Sick—Baron Larrey—Indignation of Napoleon—He arrives at Cairo—The Arab Courier—Land Victory at Aboukir—Bonaparte determines on returning to France.

THE siege had now continued for sixty days; Napoleon had lost nearly three thousand men by the sword and the plague. The hospitals were full of the sick and the wounded. Still Napoleon remitted not his efforts. "Victory," said he, "belongs to the most persevering." Napoleon had now expended all his cannon-balls. By a singular expedient, he obtained a fresh supply. A party of soldiers were sent upon the beach, and set to work, apparently throwing up a rampart for the erection of a battery. Sir Sydney immediately approached with the English ships, and poured in upon them broadside after broadside from all his tiers. The soldiers, who perfectly comprehended the joke, convulsed with laughter, ran and collected the balls as they rolled over the sand. Napoleon ordered a dollar to be paid to the soldiers for each ball thus obtained. When this supply was exhausted, a few horsemen or wagons were sent out upon the beach, as if engaged in some important movement, when the English commodore would again approach and present them, from his plethoric magazines, with another liberal supply. Thus, for a long time, Napoleon replenished his exhausted stores.

One afternoon in May, a fleet of thirty sail of the line was descried in the distant horizon, approaching Acre. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. The sight awakened intense anxiety in the hearts of both besiegers and besieged. The French hoped that they were French ships conveying to them succors from Alexandria or from France. The besieged flattered themselves that they were friendly sails, bringing to them such aid as would enable them effectually to repulse their terrible foes. The English cruisers immediately stood out of the bay to reconnoitre the unknown fleet. Great was the disappointment of the French when they saw the two squadrons unite, and the crescent of the Turk and the pennant of England, in friendly blending, approach the bay together. The Turkish fleet brought a re-enforcement of twelve thousand men, with an abundant supply of military stores.

Napoleon's only hope was to capture the place before the disembarkation of these re-enforcements. Calculating that the landing could not be effected in less than six hours, he resolved upon an immediate assault. In the deepening twilight, a black and massy column issued from the trenches, and advanced, with the firm and silent steps of utter desperation, to the breach. The besieged, knowing that, if they could hold out but a few hours longer, deliverance was certain, were animated to the most determined resistance. A

horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The troops from the ships, in the utmost haste, were embarked in the boats, and were pulling, as rapidly as possible, across the bay to aid their failing friends. Sir Sydney himself headed the crews of the ships, and led them, armed with pikes, to the breach. The assailants gained the summit of a heap of stones into which the wall had been battered, and even forced their way into the garden of the Pacha. But a swarm of janizaries suddenly poured in upon them, with the keen sabre in one hand and the dagger in the other, and in a few moments they were all reduced to headless trunks. The Turks gave no quarter. The remorseless Butcher sat in the court-yard of his palace, paying a liberal reward for the gory head of every infidel which was laid at his feet. He smiled upon the ghastly trophies heaped up in piles around him.

The chivalric Sir Sydney must at times have felt not a little abashed in contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting to arrest the progress of free institutions, and the cimeter of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service. In promotion of the same object, but a few years before, the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage" had been called into requisition to deluge the borders of our own land with blood. Napoleon was contending to wrest from the hand of Achmet the Butcher his bloody cimeter. Sir Sydney, with the united despots of Turkey and of Russia, was struggling to help him retain it.

Sir Sydney also issued a proclamation to the Druses, and other Christian tribes of Syria, urging them to trust to the faith of a "Christian knight," rather than to that of an "unprincipled renegado." But the "Christian knight," in the hour of victory, forgot the poor Druses, and they were left without even one word of sympathy, to bleed, during ages whose limits can not yet be seen, beneath the dripping yataghan of the Moslem. Column after column of the French advanced to the assault, but all were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Every hour the strength of the enemy was increasing; every hour the forces of Napoleon were melting away before the awful storm sweeping from the battlements. In these terrific conflicts, where immense masses were contending hand to hand, it was found that the cimeter of the Turk was a far more efficient weapon of destruction than the bayonet of the European.

Success was now hopeless. Sadly Napoleon made preparations to relinquish the enterprise. He knew that a formidable Turkish army, aided by the fleets of England and Russia, was soon to be conveyed from Rhodes to Egypt. Not an hour longer could he delay his return to meet it. Had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without any difficulty. The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results which might have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage, and energy of Sir Sydney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the Butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-nine to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and

to create a boundless empire, such as earth had never before seen, which should develop all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man.

History can record with unerring truth the *deeds* of man and his *avowed designs*. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives* which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal is hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane to the field of blood.

The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and sword subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the cimeter, and the bastinado—who consigns millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we can not, with equal severity, condemn the ambition of him who marches, not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty.

Twenty years after the discomfiture at Acre, Napoleon, when imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, alluded to those dreams of his early life. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus. In the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it. The whole population of the East would have been agitated."

Some one said, "You soon would have been re-enforced by one hundred thousand men."

"Say rather six hundred thousand!" Napoleon replied. "Who can calculate what would have happened! I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

The manner in which Napoleon bore this disappointment most strikingly illustrates the truth of his own remarkable assertion. "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along." Even his most intimate friends could discern no indications of discontent. He seemed to feel that it was not his destiny to found an empire in the East, and, acquiescing without a murmur, he turned his attention to other enterprises. "That man," said he, with perfect good-nature, speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, "made me miss my destiny!"

Napoleon ever manifested the most singular magnanimity in recognizing the good qualities of his enemies. He indulged in no feelings of exasperation toward Sir Sydney, notwithstanding his agency in frustrating the most cherished plan of his life. Wurmser, with whom he engaged in such terrible conflicts in Italy, he declared to be a brave and magnanimous foe; and, in the hour of triumph, treated him with a degree of delicacy and generosity which could not have been surpassed had his vanquished antagonist been his intimate friend.

Of Prince Charles, with whom he fought repeated and most desperate battles in his march upon Vienna, he remarked, "He is a *good man*, which includes every thing when said of a prince. He is incapable of a dishonorable action."

And even of his eccentric and versatile antagonist at Acre Napoleon says, with great impartiality and accuracy of judgment, "Sir Sydney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He also manifested great honor in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army. If he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army would have been obliged to surrender to the English. He also displayed great humanity and honor in all his proceedings toward the French who fell into his hands. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is half crazy. The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I should have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely. He sent me, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or midshipman, with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him in some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that, when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man. He has certain good qualities, and, as an old enemy, I should like to see him."

A minute dissector of human nature may discern, in this singular candor, a destitution of earnestness of principle. The heart is incapable of this indifference, when it cherishes a profound conviction of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon encountered his foes upon the field of battle with very much the same feeling with which he would meet an opponent in a game of chess. These wars were fierce conflicts between the kings and the people; and Napoleon was not angry with the kings for defending strongly their own cause. There were, of course, moments of irritation, but his prevailing feeling was that his foes were to be conquered, not condemned. At one time he expressed much surprise in perceiving that Alexander of Russia had allowed feelings of personal hostility to enter into the conflict. A chess-player could not have manifested more unaffected wonder in finding his opponent in a rage at the check of his king. Napoleon does not appear often to have acted from a deep sense of moral obligation. His justice, generosity, and magnanimity were rather the instinctive impulses of a noble nature, than the result of a profound conviction of duty. We see but few in-

dications in the life of Napoleon of tenderness of conscience. That faculty needs a kind of culture which Napoleon never enjoyed.

He also cherished the conviction that his opponents were urged on by the same destiny by which he believed himself to be impelled. "I am well taught," said Dryfesdale, "and strong in the belief that man does naught of himself. He is but the foam upon the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by his own efforts, but by the mightier impulse of fate, which urges him." The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestly, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the most heroic and virtuous endeavors, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

Napoleon was an inveterate enemy to duelling, and strongly prohibited it the army. One evening in Egypt, at a convivial party, General Lanusse spoke sarcastically respecting the condition of the army. Junot, understanding his remarks to reflect upon Napoleon, whom he almost worshiped, was instantly in a flame, and stigmatized Lanusse as a traitor. Lanusse retorted by calling Junot a scoundrel. Instantly swords were drawn, and all were upon their feet, for such words demanded blood.

"Hearken," said Junot, sternly, "I called you a traitor; I do not think that you are one. You called me a scoundrel; you know that I am not such. But we must fight. One of us must die. I hate you, for you have abused the man whom I love and admire as much as I do God, if not more."

It was a dark night. The whole party, by the light of torches, proceeded to the bottom of the garden, which sloped to the Nile, when the two half inebriated generals cut at each other with their swords, until the head of Lanusse was laid open, and the bowels of Junot almost protruded from a frightful wound. When Napoleon, the next morning, heard of the occurrence, he was exceedingly indignant.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to dispute it with the crocodiles? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as if his aid were present before him, "you richly deserve, as soon as you get well, to be put under arrest for a month."

In preparation for abandoning the siege of Acre, Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers! You have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its march to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed, at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands, collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships which, twelve days ago, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months, in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty

stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the Pacha in his palace; but at this season the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential services. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, for the first time, relinquished an enterprise unaccomplished. An incessant fire was kept up in the trenches till the last moment, while the baggage, the sick, and the field artillery were silently defiling to the rear, so that the Turks had no suspicion that the besiegers were about to abandon their works. Napoleon left three thousand of his troops, slain or dead of the plague, buried in the sands of Acre. He had accomplished the ostensible and avowed object of his expedition. He had utterly destroyed the vast assemblages formed in Syria for the invasion of Egypt, and had rendered the enemy, in that quarter, incapable of acting against him. Acre had been overwhelmed by his fire, and was now reduced to a heap of ruins. Those vague and brilliant dreams of conquest in the East, which he secretly cherished, had not been revealed to the soldiers. They simply knew that they had triumphantly accomplished the object announced to them, in the destruction of the great Turkish army. Elated with the pride of conquerors, they prepared to return, with the utmost celerity, to encounter another army, assembled at Rhodes, which was soon to be landed, by the hostile fleet, upon some part of the shores of Egypt. Thus, while Napoleon was frustrated in the accomplishment of his undivulged but most majestic plans, he still appeared to the world an invincible conqueror.

There were in the hospitals twelve hundred sick and wounded. These were to be conveyed on horses and on litters. Napoleon relinquished his own horse for the wounded, and toiled along through the burning sands with the humblest soldiers on foot. The Druses, and other tribes hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retreating. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the Butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail, which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers, and mothers, and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them from the hands of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings.

At Jaffa, among the multitude of the sick, there were seven found near to death. They were dying of the plague, and could not be removed. Napoleon himself fearlessly went into the plague hospital, passed through all its wards, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement to the sufferers. The eyes of the dying were turned to him, and followed his steps, with indescribable affection, as he passed from cot to cot. The seven, who were in such a condition that their removal was impossible, Napoleon for some time

contemplated with most tender solicitude. He could not endure the thought of leaving them to be taken by the Turks, for the Turks tortured to death every prisoner who fell into their hands. He at last suggested to the physician the expediency of administering to them an opium pill, which would expedite, by a few hours, their death, and thus save them from the hands of their cruel foe. The physician gave the highly admired reply, "My profession is to cure, not to kill!"

Napoleon reflected a moment in silence, and said no more upon the subject, but left a rear-guard of five hundred men to protect them until the last should have expired. For this suggestion Napoleon has been severely censured. However much it may indicate mistaken views of Christian duty, it certainly does not indicate a cruel disposition. It was his tenderness of heart and his love for the soldiers which led to the proposal. An unfeeling monster would not have troubled himself about these few valueless and dying men, but, without a thought, would have left them to their fate. In reference to the severity with which this transaction has been condemned, Napoleon remarked at St. Helena,

"I do not think that it would have been a crime had opium been administered to them. On the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few unfortunate men, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. A general ought to act with his soldiers as he would wish should be done to himself. Now would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily, a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the torture of these barbarians? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation with these men, I would advise it to be done. And if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough and strength enough to demand it. However, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. Do you think, if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime, or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel? No, no! I never should have done so a second time. Some would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger, would have dispatched me. I never committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live. I have, however, often thought since on this point of morals, and I believe, if thoroughly considered, it is always better to suffer a man to terminate his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterward in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out

of his misery. I said to him, 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no remedy; it is necessary to suffer to the last.'"

Sir Robert Wilson recorded, that the merciless and bloodthirsty monster, Napoleon, poisoned at Jaffa five hundred and eighty of his sick and wounded soldiers, merely to relieve himself of the encumbrance of taking care of them. The statement was circulated, and believed throughout Europe and America; and thousands still judge of Napoleon through the influence of such assertions. Sir Robert was afterward convinced of his error, and became the friend of Napoleon. When some one was speaking, in terms of indignation, of the author of the atrocious libel, Napoleon replied,

"You know but little of men and of the passions by which they are actuated. What leads you to imagine that Sir Robert is not a man of enthusiasm and of violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? He may have been misinformed and deceived, and may now be sorry for it. He may be as sincere now in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us."

Again he said, "The fact is, that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men. In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever respecting my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I am not uneasy as to the result."

Baron Larrey was the chief of the medical staff. "Larrey," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier whom I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, he was seen on the field of battle, immediately after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavoring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. He scarcely allowed a moment of repose to his assistants, and kept them ever at their posts. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them out of their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodations or assistance for the sick or wounded. They were all afraid of him, as they knew that if his wishes were not complied with, he would immediately come and make a complaint to me."

Larrey, on his return to Europe, published a medical work, which he dedicated to Napoleon, as a tribute due to him for the care which he always took of the sick and wounded soldiers. Assulini, another eminent physician, records, "Napoleon, great in every emergence, braved on several occasions the danger of contagion. I have seen him, in the hospitals at Jaffa, inspecting the wards, and talking familiarly with the soldiers attacked by the plague. This heroic example allayed the fears of the army, cheered the spirits of the sick, and encouraged the hospital attendants, whom the progress of the disease and the fear of contagion had considerably alarmed."

The march over the burning desert was long and painful, and many of the sick and wounded perished. The sufferings of the army were inconceivable. Twelve hundred persons, faint with disease, or agonized with broken bones or ghastly wounds, were borne along, over the rough and weary way, on horseback. Many were so exhausted with debility and pain that they were tied to the saddles, and were thus hurried onward, with limbs freshly ampu-

tated, and with bones shivered to splinters. The path of the army was marked by the bodies of the dead, which were dropped by the wayside. There were not horses enough for the sick and wounded, though Napoleon and all his generals marched on foot. The artillery pieces were left among the sand-hills, that the horses might be used for the relief of the sufferers. Many of the wounded were necessarily abandoned to perish. Many who could not obtain a horse, knowing the horrible death by torture which awaited them, should they fall into the hands of the Turks, hobbled along with bleeding wounds in intolerable agony. With most affecting earnestness, though unavailingly, they implored their comrades to help them. Misery destroys humanity. Each one thought only of himself. Seldom have the demoralizing influences and the horrors of war been more signally displayed than in this march of twenty-five days.

Napoleon was deeply moved by the spectacle of misery around him. One day, as he was toiling along through the sands, at the head of a column, with the blazing sun of Syria pouring down upon his unprotected head, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying all around him, he saw an officer, in perfect health, riding on horseback, refusing to surrender his saddle to the sick. The indignation of Napoleon was so aroused, that, by one blow from the hilt of his sword, he laid the officer prostrate upon the earth, and then helped a wounded soldier into his saddle. The deed was greeted with a shout of acclamation from the ranks. The "recording angel in heaven's chancery" will blot out the record of such violence with a tear.

The historian has no right to draw the vail over the revolting horrors of war. Though he may wish to preserve his pages from the repulsive recital, justice to humanity demands that the barbarism, the crime, and the cruelty of war should be faithfully portrayed. The soldiers often refused to render the slightest assistance to the sick or the wounded. They feared that every one who was not well was attacked by the plague. The soldiers burst into immoderate fits of laughter in looking upon the convulsive efforts which the dying made to rise from the sands upon which they had fallen. "He has made up his account!" said one. "He will not get on far!" said another. And when the exhausted wretch fell to rise no more, they exclaimed, with perfect indifference, "His lodging is secured!"

The troops were harassed upon their march by hordes of mounted Arabs, ever prowling around them. To protect themselves from assault, and to avenge attacks, they fired villages, and burned the fields of grain, and with bestial fury pursued shrieking maids and matrons. Such deeds almost invariably attend the progress of an army, for an army is ever the resort and the congenial home of the moral dregs of creation. Napoleon must at times have been horror-stricken in contemplating the infernal instrumentality which he was using for the accomplishment of his purposes. The only excuse which can be offered for him is, that it was then, as now, the prevalent conviction of the world that war, with all its inevitable abominations, is a necessary evil. The soldiers were glad to be fired upon from a house, for it furnished them with an excuse for rushing in, and perpetrating deeds of atrocious violence in its secret chambers.

Those infected by the plague accompanied the army at some distance from

the main body. Their encampment was always separated from the bivouacs of the troops, and was with terror avoided by those soldiers who, without the tremor of a nerve, could storm a battery. Napoleon, however, always pitched his tent by their side. Every night he visited them to see if their wants were attended to; and every morning he was present, with parental kindness, to see them file off at the moment of departure. Such tenderness, at the hands of one who was filling the world with his renown, won the hearts of the soldiers. He merited their love. Even to the present day, the scarred and mutilated victims of these wars, still lingering in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, will flame with enthusiastic admiration at the very mention of the name of Napoleon. There is no man, living or dead, who at the present moment is the object of such enthusiastic love as Napoleon Bonaparte; and they who knew him the best love him the most.

One day, on their return, an Arab tribe came to meet him, to show their respect and to offer their services as guides. The son of the chief of the tribe, a little boy about twelve years of age, was mounted on a dromedary, riding by the side of Napoleon, and chatting with great familiarity.

"Sultan Kebir," said the young Arab to Napoleon, "I could give you good advice, now that you are returning to Cairo."

"Well! speak, my friend," said Napoleon; "if your advice is good, I will follow it."

"I will tell you what I would do, were I in your place," the young chief rejoined. "As soon as I got to Cairo, I would send for the richest slave-merchant in the market, and I would choose twenty of the prettiest women for myself. I would then send for the richest jewelers, and would make them give me up a good share of their stock. I would then do the same with all the other merchants; for what is the use of reigning, or being powerful, if not to acquire riches?"

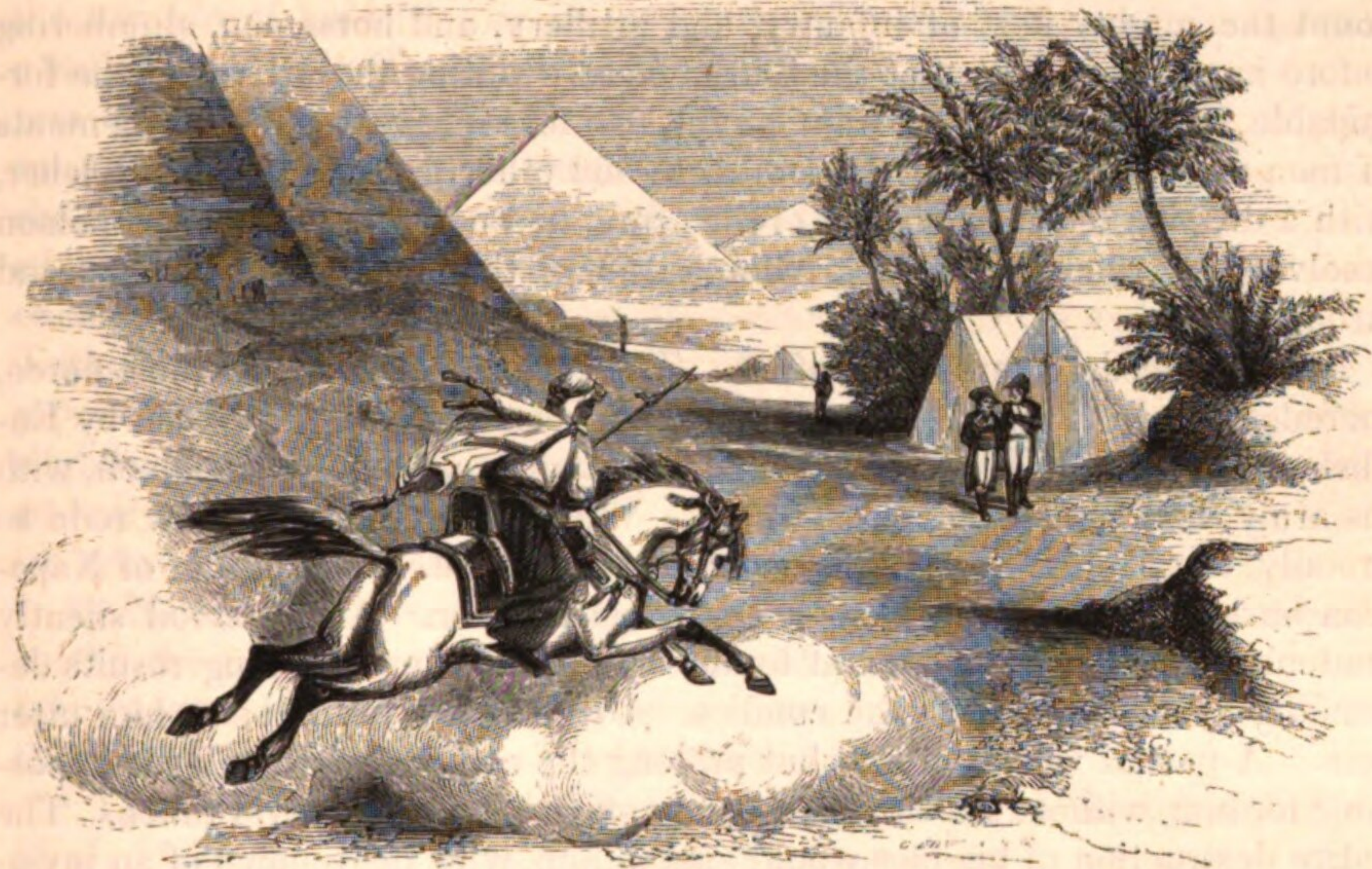
"But, my friend," replied Napoleon, "suppose it were more noble to preserve these things for others?"

The young barbarian was quite perplexed in endeavoring to comprehend ambition so lofty, intellectual, and refined. "He was, however," said Napoleon, "very promising for an Arab. He was lively and courageous, and led his troops with dignity and order. He is perhaps destined, one day or other, to carry his advice into execution in the market-place of Cairo."

At length Napoleon arrived at Cairo, after an absence of three months. With great pomp and triumph, he entered the city. He found, on his return to Egypt, that deep discontent pervaded the army. The soldiers had now been absent from France for a year. For six months they had heard no news whatever from home, as not a single French vessel had been able to cross the Mediterranean. Napoleon, finding his plans frustrated for establishing an empire which should overshadow all the East, began to turn his thoughts again to France. He knew, however, that there was another Turkish army collected at Rhodes, prepared, in co-operation with the fleets of Russia and England, to make a descent on Egypt. He could not think of leaving the army until that formidable foe was disposed of. He knew not when or where the landing would be attempted, and could only wait.

One evening, in July, he was walking with a friend in the environs of Cai-

ro, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, when an Arab horseman was seen, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rapidly approaching him over the desert. He



ARRIVAL OF THE COURIER.

brought dispatches from Alexandria, informing Napoleon that a powerful fleet had appeared in the Bay of Aboukir; that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, fierce and fearless soldiers, each armed with musket, pistol, and sabre; that their artillery were numerous, and well served by British officers; that the combined English, Russian, and Turkish fleets supported the armament in the bay; that Mourad Bey, with a numerous body of Mameluke cavalry, was crossing the desert from Upper Egypt to join the invaders; that the village of Aboukir had been taken by the Turks, the garrison cut to pieces, and the citadel compelled to capitulate. Thus the storm burst upon Egypt.

Napoleon immediately retired to his tent, where he remained until three o'clock the next morning, dictating orders for the instant advance of the troops, and for the conduct of those who were to remain in Cairo, and at the other military stations. At four o'clock in the morning he was on horseback, and the army in full march. The French troops were necessarily so scattered—some in Upper Egypt, eight hundred miles above Cairo, some upon the borders of the desert to prevent incursions from Syria, some at Alexandria—that Napoleon could take with him but eight thousand men. By night and by day, through smothering dust and burning sands, and beneath the rays of an almost blistering sun, his troops, hungry and thirsty, with iron sinews, almost rushed along, accomplishing one of those extraordinary marches which filled the world with wonder. In seven days he reached the Bay of Aboukir.

It was the hour of midnight, on the 25th of July, 1799, when Napoleon, with six thousand men, arrived within sight of the strongly intrenched camp of the Turks. They had thrown up intrenchments among the sand-hills on

the shore of the bay. He ascended an eminence, and carefully examined the position of his sleeping foes. By the bright moonlight, he saw the vast fleet of the allies riding at anchor in the offing, and his practiced eye could count the mighty host of infantry, and artillery, and horsemen, slumbering before him. He knew that the Turks were awaiting the arrival of the formidable Mameluke cavalry from Egypt, and for still greater re-enforcements of men and munitions of war from Acre and other parts of Syria. Kleber, with a division of two thousand of the army, had not yet arrived. Napoleon resolved immediately to attack his foes, though they were eighteen thousand strong.

It was, indeed, an unequal conflict. These janizaries were the most fierce, merciless, and indomitable of men; and their energies were directed by English officers and by French engineers. Just one year before, Napoleon, with his army, had landed upon that beach. Where the allied fleet now rode so proudly, the French fleet had been utterly destroyed. The bosom of Napoleon burned with the desire to avenge this disaster. As he stood silently contemplating the scene, Murat by his side, he foresaw the long results depending upon the issue of the conflict. Utter defeat would be to him utter ruin. A partial victory would but prolong the conflict, and render it impossible for him, without dishonor, to abandon Egypt and return to France. The entire destruction of his foes would enable him, with the renown of an invincible conqueror, to leave the army in safety and embark for Paris, where he doubted not that, in the tumult of the unsettled times, avenues of glory would be opened before him. So strongly was he impressed with the great destinies for which he believed himself to be created, that, turning to Murat, he said, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." The distinguished cavalry commander, unable to appreciate the grandeur of Napoleon's thoughts, replied, "At least of this army; but every French soldier feels now that he must conquer or die. And be assured, if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Turks shall be to-morrow so charged by mine."

The first gray of the morning was just appearing in the east, when the Turkish army was aroused by the tramp of the French columns, and by a shower of bomb-shells falling in the midst of their intrenchments. One of the most terrible battles recorded in history then ensued. The awful genius of Napoleon never shone forth more fearfully than on that bloody day. He stood upon a gentle eminence, calm, silent, unperturbed, pitiless, and guided, with resistless skill, the carnage. The onslaught of the French was like that of wolves. The Turks were driven like deer before them. Every man remembered that in that bay the proud fleet of France had perished. Every man felt that the kings of Europe had banded for the destruction of the French Republic. Every man exulted in the thought that there were but six thousand French Republicans to hurl themselves upon England, Russia, and Turkey combined, nearly twenty thousand strong. The Turks, perplexed and confounded by the skill and fury of the assault, were driven in upon each other in horrible confusion. The French, trained to load and fire with a rapidity which seemed miraculous, poured in upon them a perfect hurricane of bullets, balls, and shells. They were torn to pieces, mown down, bayoneted, and trampled under iron hoofs. In utter consternation, thousands of

them plunged into the sea, horsemen and footmen, and struggled in the waves, in the insane attempt to swim to the ships, three miles distant from the shore. With terrible calmness of energy, Napoleon opened upon the drowning host the tornado of his batteries, and the water was swept with grapeshot as by a hail-storm. The Turks were on the point of a peninsula. Escape by land was impossible. They would not ask for quarter. The silent and proud spirit of Napoleon was inflamed with a resolve to achieve a victory which should reclaim the name of Aboukir to the arms of France. Murat redeemed his pledge. Plunging with his cavalry into the densest throng of the enemy, he spurred his fiery steed, reckless of peril, to the very centre of the Turkish camp, where stood Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by his staff. The proud Turk had barely time to discharge a pistol at his audacious foe, which slightly wounded Murat, ere the dripping sabre of the French general severed half of his hand from the wrist. Thus wounded, the leader of the Turkish army was immediately captured, and sent in triumph to Napoleon.

As Napoleon received his illustrious prisoner, magnanimously desiring to soothe the bitterness of his utter discomfiture, he courteously said, "I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage you have displayed in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it."

"Thou mayest save thyself that trouble," the proud Turk haughtily replied. "My master knows me better than thou canst."

Before four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole Turkish army was destroyed. Hardly an individual escaped. About two thousand prisoners were taken in the fort. All the rest perished; either drowned in the sea, or slain upon the land. Sir Sydney Smith, who had chosen the position occupied by the Turkish army, with the utmost difficulty avoided capture. In the midst of the terrible scene of tumult and death, the Commodore succeeded in getting on board a boat, and was rowed to his ships. More than twelve thousand corpses of the turbaned Turks were floating in the Bay of Aboukir, beneath whose crimsoned waves, but a few months before, almost an equal number of the French had sunk in death. Such entire destruction of an army is perhaps unexampled in the annals of war. If God frowned upon France in the naval battle of Aboukir, He as signally frowned upon her foes in this terrific conflict on the land.

The cloudless sun descended peacefully, in the evening, beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Napoleon stood at the door of his tent, calmly contemplating the scene from whence all his foes had thus suddenly and utterly vanished. Just then Kleber arrived, with his division of two thousand men, for whom Napoleon had not waited. The distinguished soldier, who had long been an ardent admirer of Napoleon, was overwhelmed with amazement in contemplating the magnitude of the victory. In his enthusiasm, he threw his arms around the neck of his adored chieftain, exclaiming, "Let me embrace you, my General; you are great as the universe!"

Egypt was now quiet. Not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack from any quarter was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the administration of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor.

It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off by the destruction of its fleet from all intercourse



NAPOLEON AND KLEBER.

with Europe, to think of the invasion of India. The French troops had exactly "caught the Tartar." Egypt was of no possible avail as a colony, with the Mediterranean crowded with hostile English, and Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason, it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French, in the midst of all their triumphs, found that they had built up for themselves prison walls from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an empire in the West.

For ten months Napoleon had now received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of the spirit of gentle-

manly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men buried in the sands or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared.

Napoleon spent the whole night, with intense interest, examining those papers. He learned that France was in a state of indescribable confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded; that plots and counterplots, conspiracies and assassinations, filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted republic.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourrienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."

It was a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon, that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative. With the rapidity of the lightning's flash, his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question, and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty. Thus, in the midst of the innumerable combinations of the field of battle, he never suffered from a moment of perplexity; he never hesitated between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously, and without the slightest misgivings, decided upon that very course to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him. This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equaled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in a few hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days.

Thus, in the present case, he decided, upon the moment, to return to France. The details of his return, as to the disposition to be made of the army, the manner in which he would attempt to evade the British cruisers, and the individuals he would take with him, were all immediately settled in his mind. He called Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume before him, and informed them of his decision, enjoining upon them the most perfect secrecy, lest intelligence of his preparations should be communicated to the allied fleet. He ordered Gantheaume immediately to get ready for sea two frigates from the harbor of Alexandria, and two small vessels, with provisions for four hundred men for two months.

Napoleon then returned with the army to Cairo. He arrived there on the 10th of August, and again, as a resistless conqueror, entered the city. He prevented any suspicion of his projected departure from arising among the soldiers by planning an expedition to explore Egypt.

One morning he announced his intention of going down the Nile, to spend a few days in examining the Delta. He took with him a small retinue, and, striking across the desert, proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22d of August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town with eight selected companions, and escorted by a few of his faithful guards. Silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the bay, the party wondering what this movement could mean. Here they discovered, dimly in the distance, two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing-boats near the shore, apparently waiting to receive



THE RETURN.

them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable. The horses were left upon the beach to find their way back to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats, and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. The sails were immediately spread, and before the light of morning dawned, the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

Political State of France—Napoleon's Estimate of Men—Peril of the Voyage—Napoleon's Devotion to Study—Answer to the Atheists—Testimony to the Religion of Jesus Christ—Arrival at Corsica—Landing at Frejus—Sensation at Paris on receiving the News—Enthusiasm of the Populace—Anguish of Josephine—Enthusiastic Reception of Napoleon by the Parisians—Interview between Napoleon and Josephine.

THE Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. The return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime. But for the disastrous destruction of the French fleet, the plans of Napoleon in reference

to the East would probably have been triumphantly successful. At least, it can not be doubted that a vast change would have been effected throughout the Eastern World. Those plans were now hopeless. The army was isolated, and cut off from all re-enforcements and all supplies. The best thing which Napoleon could do for his troops in Egypt was to return to France, and exert his personal influence in sending them succor. His return involved the continuance of the most honorable devotion to those soldiers whom he necessarily left behind him. The secrecy of his departure was essential to his success. Had the bold attempt been suspected, it would certainly have been frustrated by the increased vigilance of the English cruisers. The intrepidity of the enterprise must elicit universal admiration.

Contemplate for a moment the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty millions of people had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity which the tongue can name which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France. Conflagrations had laid the palaces of the wealthy in ruins, and the green lawns, where their children had played, had been crimsoned with the blood of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. A gigantic system of robbery had seized upon houses and lands, and every species of property, and had turned thousands of the opulent out into destitution, beggary, and death. Pollution had been legalized by the voice of God-defying lust, and France, *la belle France*, had been converted into a disgusting warehouse of infamy.

Law, with suicidal hand, had destroyed itself, and the decisions of the Legislature swayed to and fro, in accordance with the hideous clamors of the mob. The guillotine, with gutters ever clotted with human gore, was the only argument which anarchy condescended to use. Effectually it silenced every remonstrating tongue. Constitution after constitution had risen, like mushrooms, in a night, and, like mushrooms, had perished in a day. Civil war was raging with bloodhound fury in France; Monarchists and Jacobins grappling each other, infuriate with despair. The allied kings of Europe, who, by their alliance, had fanned the flames of rage and ruin, were gazing with terror upon the portentous prodigy, and were surrounding France with their navies and their armies.

The people had been enslaved for centuries by king and nobles. Their oppression had been execrable, and it had become absolutely unendurable. "We, the millions," they exclaimed, in their rage, "will no longer minister to your voluptuousness, and pride, and lust." "You shall!" exclaimed king and nobles; "we heed not your murmurs." "You shall!" reiterated the Pope, in the portentous thunderings of the Vatican. "You shall!" came echoed back from the palaces of Vienna, from the dome of the Kremlin, from the seraglio of the Turk, and, in tones deeper, stronger, more resolute, from constitutional, liberty-loving, happy England.

Then was France a volcano, and its lava-streams deluged Europe. The people were desperate. In the blind fury of their phrensied self-defense, they lost all consideration. The castles of the nobles were but the monuments of past taxation and servitude. With yells of hatred, the infuriated

populace razed them to the ground. The palaces of the kings, where, for uncounted centuries, dissolute monarchs had reveled in enervating and heaven-forbidden pleasures, were but national badges of the bondage of the people. The indignant throng swept through them like a Mississippi inundation, leaving upon marble floors, and cartooned walls and ceilings, the impress of their rage. At one bound France had passed from despotism to anarchy. The kingly tyrant, with golden crown and iron sceptre, surrounded by wealthy nobles and dissolute beauties, had disappeared, and a many-headed monster, rapacious and blood-thirsty, vulgar and revolting, had emerged from mines and work-shops, and the cellars of vice and penury, like one of the spectres of fairy tales, to fill his place. France had passed from monarchy, not to healthy republicanism, but to Jacobinism, to the reign of the mob. Napoleon utterly abhorred the tyranny of the king. He also utterly abhorred the despotism of vulgar, violent, sanguinary Jacobin misrule. The latter he regarded with even far deeper repugnance than the former. "I frankly confess," said Napoleon, again and again, "that if I must choose between Bourbon oppression and mob violence, I infinitely prefer the former."

Such had been the state of France, essentially, for nearly ten years. The great mass of the people were exhausted with suffering, and longed for repose. The land was filled with plots and counterplots. But there was no one man of sufficient prominence to carry with him the nation. The government was despised and disregarded. France was in a state of chaotic ruin. Many voices, here and there, began to inquire, "Where is Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt? He alone can save us." His world-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation to him as their only hope.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon, who, but three years before, had been unknown to fame or to fortune, resolved to return to France, to overthrow the miserable government by which the country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at home and aggression from abroad, and to rescue thirty millions of people from ruin. The enterprise was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur and noble in its object. He had two foes to encounter, each formidable—the Royalists of combined Europe, and the mob of Paris. The quiet and undoubting self-confidence with which he entered upon this enterprise is one of the most remarkable events in the whole of his extraordinary career. He took with him no armies to hew down opposition. He engaged in no deep-laid and wide-spread conspiracy. Relying upon the energies of his own mind, and upon the sympathies of the great mass of the people, he went alone, with but one or two companions, to whom he revealed not his thoughts, to gather into his hands the scattered reins of power. Never did he encounter more fearful peril. The cruisers of England, Russia, Turkey, of allied Europe in arms against France, thronged the Mediterranean. How could he hope to escape them? The guillotine was red with blood. Every one who had dared to oppose the mob had perished upon it. How could Napoleon venture, single-handed, to beard this terrible lion in his den?*

* "France, at that time, was tottering between two abysses, the return of the Bourbons and the anarchy of revolution. Men like Fouché, Sièyes, &c., saw that a stable government was the most urgent want of the country. To establish liberal institutions, and to retain the conquests which were on the point of being lost, required a man at the head of the government who was both a

It was ten o'clock at night, the 22d of August, 1799, when Napoleon ascended the sides of the frigate *Muiron* to sail for France. A few of his faithful Guard, and eight companions, either officers in the army or members of the scientific corps, accompanied him. There were five hundred soldiers on board the ships. The stars shone brightly in the Syrian sky, and under their soft light the blue waves of the Mediterranean lay spread out most peacefully before them. The frigates unfurled their sails. Napoleon, silent and lost in thought, for a long time walked the quarter-deck of the ship, gazing upon the low outline of Egypt as, in the dim starlight, it faded away. His companions were intoxicated with delight in view of again returning to France. Napoleon was neither elated nor depressed. Serene and silent, he communed with himself, and whenever we can catch a glimpse of those secret communings, we find them always bearing the impress of grandeur.

Though Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the soldiers at their camp-fires, of sitting down and conversing with them with the greatest freedom and familiarity, the majesty of his character overawed his officers, and adoration and reserve blended with their love. Though there was no haughtiness in his demeanor, he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above them all. Their talk was of cards, of wine, of pretty women. Napoleon's thoughts were of empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion, but as a master, whose wishes they loved to anticipate; for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame, and fortune. He contemplated them, not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes.

Murat was to Napoleon a body of ten thousand horsemen, ever ready for a resistless charge. Lannes was a phalanx of infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry could batter down or break. Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon's body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul which swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few—very few.

Napoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to humanity. Bourrienne reports him as saying, "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit, and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah, yes! I love him too. But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute, and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to

general and a statesman. Bonaparte appeared on the coast of Provence. Fouché, without hesitation, joined the young general."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Duke of Otranto*.

"The conviction, moreover, that France could no longer exist without a man at the helm who was at once able to repel foreign enemies and establish domestic order, was universal."—*Idem*.
"Napoleon."

the women ; it is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government. I am not amiable ; no, I am not amiable—I never have been ; but I am just.”

In another mood of mind, more tender, more subdued, he remarked, at St. Helena, in reply to Las Casas, who with great severity was condemning those who abandoned Napoleon in his hour of adversity : “ You are not acquainted with men. They are difficult to comprehend, if one wishes to be strictly just. Can they understand or explain even their own characters ? Almost all those who abandoned me would, had I continued to be prosperous, never, perhaps, have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend upon circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength ! Besides, I was forsaken rather than betrayed ; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. *It was the denial of St. Peter.* Tears and penitence are probably at hand. And where will you find in the page of history any one possessing a greater number of friends and partisans ? Who was ever more popular and more beloved ? Who was ever more ardently and deeply regretted ? Here, from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there ? No ; human nature might have appeared in a more odious light.”

Las Casas, who shared with Napoleon his weary years of imprisonment at St. Helena, says of him : “ He views the complicated circumstances of his fall from so high a point that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation—and I have had frequent occasions to notice it—is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence. But how often has he been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him !”

“ And here I must observe,” says Las Casas, “ that since I have become acquainted with the Emperor’s character, I have never known him to evince, for a single moment, the least feeling of anger or animosity against those who had most deeply injured him. He speaks of them coolly and without resentment, attributing their conduct, in some measure, to the perplexing circumstances in which they were placed, and throwing the rest to the account of human weakness.”

Marmont, who surrendered Paris to the allies, was severely condemned by Las Casas. Napoleon replied : “ Vanity was his ruin. Posterity will justly cast a shade upon his character, yet his heart will be more valued than the memory of his career.”

“ Your attachment for Berthier,” said Las Casas, “ surprised us. He was full of pretensions and pride.”

“ Berthier was not without talent,” Napoleon replied, “ and I am far from wishing to disavow his merit or my partiality ; but he was so undecided !”

“ He was very harsh and overbearing,” Las Casas rejoined.

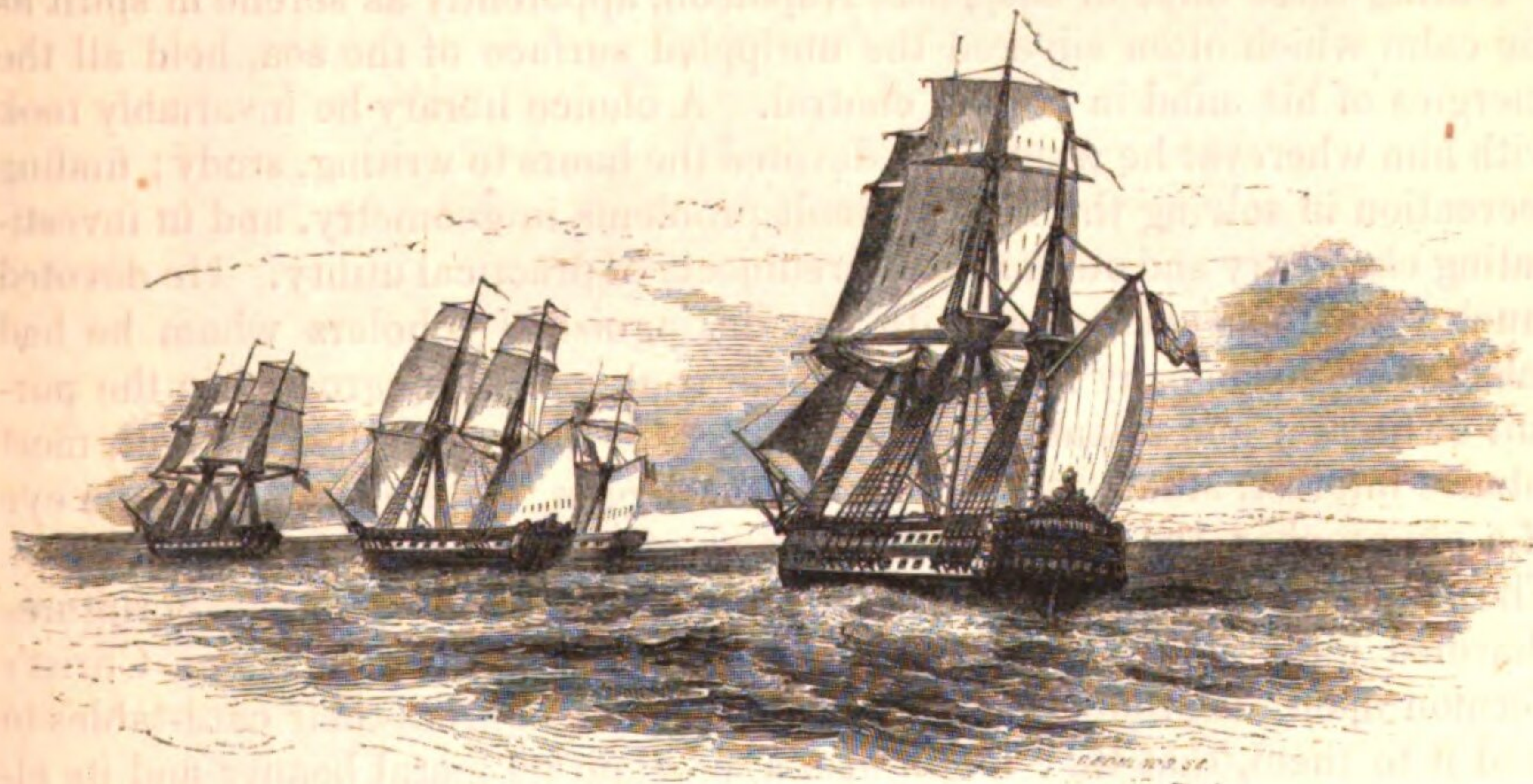
“ And what, my dear Las Casas,” Napoleon replied, “ is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength ? Look at women, for example.”

This Berthier had, with the utmost meanness, abandoned his benefactor,

and took his place in front of the carriage of Louis XVIII. as he rode triumphantly into Paris. "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier," said Napoleon at the time, "would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis."

"The character of Napoleon," says Bourrienne, Napoleon's rejected secretary, "was not a cruel one. He was neither rancorous nor vindictive. None but those who are blinded by fury could have given him the name of Nero or Caligula. I think that I have stated his real faults with sufficient sincerity to be believed upon my word. I can assert that Bonaparte, apart from politics, was feeling, kind, and accessible to pity. He was very fond of children, and a bad man has seldom that disposition. In the habits of private life he had, and the expression is not too strong, much benevolence and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to remove it. I shall, I fear, have opposers; but I address myself to those who are in search of truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Napoleon until the age of thirty-four years, and I advance nothing lightly." This is the admission of one who had been ejected from office by Napoleon, and who had become a courtier of the reinstated Bourbons. It is the candid admission of an enemy.

The ships weighed anchor in the darkness of the night, hoping, before the day should dawn, to escape the English cruisers which were hovering about Alexandria. Unfortunately, at midnight the wind died away, and it became almost perfectly calm. Fearful of being captured, some were anxious to seek again the shore. "Be quiet," said Napoleon; "we shall pass in safety."



THE RETURN VOYAGE.

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France. Napoleon, however, directed the admiral to sail along as near as possible to the coast of Africa, and to continue that unfrequented route till the ships should pass the island of Sardinia. "In the mean while," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore upon the sands, and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran or Tunis, and there find means to re-embark."

Thus Napoleon, in this hazardous enterprise, braved every peril. The

most imminent, and the most to be dreaded of all, was captivity in an English prison. For twenty days the wind was so invariably adverse, that the ships did not advance three hundred miles. Many were so discouraged, and so apprehensive of capture, that it was even proposed to return to Alexandria. Napoleon was much in the habit of peaceful submission to that which he could not remedy. During all these trying weeks, he appeared serene and contented. To the murmuring of his companions he replied, "We shall arrive in France in safety. I am determined to proceed at all hazards. Fortune will not abandon us."

"People frequently speak," says Bourrienne, who accompanied Napoleon upon this voyage, "of the good fortune which attaches to an individual, and even attends him through life. Without professing to believe in this sort of predestination, yet, when I call to mind the numerous dangers which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprises, the hazards he encountered, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may have this faith. But having for a length of time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that what was called his fortune was, in reality, his genius; that his success was the consequence of his admirable foresight—of his calculations, rapid as lightning, and of the conviction that boldness is often the truest wisdom. If, for example, during our voyage from Egypt to France, he had not imperiously insisted upon pursuing a course different from that usually taken, and which usual course was recommended by the admiral, would he have escaped the perils which beset his path? Probably not. And was all this the effect of chance? Certainly not."

During these days of suspense, Napoleon, apparently as serene in spirit as the calm which often silvered the unrippled surface of the sea, held all the energies of his mind in perfect control. A choice library he invariably took with him wherever he went. He devoted the hours to writing, study; finding recreation in solving the most difficult problems in geometry, and in investigating chemistry and other scientific subjects of practical utility. He devoted much time to conversation with the distinguished scholars whom he had selected to accompany him. His whole soul seemed engrossed in the pursuit of literary and scientific attainments. He also carefully, and with most intense interest, studied the Bible and the Koran, scrutinizing, with the eye of a philosopher, the antagonistic systems of the Christian and the Moslem. The stupidity of the Koran wearied him. The sublimity of the Scriptures charmed him. He read again and again, with deep admiration, Christ's Sermon upon the Mount, and called his companions from their card-tables to read it to them, that they might also appreciate its moral beauty and its eloquence.

"You will, ere long, become devout yourself," said one of his infidel companions.

"I wish I might become so," Napoleon replied. "What a solace Christianity must be to one who has an undoubting conviction of its truth!"

But practical Christianity he had only seen in the mummeries of the Papal Church. Remembering the fasts, the vigils, the penances, the cloisters, the scourgings of a corrupt Christianity, and contrasting them with the voluptuous paradise and the sensual houris which inflamed the eager vision of

the Moslem, he once exclaimed, in phrase characteristic of his genius, "The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mohammed a promise." The religion of Jesus is not a threat. Though the wrath of God shall fall upon the children of disobedience, our Savior invites us, in gentle accents, to the green pastures and the still waters of the heavenly Canaan; to cities resplendent with pearls and gold; to mansions of which God is the architect; to the songs of seraphim, and the flight of cherubim, exploring, on tireless pinion, the wonders of infinity; to peace of conscience, and rapture dwelling in the pure heart, and to blessed companionship, loving and beloved; to majesty of person and loftiness of intellect; to appear as children and as nobles in the audience-chamber of God; to an immortality of bliss. No! the religion of Jesus is not a threat, though it has too often been thus represented by its mistaken or designing advocates.

One evening, a group of officers were conversing together upon the quarter-deck respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his



NAPOLEON AND THE ATHEISTS.

being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustre. As they

were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in those tones of dignity which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds, beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

In these intense studies Napoleon first began to appreciate the beauty and the sublimity of Christianity. Previous to this, his own strong sense had taught him the principles of a noble toleration; and Jew, Christian, and Moslem stood equally regarded before him. Now he began to apprehend the surpassing excellence of Christianity; and though the cares of the busiest life through which a mortal has ever passed soon engrossed his energies, this appreciation and admiration of the Gospel of Christ visibly increased with each succeeding year. He unflinchingly braved the scoffs of infidel Europe in re-establishing the Christian religion in paganized France. He periled his popularity with the army, and disregarded the opposition of his most influential friends, from his deep conviction of the importance of religion to the welfare of the state.

With the inimitable force of his own glowing eloquence, he said to Montholon, at St. Helena, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher; for his proofs are his miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon *force*! Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this moment millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extended over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!"

At the time of the invasion of Egypt, Napoleon regarded all forms of religion with equal respect; and though he considered Christianity superior, in intellectuality and refinement, to all other modes of worship, he did not consider any religion as of divine origin.

At one time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army, that, in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But, after all, it would not have been so very extraordinary had circumstances in-

duced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Euphrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable; but it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV.



said, '*Paris is well worth a mass.*' Will it, then, be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban* and a *pair of trowsers*? And, in truth, the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dis-

pensed with all corporeal formalities. We should have lost only our small-clothes and hats."

Of the infidel Rousseau, Napoleon ever spoke in terms of severe reprobation. "He was a bad man, a very bad man," said he; "he caused the Revolution."

"I was not aware," another replied, "that you considered the French Revolution such an unmixed evil."

"Ah!" Napoleon rejoined, "you wish to say that, without the Revolution, you would not have had me. Nevertheless, without the Revolution France would have been more happy." When invited to visit the hermitage of Rousseau, to see his cap, table, great chair, &c., he exclaimed, "Bah! I have no taste for such fooleries. Show them to my brother Louis. He is worthy of them."

Probably the following remarks of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, will give a very correct idea of his prevailing feelings upon the subject of religion. "The sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered a gift from Heaven. What a resource would it not be for us here to possess it! What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime! And yet how many might I not have been guilty of! I can appear before the tribunal of God—I can await his judgment without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings, with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives resemble mine. I have wished only for the power, the greatness, the glory of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my movements, were directed to the attainment of that object. These can not be crimes. To me they appeared acts of virtue. What, then, would be my happiness if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence!"

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed lost in thought, he resumed, "But how is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and witness the iniquitous conduct of the greater part of those whose business it is to preach to us? I am surrounded by priests who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay their hands upon every thing which they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion which is from Heaven. What did the present chief Pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good and a holy man, not offer, to be allowed to return to Rome! The surrender of the government of the Church, of the institution of bishops, was not too much for him to give to become once more a secular prince.

"Nevertheless," he continued, after another thoughtful pause, "it can not be doubted that, as Emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was beneficial to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favored equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had joined any one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me under the dread of hell?" Napoleon closed this conversation by ordering the New Testament to be brought. Commencing at the beginning, he read aloud as

far as the conclusion of our Savior's address to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration in contemplating its purity, its sublimity, and the beautiful perfection of its moral code.

For forty days the ships were driven about by contrary winds, and on the 1st of October they made the island of Corsica, and took refuge in the harbor of Ajaccio. The tidings that Napoleon had landed in his native town swept over the island like a gale, and the whole population crowded to the port to catch a sight of their illustrious countryman.

"It seemed," said Napoleon, "that half of the inhabitants had discovered traces of kindred." But a few years had elapsed since the dwelling of Madame Letitia was pillaged by the mob, and the whole Bonaparte family, in penury and friendlessness, were hunted from their home, effecting their escape in an open boat by night. Now the name of Bonaparte filled the island with acclamations. But Napoleon was alike indifferent to such unjust censure and to such unthinking applause. As the curse did not depress, neither did the hosanna elate.

After the delay of a few days in obtaining supplies, the ships again weighed anchor, on the 7th of October, and continued their perilous voyage. The evening of the next day, as the sun was going down in unusual splendor, there appeared in the west, painted in strong relief against his golden rays, an English squadron. The admiral, who saw from the enemy's signals that he was observed, urged an immediate return to Corsica. Napoleon, convinced that capture would be the result of such a maneuver, exclaimed, "To do so would be to take the road to England. I am seeking that to France. Spread all sail. Let every one be at his post. Steer to the northwest. Onward!"

The night was dark, the wind fair. Rapidly the ships were approaching the coast of France, through the midst of the hostile squadron, and exposed to the most imminent danger of capture. Escape seemed impossible. It was a night of fearful apprehension and terror to all on board, excepting Napoleon. He determined, in case of extremity, to throw himself into a boat, and trust for safety to darkness and the oars. With the most perfect self-possession and composure of spirits, he ordered the long-boat to be prepared, selected those whom he desired to accompany him, and carefully collected such papers as he was anxious to preserve. Not an eye was closed during the night. It was, indeed, a fearful question to be decided. Are these weary wanderers in a few hours to be in the embrace of their wives and their children, or will the next moment show them the black hull of an English man-of-war, emerging from the gloom to consign them to lingering years of captivity in an English prison? In this terrible hour, no one could perceive that the composure of Napoleon was in the slightest degree ruffled.

The first dawn of the morning revealed to their straining vision the hills of France stretching along but a few leagues before them, and, far away in the northeast, the hostile squadron disappearing beneath the horizon of the sea. The French had escaped. The wildest bursts of joy rose from the ships. But Napoleon gazed calmly upon his beloved France, with pale cheek and marble brow, giving no indication of emotion. At eight o'clock in the morning, the four vessels dropped anchor in the little harbor of Frejus. It

was the morning of the 8th of October. Thus for fifty days Napoleon had been tossed upon the waves of the Mediterranean, surrounded by the hostile fleets of England, Russia, and Turkey, and yet had eluded their vigilance.

This wonderful passage of Napoleon gave rise to many caricatures, both in England and France. One of these caricatures, which was conspicuous in the London shop windows, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Napoleon is said to have laughed most heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, as is well known, with all his heroism, was not exempt from the frailties of humanity. The British admiral was represented as guarding Napoleon. Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, and his lordship becomes so engrossed in caressing the fair enchantress, that Napoleon escapes between his legs.* This was hardly a caricature. It was almost historic verity. While Napoleon was struggling against adverse storms off the coast of Africa, Lord Nelson, adorned with the laurels of his magnificent victory, in fond dalliance with his frail Delilah, was basking in the courts of voluptuous and profligate kings. "No one," said Napoleon, "can surrender himself to the dominion of love without the forfeiture of some palms of glory."

When the four vessels entered the harbor of Frejus, a signal at the mast-head of the *Muiron* informed the authorities on shore that Napoleon was on board. The whole town was instantly in commotion. Before the anchors were dropped, the harbor was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded with an enthusiastic multitude, climbing their sides, thronging their decks, and rending the air with their acclamations. All the laws of quarantine were disregarded. The people, wearying of anarchy, and trembling in view of the approaching Austrian invasion, were almost delirious with delight in receiving thus, as it were from the clouds, a deliverer in whose potency they could implicitly trust.

When warned that the ships had recently sailed from Alexandria, and that there was imminent danger that the plague might be communicated, they replied, "We had rather have the plague than the Austrians!" Breaking over all the municipal regulations of health, the people took Napoleon almost by violence, hurried him over the side of the ship to the boats, and conveyed him in triumph to the shore. The tidings had spread from farm-house to farm-house with almost electric speed, and the whole country population, men, women, and children, were crowding into the city. Even the wounded soldiers in the hospital left their cots, and crawled to the beach, to get a sight of the hero. The throng became so great that it was with difficulty that Napoleon could land. The gathering multitude, however, opened to the right and left, and Napoleon passed through them, greeted with the enthusiastic cries of "Long live the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, the liberator of France!"

The peaceful little harbor of Frejus was suddenly thrown into a state of the most unheard-of excitement. The bells rang their merriest peals. The guns in the fort rolled forth their heaviest thunders over the hills and over

* Lady Hamilton was a woman of obscure birth and of notoriously licentious character, but of extreme beauty and fascination. She was the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the English minister at Naples. Nelson cruelly abandoned his noble wife, and took this vicious woman for his paramour. She was a great favourite of the Queen of Naples, whose character was no better than that of Lady Hamilton.

the waves ; and the enthusiastic shouts of the ever-increasing multitudes, thronging Napoleon, filled the air. The ships brought the first tidings of the wonderful victories of Mount Tabor and of Aboukir. The French, hu-



THE LANDING AT FREJUS.

miliated by defeat, were exceedingly elated by this restoration of the national honor. The intelligence of Napoleon's arrival was immediately communicated by telegraph to Paris, which was six hundred miles from Frejus.*

When the tidings of Napoleon's landing at Frejus arrived in Paris, on the evening of the 9th of October, Josephine was at a large party at the house of M. Gohier, President of the Directory. All the most distinguished men of the metropolis were there. The intelligence produced the most profound sensation. Some, rioting in the spoils of office, turned pale with apprehension ; knowing well the genius of Napoleon, and his boundless popularity, they feared another revolution, which should eject them from their seats of power. Others were elated with hope ; they felt that Providence had sent to France a deliverer at the very moment when a deliverer was needed. One of the deputies, who had been deeply grieved at the disasters which were overwhelming the Republic, actually died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

* "Napoleon's morals were exemplary. At school, a dutiful, a good boy ; in early manhood, a studious, modest, unobtrusive youth, excellent son, brother, friend, stranger to excesses and irregularities, and little given to what are ardently pursued by most young men as the pleasures of the world. When he returned to France, thirty years of age, to be raised to the head of the government by nearly universal acclaim, contrary to common English tradition and American belief, he may be said to have scarcely ever been guilty of an immoral action. His promotion to chief magistracy was followed by acts of substantial and generous kindness to all who had the least right to his remembrance. I have heard Joseph very often say that Napoleon was kind, compassionate, and tender-hearted ; and Joseph used to tell him, ' You take more pains to seem severe and rough than most men do to appear amiable and kind.' "—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 157, second series.

Josephine, intensely excited by the sudden and unexpected announcement, immediately withdrew, hastened home, and at midnight, without allowing an hour for repose, she entered her carriage, with Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, who subsequently became the bride of Louis, and set out to meet her husband. Napoleon, almost at the same hour, with his suite, left Frejus. During every step of his progress he was greeted with the most extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. Bonfires blazed from the hills; triumphal arches, hastily constructed, spanned his path. Long lines of maidens spread a carpet of flowers for his chariot wheels, and greeted him with smiles and choruses of welcome. He arrived at Lyons in the evening. The whole city was brilliant with illuminations. An immense concourse surrounded him with almost delirious shouts of joy. The constituted authorities received him as he descended from his carriage. The mayor had prepared a long and eulogistic harangue for the occasion. Napoleon had no time to listen it.

With a motion of his hand, imposing silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I learned that France was in peril; I therefore did not hesitate to leave my army in Egypt, that I might come to her rescue. I now go hence. In a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall be at leisure to hear you." Fresh horses were by this time attached to the carriages, and the cavalcade, which like a meteor had burst upon them, like a meteor disappeared. From Lyons, for some unexplained reason, Napoleon turned from the regular route to Paris and took a less frequented road.

When Josephine arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation she found that Napoleon had left the city several hours before her arrival, and that they had passed each other by different roads. Her anguish was inexpressible. For many months she had not received a line from her idolized husband, all communications having been intercepted by the English cruisers. She knew that many, jealous of her power, had disseminated, far and wide, false reports respecting her conduct. She knew that these, her enemies, would surround Napoleon immediately upon his arrival, and take advantage of her absence to inflame his mind against her.

Lyons is 245 miles from Paris. Josephine had passed over those weary leagues of hill and dale, pressing on without intermission by day and by night, alighting not for refreshment or repose. Faint, exhausted, and her heart sinking within her with fearful apprehensions of the hopeless alienation of her husband, she received the dreadful tidings that she had missed him. There was no resource left her but to retrace her steps with the utmost possible celerity. Napoleon would, however, have been one or two days in Paris before Josephine could, by any possibility, re-enter the city. Probably in all France, there was not, at that time, a more unhappy woman than Josephine.

Secret wretchedness was also gnawing at the heart of Napoleon. Who has yet fathomed the mystery of human love? Intensest love and intensest hate can, at the same moment, intertwine their fibres in inextricable blending. In nothing is the will so impotent as in guiding or checking the impulses of this omnipotent passion. Napoleon loved Josephine with that almost superhuman energy which characterized all the movements of his im-

petuous spirit. The stream did not fret and ripple over a shallow bed, but it was serene in its unfathomable depths. The world contained but two objects for Napoleon, glory and Josephine; glory first, and then, closely following, the more substantial idol.

Many of the Parisian ladies, proud of a more exalted lineage than Josephine could boast, were exceedingly envious of the supremacy she had attained. Her influence over Napoleon was well known. Philosophers, statesmen, ambitious generals, all crowded her saloons, paying her homage. A favorable word from Josephine they knew would pave the way for them to fame and fortune. Thus Josephine, from the saloons of Paris, with milder radiance reflected back the splendor of her husband. She, solicitous of securing as many friends as possible to aid him in future emergencies, was as diligent in "winning hearts" at home as Napoleon was in conquering provinces abroad. The gracefulness of Josephine, her consummate delicacy of moral appreciation, her exalted intellectual gifts, the melodious tones of her winning voice, charmed courtiers, philosophers, and statesmen alike. Her saloons were ever crowded. Her entertainments were ever embellished by the presence of all who were illustrious in rank and power in the metropolis. And in whatever circles she appeared, the eyes of the gentlemen first sought for her. Two resistless attractions drew them. She was peculiarly fascinating in person and in character, and, through her renowned husband, she could dispense the most precious gifts.

It is not difficult to imagine the envy which must thus have been excited. Many a haughty duchess was provoked almost beyond endurance that Josephine, the untitled daughter of a West Indian planter, should thus engross the homage of Paris, while she, with her proud rank, her wit, and her beauty, was comparatively a cipher. Moreau's wife, in particular, resented the supremacy of Josephine as a personal affront. She thought General Moreau entitled to as much consideration as General Bonaparte. By the jealousy rankling in her own bosom, she finally succeeded in rousing her husband to conspire against Napoleon, and thus the hero of Hohenlinden was ruined.

Some of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon were also jealous of the paramount influence of Josephine, and would gladly wrest a portion of it from her hands. Under these circumstances, in various ways, slanders had been warily insinuated into the ears of Napoleon respecting the conduct of his wife. Conspiring enemies became more and more bold. Josephine was represented as having forgotten her husband; as reveling, exultant with female vanity, in general flirtation; and, finally, as guilty of gross infidelity. Nearly all the letters written by Napoleon and Josephine to each other were intercepted by the English cruisers. Though Napoleon did not credit these charges in full, he cherished not a little of the pride which led the Roman monarch to exclaim, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected."

Napoleon was in this troubled state of mind during the latter months of his residence in Egypt. One day he was sitting alone in his tent, which was pitched in the great Arabian desert. Several months had passed since he had heard a word from Josephine. Years might elapse ere they would meet again. Junot entered, having just received, through some channel of jealousy and malignity, communications from Paris. Cautiously, but fully, he

unfolded the whole budget of Parisian gossip. Josephine had found, as he represented, in the love of others, an ample recompense for the absence of her husband. She was surrounded by admirers with whom she was engaged in an incessant round of intrigues and flirtations. Regardless of honor, she had surrendered herself to the dominion of passion.

Napoleon was, for a few moments, in a state of terrible agitation. With hasty strides, like a chafed lion, he paced his tent, exclaiming, "Why do I love that woman so? Why can I not tear her image from my heart? I will do so. I will have an immediate and an open divorce—open and public divorce." He immediately wrote to Josephine in terms of the utmost severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with half the world." The letter escaped the British cruisers, and she received it. It almost broke her faithful heart. Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and Josephine were to meet after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine was exceedingly anxious to see Napoleon before he should have an interview with her enemies. Hence the depth of anguish with which she heard that her husband had passed her. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace the weary miles over which she had already traveled.

In the mean time, the carriage of Napoleon was rapidly approaching the metropolis. By night his path was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. The ringing of bells, the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude accompanied him every step of his way. But no smile of triumph played upon his pale and pensive cheeks. He felt that he was returning to a desolated home. Gloom reigned in his heart. He entered Paris, and drove rapidly to his own dwelling. Behold, Josephine was not there. Conscious guilt, he thought, had made her afraid to meet him. It is in vain to attempt to penetrate the hidden anguish of Napoleon's soul. That his proud spirit must have suffered intensity of woe, no one can doubt. The bitter enemies of Josephine immediately surrounded him, eagerly taking advantage of her absence to inflame, to a still higher degree, by adroit insinuations, his jealousy and anger. Eugene had accompanied him in his return from Egypt, and his affectionate heart ever glowed with love and admiration for his mother.

With anxiety, amounting to anguish, he watched at the window for her arrival. "Josephine," said one to Napoleon, maliciously endeavoring to prevent the possibility of reconciliation, "will appear before you with all her fascinations. She will explain matters. You will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored."

"Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, with pallid cheek and trembling lip, striding nervously to and fro through the room, "never! I forgive! never!" Then stopping suddenly, and gazing the interlocutor wildly in the face, he exclaimed, with passionate gesticulation, "You know me. Were I not sure of my resolution, I would tear out this heart and cast it into the fire."

How strange is the life of the heart of man! From this interview, Napoleon, two hours after his arrival in Paris, with his whole soul agitated by the tumult of domestic woe, went to the palace of the Luxembourg to visit the Directory, to form his plans for the overthrow of the government of France. Pale, pensive, joyless, his inflexible purposes of ambition wavered not—his iron energies yielded not. Josephine was an idol. He execrated her and

he adored her. He loved her most passionately. He hated her most virulently. He could clasp her one moment to his bosom with burning kisses; the next moment he would spurn her from him as the most loathsome wretch.

But glory was a still more cherished idol, at whose shrine he bowed with unwavering adoration. He strove to forget his domestic wretchedness by prosecuting, with new vigor, his schemes of grandeur. As he ascended the stairs of the Luxembourg, some of the guard, who had been with him in Italy, recognized his person, and he was instantly greeted, with enthusiastic shouts, "Long live Bonaparte!" The clamor rolled like a voice of thunder through the spacious halls of the palace, and fell, like a death knell, upon the ears of the Directors. The populace, upon the pavement, caught the sound, and re-echoed it from street to street. The plays at the theatres, and the songs at the Opera, were stopped, that it might be announced from the stage that Bonaparte had arrived in Paris. Men, women, and children simultaneously rose to their feet, and a wild burst of enthusiastic joy swelled upon the night air.

All Paris was in commotion. The name of Bonaparte was on every lip. The enthusiasm was contagious. Illuminations began to blaze here and there, without concert, from the universal rejoicing, till the whole city was resplendent with light. One bell rang forth its merry peal of greeting, and then another, and another, till every steeple was vocal with its clamorous welcome. One gun was heard, rolling its heavy thunders over the city. It was the signal for an instantaneous, tumultuous roar, from artillery and musketry, from all the battalions in the metropolis. The tidings of the great victories of Aboukir and Mount Tabor reached Paris with Napoleon. Those Oriental names were shouted through the streets, and blazed upon the eyes of the delighted people in letters of light. Thus, in an hour, the whole of Paris was thrown into a delirium of joy, and, without any previous arrangements, there was displayed the most triumphant and gorgeous festival.

The government of France was at this time organized somewhat upon the model of that of the United States. Instead of one President, they had five, called Directors. Their Senate was called the House of Ancients; their House of Representatives, the Council of Five Hundred. The five Directors, as might have been expected, were ever quarreling among themselves, each wishing for the lion's share of power. The Monarchist, the Jacobin, and the moderate Republican could not harmoniously co-operate in government. They only circumvented each other, while the administration sank into disgrace and ruin. The Abbé Sièyes was decidedly the most able man of the Executive. He was a proud patrician, and his character may be estimated from the following anecdote, which Napoleon has related respecting him:

"The abbé, before the Revolution, was chaplain to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass before herself, her attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which rendered it necessary for the princess to leave the room. The ladies in waiting and the nobility, who attended church more out of complaisance to her than from any sense of religion, followed her example. Sièyes was very busy reading his prayers, and, for a few moments, he did not perceive their departure. At last, raising his eyes from his book, behold, the princess, the nobles, and all the ton had

disappeared. With an air of displeasure and contempt he shut the book, and descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, 'I do not read prayers for the rabble.' He immediately went out of the chapel, leaving the service half finished."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the evening of the 17th of October, 1799. Two days and two nights elapsed ere Josephine was able to retrace the weary leagues over which she had passed. It was the hour of midnight on the 19th when the rattle of her carriage-wheels was heard entering the courtyard of their dwelling in the Rue Chantierine. Eugene, anxiously awaiting her arrival, was instantly at his mother's side, folding her in his embrace. Napoleon also heard the arrival, but he remained sternly in his chamber. He had ever been accustomed to greet Josephine at the door of her carriage, even when she returned from an ordinary morning ride. No matter what employments engrossed his mind, no matter what guests were present, he would immediately leave every thing, and hasten to the door to assist Josephine to alight, and to accompany her into the house. But now, after an absence of eighteen months, the faithful Josephine, half dead with exhaustion, was at the door, and Napoleon, with pallid cheek and compressed lip, and jealousy rankling in his bosom, remained sternly in his room, preparing to overwhelm her with his indignation.

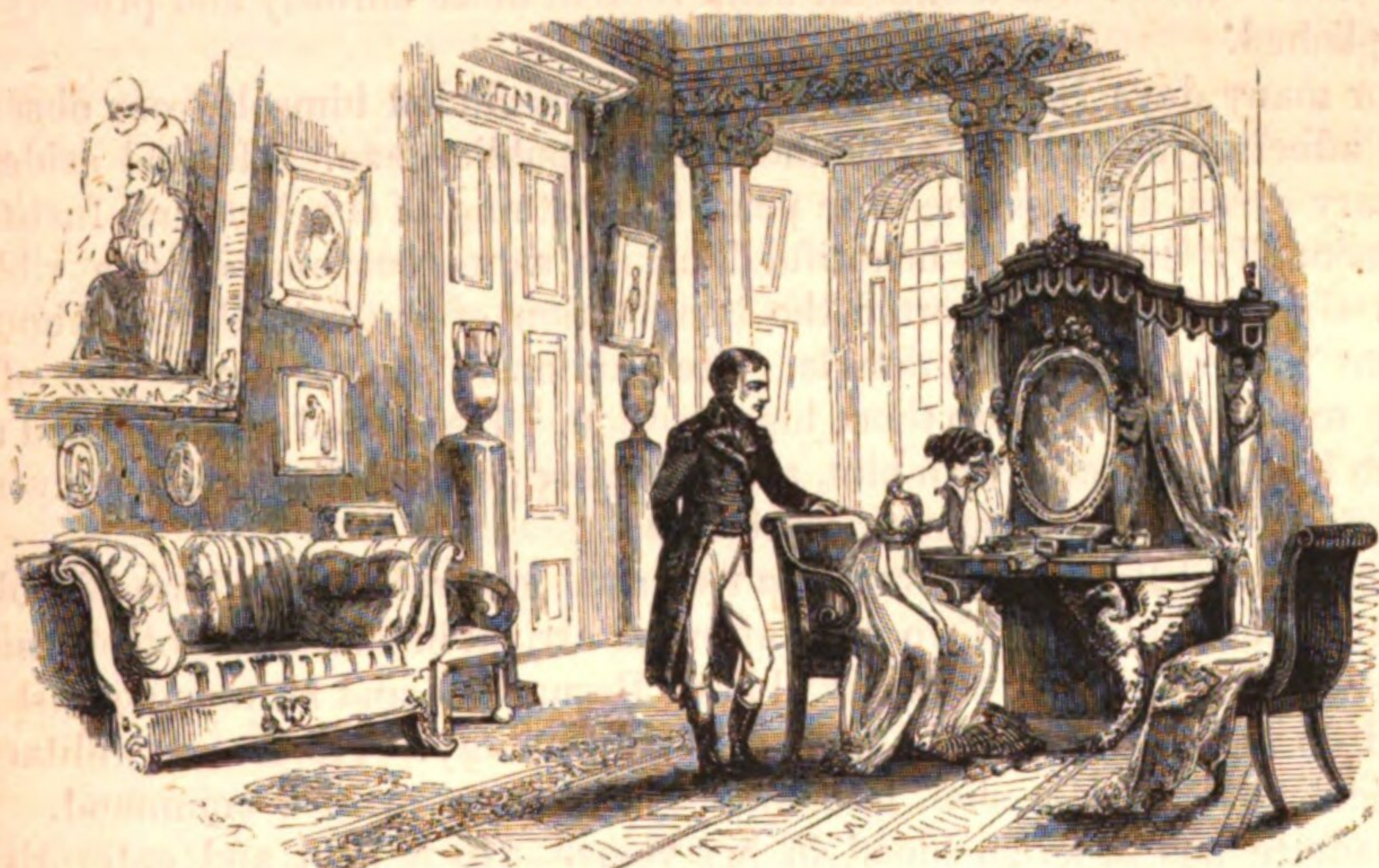
Josephine was in a state of terrible agitation. Her limbs tottered, and her heart throbbed most violently. Assisted by Eugene, and accompanied by Hortense, she tremblingly ascended the stairs to the little parlor where she had so often received the caresses of her most affectionate spouse. She opened the door. There stood Napoleon, as immovable as a statue, leaning against the mantel, with his arms folded across his breast. Sternly and silently, he cast a withering look upon Josephine, and then exclaimed, in tones which, like a dagger, pierced her heart, "Madame! it is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine staggered and would have fallen, as if struck by a mortal blow, had she not been caught in the arms of her son. Sobbing bitterly with anguish, she was conveyed by Eugene to her own apartment. Napoleon also was dreadfully agitated. The sight of Josephine had revived all his passionate love. But he fully believed that Josephine had unpardonably trifled with his affections, that she had courted the admiration of a multitude of flatterers, and that she had degraded herself and her husband by playing the coquette. The proud spirit of Napoleon could not brook such a requital for his fervid love. With hasty strides he traversed the room, striving to nourish his indignation. The sobs of Josephine had deeply moved him. He yearned to fold her again in fond love to his heart. But he proudly resolved that he would not relent. Josephine, with that prompt obedience which ever characterized her, prepared immediately to comply with his orders.

It was midnight. For a week she had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Malmaison was twelve miles from Paris. Napoleon did not suppose that she would leave the house until morning. Much to his surprise, in a few moments he heard Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense descending the stairs to take the carriage. Napoleon, even in his anger, could not be thus inhuman. "My heart," he said, "was never formed to witness tears without

emotion." He immediately descended to the court-yard, though his pride would not yet allow him to speak to Josephine. He, however, addressing Eugene, urged the party to return and obtain refreshment and repose. Josephine, all submission, unhesitatingly yielded to his wishes, and, reascending the stairs, in the extremity of exhaustion and grief, threw herself upon a couch in her apartment. Napoleon, equally wretched, returned to his cabinet. Two days of utter misery passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the estranged parties, each of whom loved the other with almost superhuman intensity.

Love in the heart will finally triumph over all obstructions. The struggle was long, but gradually pride and passion yielded, and love regained the ascendancy. Napoleon so far surrendered on the third day as to enter the apartment of Josephine. She was seated at a toilet-table, her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest woe. The letters which she had received from Napoleon, and which she had evidently been reading, were spread upon the table. Hortense, the picture of grief and despair, was standing in the alcove of a window. Napoleon had opened the door softly, and his entrance had not been heard. With an irresolute step he advanced toward his wife, and then said, kindly and sadly, "Josephine!" She started



THE RECONCILIATION.

at the sound of that well-known voice, and raising her swollen eyes, swimming in tears, mournfully exclaimed, "Mon ami!" This was the term of endearment with which she had invariably addressed her husband. It recalled a thousand delightful reminiscences. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand. Josephine threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and in the intensity of blended joy and anguish, wept convulsively. A long explanation ensued. Napoleon became satisfied that Josephine had been deeply wronged. The reconciliation was cordial and entire, and was never again interrupted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY.

Political Intrigues—Efforts for the Overthrow of the Directory—Affectionate Remembrance of Josephine—Success of Napoleon's Plans—Bonaparte in the Hall of Ancients—His Calmness in the Council of Five Hundred—His Humanity—Delicate Attention to Josephine—Alison's Tribute to Napoleon.

NAPOLEON now, with a stronger heart, turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power; he was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt; still, it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from their thrones, and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished.

For many days Napoleon almost entirely secluded himself from observation, affecting a studious avoidance of the public gaze. He laid aside his military dress, and assumed the peaceful costume of the National Institute. Occasionally he wore a beautiful Turkish sabre suspended by a ribbon. This simple dress transported the imagination of the beholder to Aboukir, Mount Tabor, and the Pyramids. He studiously sought the society of literary men, and devoted to them his attention. He invited distinguished men of the Institute to dine with him, and, avoiding political discussion, conversed only upon literary and scientific subjects.

Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear. Two days after his arrival in Paris, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have just arrived. We shall see."

Napoleon formed no conspiracy. He confided to no one his designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, he studied the state of affairs and matured his plans. Sièyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances. Yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken.

"Did you see that insolent little fellow?" said Sièyes; "he would not even condescend to notice a member of the government, who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot."

"What," said Napoleon, "could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory? He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care, he will deliver you up to that power."

Napoleon dined with Moreau, who afterward, in hostility to Napoleon, pointed the guns of Russia against the columns of his countrymen. The dinner party was at Gohier's, one of the Directors. The following interesting conversation took place between the rival generals. When first introduced, they looked at each other a moment without speaking. Napoleon, conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance.

"You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy, after a great defeat. It was the month which General Joubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave the Allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force which besieged it to take part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less."

"True," replied Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less."

"And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones."

"Even then," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell, like lightning, on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser."

Napoleon, by those fascinations of mind and manner which enabled him to win to him whom he would, soon gained an ascendancy over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poniard set with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars, the work was accomplished. Napoleon gave a small and very select dinner party. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned on the turquoise used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table, took from a private drawer two very beautiful brooches, richly set with these jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Desaix. "It is a little toy," said he, "which we Republicans may give and receive without impropriety." The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repelled by any thing assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon.

Republican France was surrounded by monarchies in arms against her. Their hostility was so inveterate, and, from the very nature of the case, so

inevitable, that Napoleon thought that France should ever be prepared for an attack, and that the military spirit should be carefully fostered. Republican America, most happily, has no foe to fear, and all her energies may be devoted to filling the land with peace and plenty. But a republic in monarchical Europe must sleep by the side of its guns. "Do you really," said Napoleon to Gohier, in this interview, "advocate a general peace? You are wrong. The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit." We can, perhaps, find a little extenuation for this remark in its apparent necessity, and in the influences of the martial ardor in which Napoleon, from his very infancy, had been enveloped. Even now, it is to be feared that the time is far distant ere the nations of the earth can learn war no more.

Lefebvre was commandant of the guard of the two legislative bodies. His co-operation was important. Napoleon sent a special invitation for an interview.

"Lefebvre," said he, "will you, one of the pillars of the Republic, suffer it to perish in the hands of these *lawyers*? Join me and assist to save it." Taking from his own side the beautiful Turkish cimeter which he wore, he passed the ribbon over Lefebvre's neck, saying, "Accept this sword, which I wore at the battle of the Pyramids. I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence."

"Yes," replied Lefebvre, most highly gratified at this signal mark of confidence and generosity, "let us throw the lawyers into the river."

Napoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. "He confessed," said Napoleon to Bourrienne, "that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, of *internal* enemies, and at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience; the pear will soon be ripe."

In this view Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. "Your own brothers," Bernadotte replied, "were the founders of that club, and yet you reproach me with favoring its principles. It is to the instructions of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails."

"True, general," Napoleon replied, most vehemently, "and I would rather live in the woods than in a society which presents no security against violence." This conversation only strengthened the alienation already existing between them.

Bernadotte, though a brave and efficient officer, was a jealous braggadocio. At the first interview between these two distinguished men, when Napoleon was in command of the army of Italy, they contemplated each other with mutual dislike.

"I have seen a man," said Bernadotte, "of twenty-six or seven years of age, who assumes the air of one of fifty; and he presages any thing but good to the Republic."

Napoleon summarily dismissed Bernadotte by saying, "He has a French head and a Roman heart."

There were three political parties now dividing France: the old Royalist party, in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons; the radical Democrats, or

Jacobins, with Barras at their head, supported by the mob of Paris; and the moderate Republicans, led by Sièyes. All these parties struggling together, and fearing each other, in the midst of the general anarchy which prevailed, immediately paid court to Napoleon, hoping to secure the support of his all-powerful arm. Napoleon determined to co-operate with the moderate Republicans. The restoration of the Bourbons was not only out of the question, but Napoleon had no more power to secure that result than had Washington to bring the United States into peaceful submission to George III.

"Had I joined the Jacobins," said Napoleon, "I should have risked nothing. But after conquering *with* them, it would have been necessary almost immediately to conquer *against* them. A club can not endure a permanent chief. It wants one for every successive passion. Now, to make use of a party one day, in order to attack it the next, under whatever pretext it is done, is still an act of treachery. It was inconsistent with my principles."

Sièyes, the head of the moderate Republicans, and Napoleon soon understood each other, and each admitted the necessity of co-operation. The government was in a state of chaos. "Our salvation now demands," said the wily diplomatist, "both a head and a sword." Napoleon had both. In one fortnight from the time when he landed at Frejus, "the pear was ripe." The plan was all matured for the great conflict. Napoleon, in solitary grandeur, kept his own counsel. He had secured the cordial co-operation, the unquestionable obedience of all his subordinates. Like the general upon the field of battle, he was simply to give his orders, and columns marched, and squadrons charged, and generals swept the field in unquestioning obedience. Though he had determined to ride over, and to destroy the existing government, he wished to avail himself, so far as possible, of the mysterious power of law, as a conqueror turns a captured battery upon the foe from whom it had been wrested. Such a plot, so simple, yet so bold and efficient, was never formed before; and no one but another Napoleon will be able to execute such another again.

All Paris was in a state of intense excitement. Something great was to be done. Napoleon was to do it. But nobody knew when, or what, or how. All impatiently awaited orders. The majority of the Senate, or Council of Ancients, conservative in its tendencies, and having once seen, during the Reign of Terror, the horrors of Jacobin domination, were ready, most obsequiously, to rally beneath the banner of so resolute a leader as Napoleon. They were prepared, without question, to pass any vote which he should propose. The House of Representatives, or Council of Five Hundred, more democratic in its constitution, contained a large number of vulgar, ignorant, and passionate demagogues, struggling to grasp the reins of power. Carnot, whose co-operation Napoleon had entirely secured, was President of the Senate. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was Speaker of the House. The two bodies met in the palace of the Tuileries. The Constitution conferred upon the Council of Ancients the right to decide upon the place of meeting for both legislative assemblies.

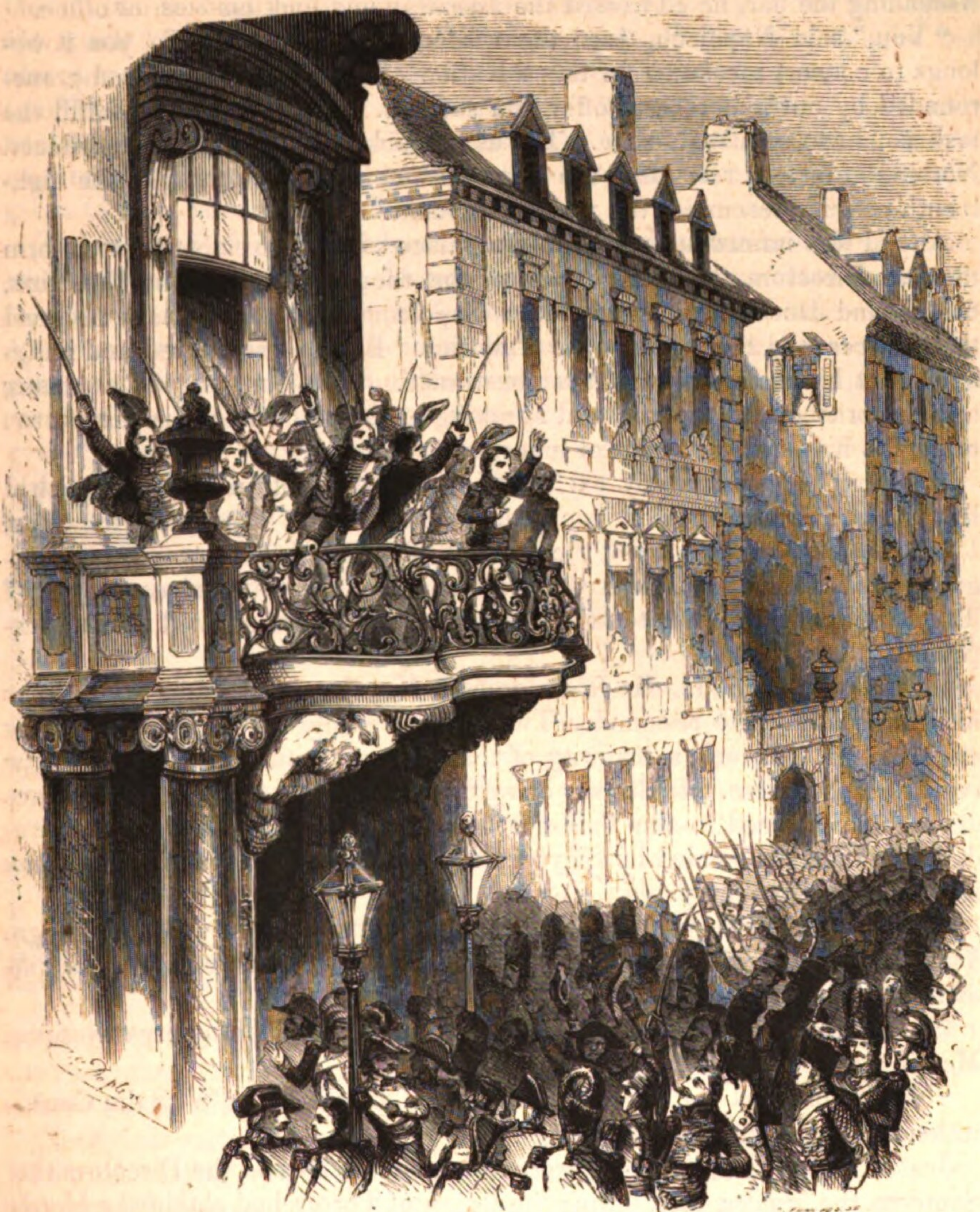
All the officers of the garrison in Paris, and all the distinguished military men in the metropolis, had solicited the honor of a presentation to Napoleon. Without any public announcement, each one was privately informed that

Napoleon would see him on the morning of the 9th of November. All the regiments in the city had also solicited the honor of a review by the distinguished conqueror. They were also informed that Napoleon would review them early on the morning of the 9th of November. The Council of Ancients was called to convene at six o'clock on the morning of the same day. The Council of Five Hundred were also to convene at eleven o'clock of the same morning. This, the famous 18th of Brumaire, was the destined day for the commencement of the great struggle. These appointments were given in such a way as to attract no public attention. The general-in-chief was thus silently arranging his forces for the important conflict. To none did he reveal those combinations by which he anticipated a bloodless victory.

The morning of the 9th of November arrived. The sun rose with unwonted splendor over the domes of the thronged city. A more brilliant day never dawned. Through all the streets of the mammoth metropolis there was heard, in the earliest twilight of the day, the music of martial bands, the tramp of battalions, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the rumbling of heavy artillery wheels over the pavements, as regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in the proudest array, marched to the Boulevards to receive the honor of a review from the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt. The whole city was in commotion, guided by the unseen energies of Napoleon in the retirement of his closet. At eight o'clock, Napoleon's house in the Rue Chantierine was so thronged with illustrious military men, in most brilliant uniforms, that every room was filled, and even the street was crowded with the resplendent guests. At that moment the Council of Ancients passed the decree, which Napoleon had prepared, that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings to St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris; and that Napoleon Bonaparte should be put in command of all the military forces in the city, to secure the public peace. The removal to St. Cloud was a merciful precaution against bloodshed. It secured the legislatures from the ferocious interference of a Parisian mob. The President of the Council was himself commissioned to bear the decree to Napoleon. He elbowed his way through the brilliant throng crowding the door and the apartment of Napoleon's dwelling, and presented to him the ordinance. Napoleon was ready to receive it. He stepped upon the balcony, gathered his vast retinue of powerful guests before him, and in a loud and firm voice, read to them the decree. "Gentlemen," said he, "will you help me save the Republic?" One simultaneous burst of enthusiasm rose from every lip, as, drawing their swords from their scabbards, they waved them in the air, and shouted, "We swear it, we swear it!"

The victory was virtually won. Napoleon was now at the head of the French nation. Nothing remained but to finish the conquest. There was no retreat left open for his foes. There was hardly the possibility of a rally. And now Napoleon summoned all his energies to make his triumph most illustrious. Messengers were immediately sent to read the decree to the troops, already assembled, in the utmost display of martial pomp, to greet the idol of the army, and who were in a state of mind to welcome him most exultingly as their chief. A burst of enthusiastic acclamation ascended from their ranks which almost rent the skies.

Napoleon immediately mounted his horse, and, surrounded by the magnificent staff whom he had thus ingeniously assembled at his house, and



THE MORNING LEVEE.

accompanied by a body of fifteen hundred cavalry whom he had taken the precaution to rendezvous near his dwelling, proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries. The gorgeous spectacle burst like a vision upon astonished Paris. It was Napoleon's first public appearance. Dressed as a plain citizen, he rode upon his magnificent charger, the centre of all eyes. The gleaming banners, waving in the breeze, and the gorgeous trappings of silver and gold with which his retinue was embellished, set off in stronger relief the majestic simplicity of his own appearance.

With the pomp and the authority of an enthroned king, Napoleon entered

the Council of the Ancients. The Ancients themselves were dazzled by his sudden apparition, in such imposing and unexpected splendor and power. Ascending the bar, he addressed the assembly and took his oath of office.

"You," said Napoleon, "are the wisdom of the nation. To you it belongs to concert measures for the salvation of the Republic. I come, surrounded by our generals, to offer you support. Faithfully will I fulfill the task you have intrusted to me. Let us not look into the past for precedents. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century. Nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

An aid was immediately sent to the palace of the Luxembourg, to inform the five Directors, there in session, of the decree. Two of the Directors, Sièyes and Ducos, were pledged to Napoleon, and immediately resigned their offices and hastened to the Tuileries. Barras, bewildered and indignant, sent his secretary with a remonstrance. Napoleon, already assuming the authority of an emperor, and speaking as if France were his patrimony, replied to him with a torrent of invective.

"Where," he indignantly exclaimed, "is that beautiful France, which I left you so brilliant? I left you peace. I find war. I left you victorious. I find but defeats. I left you the millions of Italy. I find taxation and beggary. Where are the hundred thousand men, my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things can not continue. It will lead to despotism."

Barras was terrified. He feared to have Napoleon's eagle eye investigate his peculations. He resigned. Two Directors only now were left, Gohier and Moulins. It took a majority of the five to constitute a quorum. The two were powerless. In despair of successful resistance, and fearing vengeance, they hastened to the Tuileries to find Napoleon. They were introduced to him, surrounded by Sièyes, Ducos, and a brilliant staff. Napoleon received them cordially.

"I am glad to see you," said he; "I doubt not that you will both resign. Your patriotism will not allow you to oppose a revolution which is both inevitable and necessary."

"I do not yet despair," said Gohier, vehemently, "aided by my colleague, Moulins, of saving the Republic."

"With what will you save it?" exclaimed Napoleon. "With the Constitution which is crumbling to pieces?"

Just at that moment a messenger came in and informed the Directors that Santerre, the brewer, who, during the Reign of Terror, had obtained a bloody celebrity as leader of the Jacobins, was rousing the mob in the faubourgs to resistance.

"General Moulins," said Napoleon, firmly, "you are the friend of Santerre. Tell him that at the very first movement he makes, I will cause him to be shot."

Moulins, exasperated yet appalled, made an apologetic reply.

"The Republic is in danger," said Napoleon. "We must save it. *It is my will.* Sièyes, Ducos, and Barras have resigned. You are two individuals insulated and powerless. I advise you not to resist." They still refused. Napoleon had no time to spend in parleying. He immediately sent

them both back into the Luxembourg, separated them, and placed them under arrest. Fouché,* occupying the important post of Minister of Police, though not in Napoleon's confidence, yet anxious to display his homage to the rising luminary, called upon Napoleon, and informed him that he had closed the barriers, and had thus prevented all ingress or egress.

"What means this folly?" said Napoleon. "Let those orders be instantly countermanded. Do we not march with the opinion of the nation, and by its strength alone? Let no citizen be interrupted. Let every publicity be given to what is done."

The Council of Five Hundred, in great confusion and bewilderment, assembled at eleven o'clock. Lucien immediately communicated the decree transferring their session to St. Cloud. This cut off all debate. The decree was perfectly legal. There could, therefore, be no legal pretext for opposition. Napoleon, the idol of the army, had the whole military power obedient to his nod. Therefore resistance of any kind was worse than folly.



THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

The deed was adroitly done. At eleven o'clock the day's work was finished. There was no longer a Directory. Napoleon was the appointed chief of the troops, and they were filling the streets with enthusiastic shouts of "Live Napoleon." The Council of Ancients were entirely at his disposal; and a large party in the Council of Five Hundred were also wholly subservient to his will. Napoleon, proud, silent, reserved, fully conscious of his own intellectual supremacy, and re-

garding the generals, the statesmen, and the multitude around him as a man contemplates children, ascended the grand staircase of the Tuileries as if it were his hereditary home.

Nearly all parties united to sustain his triumph. Napoleon was a soldier. The guns of Paris joyfully thundered forth the victory of one who seemed the peculiar favorite of the God of war. Napoleon was a scholar, stimulating intellect to its mightiest achievements. The scholars of Paris gratefully united to weave a chaplet for the brow of their honored associate and patron. Napoleon was, for those days of profligacy and unbridled lust, a model of purity of morals and of irreproachable integrity. The proffered bribe of millions could not tempt him. The dancing daughters of Herodias, with all

* "Fouché," said Napoleon, "is a miscreant of all colors, a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you, with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich; but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. But I never had any esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument."

their blandishments, could not lure him from his life of herculean toil and from his majestic patriotism. The wine which glitters in the cup never vanquished him. At the shrine of no vice was he found a worshiper. The purest and the best in France, disgusted with that gilded corruption which had converted the palaces of the Bourbons into harems of voluptuous sin, and still more deeply loathing that vulgar and revolting vice which had transformed Paris into a house of infamy, enlisted all their sympathies in behalf of the exemplary husband and the incorruptible patriot. Napoleon was one of the most firm and unflinching friends of law and order. France was weary of anarchy, and was trembling under the apprehension that the gutters of the guillotine were again to be clotted with blood. And mothers and maidens prayed for God's blessing upon Napoleon, who appeared to them as a messenger from Heaven for their protection.

During the afternoon and the night, his room at the Tuileries was thronged with the most illustrious statesmen, generals, and scholars of Paris, hastening to pledge to him their support. Napoleon, perfectly unembarrassed, and never at a loss in any emergency, gave his orders for the ensuing day. Lannes was intrusted with a body of troops to guard the Tuileries. Murat, who, said Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir," with a numerous cavalry and a corps of grenadiers was stationed at St. Cloud, a thunderbolt in Napoleon's right hand. Woe betide the mob into whose ranks that thunderbolt may be hurled. Moreau, with five hundred men, was stationed to guard the Luxembourg, where the two refractory Directors were held under arrest. Serurier was posted in a commanding position with a strong reserve, prompt for any unexpected exigence. Even a body of troops were sent to accompany Barras to his country seat, ostensibly as an escort of honor, but, in reality, to guard against any change in that venal and versatile mind.

The most energetic measures were immediately adopted to prevent any rallying point for the disaffected. Bills were every where posted, exhorting the citizens to be quiet, and assuring them that powerful efforts were making to save the Republic. These minute precautions were characteristic of Napoleon. He believed in destiny. Yet he left nothing for destiny to accomplish. He ever sought to make provision for all conceivable contingencies. These measures were completely successful. Though Paris was in a delirium of excitement, there were no outbreaks of lawless violence. Neither Monarchist, Republican, nor Jacobin knew what Napoleon intended to do. All were conscious that he would do something. It was known that the Jacobin party in the Council of Five Hundred, on the ensuing day, would make a desperate effort at resistance. Sièyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying,

"I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath."

Had the Assembly been convened in Paris, all the mob of the faubourgs would have risen, like an inundation, in their behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military

display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?

The delicacy of attention with which Napoleon treated Josephine was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. It is not strange that he should have won from her a love almost more than human. During the exciting scenes of this day, when no one could tell whether events were guiding him to a crown or to the guillotine, Napoleon did not forget his wife, who was awaiting the result with deep solicitude, in her chamber in the Rue Chantierine. Nearly every hour he dispatched a messenger to Josephine, with a hastily written line communicating to her the progress of events. Late at night he returned to his home, apparently as fresh and unexhausted as in the morning. He informed Josephine minutely of the scenes of the day, and then threw himself upon a sofa for an hour's repose. Early the next morning he was on horseback, accompanied by a regal retinue, directing his steps to St. Cloud.



NAPOLÉON ON THE WAY TO ST. CLOUD.

Three halls had been prepared in the palace; one for the Ancients, one for the Five Hundred, and one for Napoleon. He thus assumed the position which he knew it to be the almost unanimous will of the nation that he should fill. During the night the Jacobins had arranged a very formidable resistance. Napoleon was considered to be in imminent peril. He would be denounced as a traitor. Sièyes and Ducos had each a post-chaise and six horses waiting at the gate of St. Cloud, prepared, in case of reverse, to escape for life. There were many ambitious generals ready to mount the crest of any refluxing wave to sweep Napoleon to destruction. Bernadotte was the most to be feared. Orders were given to cut down the first person who should attempt to harangue the troops. Napoleon, riding at the head of this imposing military display, manifested no agitation. He knew, how-

ever, perfectly well, the capriciousness of the popular voice, and that the multitude in the same hour could cry "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" The two Councils met. The tumult in the Five Hundred was fearful. Cries of "Down with the dictator!" "Death to the tyrant!" "Live the Constitution!" filled the hall and drowned the voice of deliberation. The friends of Napoleon were swept before the flood of passion.

It was proposed that every member should immediately take anew the oath to support the Constitution. No one dared to peril his life by the refusal. Even Lucien, the speaker, was compelled to descend from his chair and take the oath. The Ancients, overawed by the unexpected violence of this opposition in the lower and more popular house, began to be alarmed and to recede. The opposition took a bold and aggressive stand, and proposed a decree of outlawry against Napoleon. The friends of Napoleon, remembering past scenes of carnage, were timid and yielding. Defeat seemed inevitable. Victory was apparently turned into discomfiture and death. In this emergency Napoleon displayed the same coolness, energy, and tact with which so often, on the field of battle, in the most disastrous hour, he had rolled back the tide of defeat in the resplendent waves of victory. His own mind was the *corps de reserve* which he now marched into the conflict to arrest the rout of his friends.

Taking with him a few aids and a band of grenadiers, he advanced to the door of the hall. On his way he met Bernadotte.

"You are marching to the guillotine," said his rival, sternly.

"We shall see," Napoleon coolly replied. Leaving the soldiers, with their glittering steel and nodding plumes, at the entrance of the room, he ascended the tribune. The hush of perfect silence pervaded the agitated hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are on a volcano. You deemed the Republic in danger. You called me to your aid. I obeyed. And now I am assailed by a thousand calumnies. They talk of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of military despotism, as if any thing in antiquity resembled the present moment. Danger presses. Disaster thickens. We have no longer a government. The Directors have resigned. The Five Hundred are in a tumult. Emissaries are instigating Paris to revolt. Agitators would gladly bring back the revolutionary tribunals. But fear not. Aided by my companions in arms, I will protect you. I desire nothing for myself but to save the Republic; and I solemnly swear to protect that *liberty and equality* for which we have made such sacrifices." "And the Constitution!" some one cried out. Napoleon had purposely omitted the *Constitution* in his oath, for he despised it, and was at that moment laboring for its overthrow. He paused for a moment, and then, with increasing energy, exclaimed,

"The Constitution! You have none. You violated it when the executive infringed the rights of the Legislature. You violated it when the Legislature struck at the independence of the executive. You violated it when, with sacrilegious hand, both the Legislature and the executive struck at the sovereignty of the people by annulling their elections. The Constitution! it is a mockery; invoked by all, regarded by none."

Rallied by the presence of Napoleon and by these daring words, his friends recovered their courage, and two thirds of the Assembly rose in expression

of their confidence and support. At this moment intelligence arrived that the Five Hundred were compelling Lucien to put to the vote Napoleon's outlawry. Not an instant was to be lost. There is a mysterious power in law. The passage of that vote would probably have been fatal. Life and death were trembling in the balance. "I would then have given two hundred millions," said Napoleon, "to have had Ney by my side." Turning to the Ancients, he exclaimed, "If any orator, paid by foreigners, shall talk of outlawing me, I will appeal for protection to my brave companions in arms whose plumes are nodding at the door. Remember that I march accompanied by the God of fortune and by the God of war."

He immediately left the Ancients, and, attended by his military band, hastened to the Council of Five Hundred. On his way he met Augereau, who was pale and trembling, deeming Napoleon lost.

"You have got yourself into serious trouble," said he, with deep agitation.

"Matters were worse at Arcola," Napoleon coolly replied. "Keep quiet. All will be changed in half an hour."

Followed by his grenadiers, he immediately entered the Hall of the Five Hundred. The soldiers remained near the door. Napoleon traversed alone half of the room to reach the bar. It was an hour in which nothing could save him but the resources of his own mind. Furious shouts rose from all parts of the house. "What means this! down with the tyrant! begone! begone!"

"The winds," says Napoleon, "suddenly escaping from the caverns of Æolus, can give but a faint idea of that tempest." In the midst of the horrible confusion, he in vain endeavored to speak. The members, in the wildest fray, crowded around him. The grenadiers, witnessing the peril of their chief, rushed to his rescue. A dagger was struck at his bosom. A soldier, with his arm, parried the blow. With their bayonets they drove back the members, and encircling Napoleon, bore him from the Hall. Napoleon had hardly descended the outer steps ere some one informed him that his brother Lucien was surrounded by the infuriated deputies, and that his life was in imminent jeopardy.

"Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance."

The soldiers rushed into the room, drove back the crowd, who, with violent menaces, were surrounding Lucien, and saying, "It is by your brother's commands," escorted him in safety out of the hall into the court-yard.

Napoleon, now mounting his horse, with Lucien by his side, rode along in front of his troops. "The Council of Five Hundred," exclaimed Lucien, "is dissolved. It is I that tell you so. Assassins have taken possession of the hall of meeting. I summon you to march and clear it of them."

"Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "can I rely upon you?"

"Long live Bonaparte!" was the simultaneous response.

Murat took a battalion of grenadiers and marched to the entrance of the hall. When Murat headed a column, it was well known that there would be no child's play. "Charge bayonets! forward!" he exclaimed, with imperturbable coolness. The drums beat the charge. Steadily the bristling line of steel advanced. The terrified representatives leaped over the benches,



NAPOLEON IN THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

rushed through the passage ways, and sprang out of the windows, throwing upon the floor, in their precipitate flight, gowns, scarfs, and hats. In two minutes the hall was cleared. As the representatives were flying in dismay across the garden, an officer proposed that the soldiers should be ordered to fire upon them. Napoleon decisively refused, saying, "It is my wish that not a single drop of blood be spilled."

As Napoleon wished to avail himself, as far as possible, of the forms of law, he assembled the two legislative bodies in the evening. Those only attended who were friendly to his cause. Unanimously they decreed that Napoleon had deserved well of his country; they abolished the Directory. The executive power they vested in Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, with the title of Consuls. Two committees of twenty-five members each, taken from the

two Councils, were appointed to co-operate with the Consuls in forming a new Constitution. During the evening a rumor reached Paris that Napoleon had failed in his enterprise.

The consternation was great. The mass of the people, of all ranks, dreading the renewal of revolutionary horrors, and worn out with past convulsions, passionately longed for repose. Their only hope was in Napoleon. At nine o'clock at night intelligence of the change of government was officially announced, by a proclamation which the victor had dictated with the rapidity and the glowing eloquence which had characterized all of his mental acts. It was read by torchlight to assembled and deeply-agitated groups all over the city. The welcome tidings were greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of applause. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself into his carriage to return to Paris. Bourrienne accompanied him. Napoleon appeared so absorbed in thought that he uttered not one single word during the ride.

At four o'clock he alighted from his carriage at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chanteraine. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the peril of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had taken the oath of office, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the empire of France. The heart of Josephine could appreciate a delicacy of love so refined and so touching. Well might she say, "Napoleon is the most fascinating of men." It was then after four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of the day was to conduct Napoleon to a new scene of herculean toil in organizing the Republic. Throwing himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose, he exclaimed, gayly, "Good-night, my Josephine! To-morrow we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

Napoleon was then not thirty years of age. And yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government for thirty millions of people. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more consummate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against law and liberty. Others consider it a necessary act, which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people, no one can doubt. It is questionable whether, even now, France is prepared for self-government. There can be no question that then the republic had totally failed.

"For my part," said Napoleon, "all my share of the plot was confined to assembling the crowd of my visitors at the same hour in the morning, and marching at their head to seize upon power. It was from the threshold of

my door, and without my friends having any previous knowledge of my intentions, that I led them to this conquest. It was amid the brilliant escort which they formed, their lively joy and unanimous ardor, that I presented myself at the bar of the Ancients to thank them for the dictatorship with which they invested me. Metaphysicians have disputed, and will long dispute, whether we did not violate the laws, and whether we were not criminal. But these are mere abstractions, which should disappear before imperious necessity. One might as well blame a sailor for waste and destruction when he cuts away a mast to save his ship. The fact is, had it not been for us, the country must have been lost. We saved it. The authors of that memorable state transaction ought to answer their accusers proudly, like the Roman, 'We protest that we have saved our country. Come with us and render thanks to the Gods.'"

With the exception of the Jacobins, all parties were strongly in favor of this revolution. For ten years the people had been so accustomed to the violation of the laws, that they had ceased to condemn such acts, and judged of them only by their consequences. All over France the feeling was nearly universal in favor of the new government. "Napoleon rivaled Cæsar," says Alison, "in the clemency with which he used his victory. No proscriptions or massacres, few arrests or imprisonments, followed the triumph of order over revolution. On the contrary, numerous acts of mercy, as wise as they were magnanimous, illustrated the rise of the consular throne. The elevation of Napoleon was not only unstained by blood, but not even a single captive long lamented the car of the victor. A signal triumph of the principles of humanity over those of cruelty, glorious alike to the actors and the age in which it occurred; and a memorable proof how much more durable are the victories obtained by moderation and wisdom, than those achieved by violence and stained by blood."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSULAR THRONE.

Causes of the Failure of Republicanism in France—Meeting of the three Consuls—The Consuls and the Gold—Napoleon visits the Temple—Recalls the banished Priests—The shipwrecked Emigrants—Liberty of Conscience—Constitution presented by Napoleon—Removal to the Tuileries—Selection of state Officers—Sympathy with the People—Emptiness of Bonaparte's private Purse—Thoughts on Washington and the United States—Vast Plans of Improvement—War in La Vendée.

FRANCE had tried Republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence nor virtue among the people sufficient to enable them to govern themselves. During long ages of oppression they had sunk into an abyss, from whence they could not rise, in a day, to the dignity of freemen. Not one in thirty of the population of France could either read or write. Religion and all its restraints were scouted as fanaticism. Few had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, of the duty of the minority good-naturedly yielding to the majority.

It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States.

Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of a state been chosen by the majority of a very few votes. And the minority, in such circumstances, have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections, the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good-natured acquiescence all over the land. The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success. The French seemed to have attained no conception of the sanctity of the decisions of the ballot-box. Government was but a series of revolutions. Physical power alone was recognized. The strongest grasped the helm, and, with the guillotine, confiscation, and exile, endeavored hopelessly to cripple their adversaries.

Ten years of such anarchy had wearied the nation. It was in vain to protract the experiment. France longed for repose. Napoleon was the only one capable of giving her repose.* The nation called upon him, in the loudest tones which could be uttered, to assume the reins of government, and to restore the dominion of security and order. We can hardly call that man a usurper who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take. We may say that he was ambitious, that he loved power, that glory was his idol. But if his ambition led him to exalt his country; if the power he loved was the power of elevating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect, and to comfort; if the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known, let us not catalogue his name with the sensualists and the despots who have reared thrones of self-aggrandizement and self-indulgence upon the degradation of the people. We must compare Napoleon with the leaders of armies, the founders of dynasties, and with those who, in the midst of popular commotions, have ascended thrones. When we institute such a comparison, Napoleon stands without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington.

The next morning after the overthrow of the Directory, the three consuls, Napoleon, Sièyes, and Ducos, met in the palace of the Luxembourg. Sièyes was a veteran diplomatist, whose gray hairs entitled him, as he supposed, to

* "The power of the aristocratic principle was too vigorous, and too much identified with that of the monarchical principle, to be successfully resisted by a virtuous democratic effort; much less could it be overthrown by a democracy rioting in innocent blood, and menacing destruction to political and religious establishments, the growth of centuries, somewhat decayed indeed, yet scarcely showing their gray hairs. The first military events of the Revolution, the disaffection of Toulon and Lyons, the civil war of La Vendée, the feeble, although successful, resistance made to the Duke of Brunswick's invasion, and the frequent and violent change of rulers, whose fall none regretted, were all proofs that the French Revolution, intrinsically too feeble to sustain the moral force pressing it down, was fast sinking, when the wonderful genius of Napoleon, baffling all reasonable calculation, raised and fixed it on the basis of victory—the only one capable of supporting the crude production. Nevertheless, that great man knew the cause he upheld was not sufficiently in unison with the feelings of the age, and his first care was to disarm or neutralize monarchical and sacerdotal enmity by restoring a church establishment, and by becoming a monarch himself. Once a sovereign, his vigorous character, his pursuits, his talents, and the critical nature of the times, inevitably rendered him a despotic one; yet, while he sacrificed political liberty, which, to the great bulk of mankind, has never been more than a pleasing sound, he cherished, with the utmost care, equality, a sensible good, which produces equal satisfaction as it descends in the scale of society."—*Napier's Peninsular War, Introduction.*

the moral supremacy over his colleagues. He thought that Napoleon would be satisfied with the command of the armies, while he would be left to manage the affairs of state. There was one arm-chair in the room. Napoleon very coolly assumed it. Sièyes, much annoyed, rather petulantly exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, who shall take the chair?"

"Bonaparte surely," said Ducos; "he already has it. He is the only man who can save us."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Napoleon, promptly; "let us proceed to business."

Sièyes was staggered. But resistance to a will so imperious, and an arm so strong, was useless.

Sièyes loved gold. Napoleon loved only glory. "Do you see," inquired Sièyes, pointing to a sort of cabinet in the room, "that pretty piece of furniture?" Napoleon, whose poetic sensibilities were easily aroused, looked at it with interest, fancying it to be some relic of the disenthroned monarchs of France. Sièyes continued: "I will reveal to you a little secret. We Directors, reflecting that we might go out of office in poverty, which would be a very unbecoming thing, laid aside, from the treasury, a sum to meet that exigence. There are nearly two hundred thousand dollars in that chest. As there are no more Directors, the money belongs to us." Napoleon now began to understand matters. It was not difficult for one who had proudly rejected millions to look with contempt upon thousands.

"Gentlemen," said he, very coolly, "should this transaction come to my knowledge, I shall insist that the whole sum be refunded to the public treasury. But should I not hear of it, and I know nothing of it as yet, you, being two old Directors, can divide the money between you. But you must make haste. To-morrow it may be too late." They took the hint and divided the spoil, Sièyes taking the lion's share. Ducos complained to Napoleon of the extortion of his colleague.

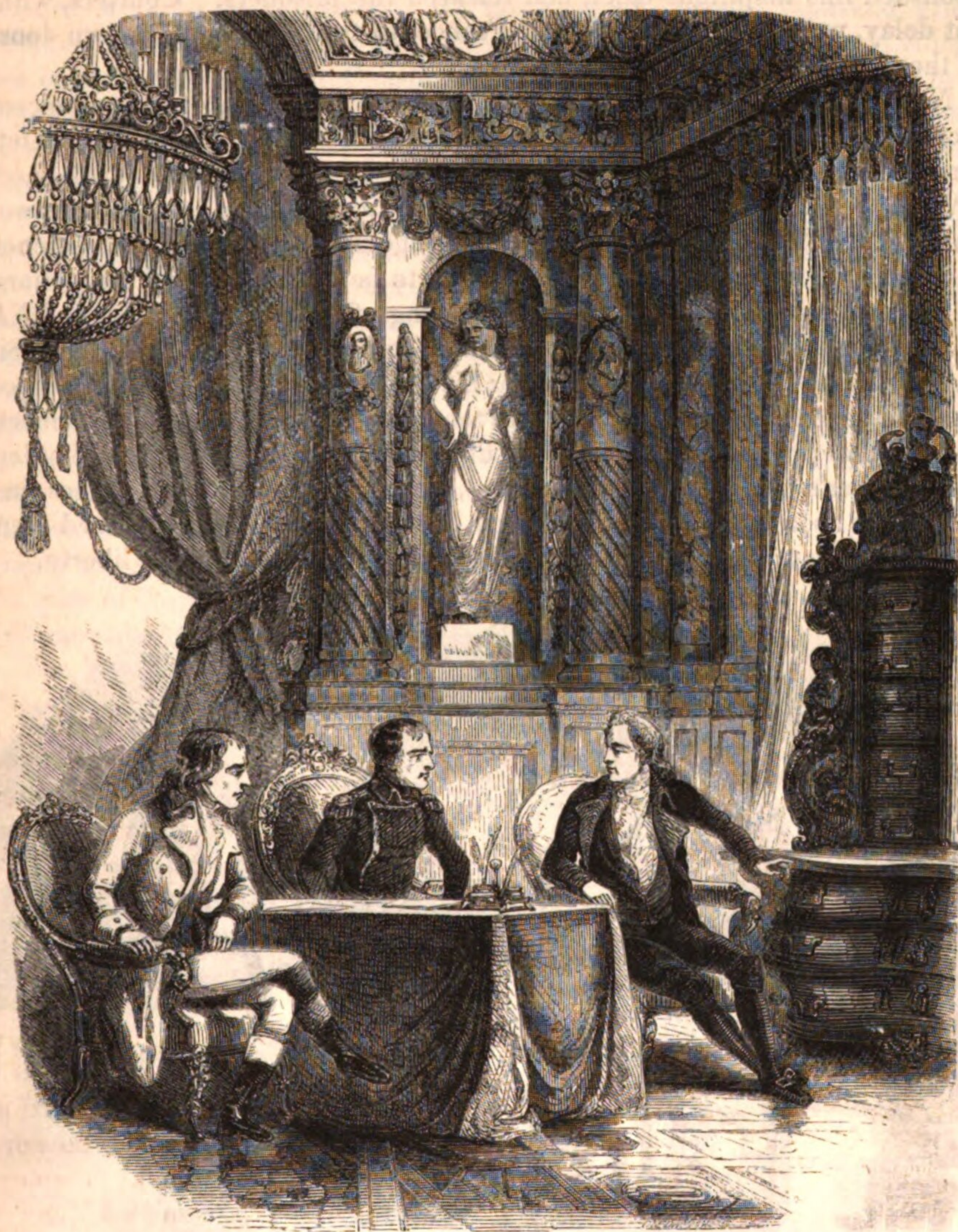
"Settle the business between yourselves," said Napoleon, "and be quiet. Should the matter come to my ears, you will inevitably lose the whole."

This transaction, of course, gave Napoleon a supremacy which neither of his colleagues could ever again question. The law which decreed the provisional consulship conferred upon them the power, in connection with the two legislative bodies of twenty-five members each, of preparing a new Constitution to be submitted to the people. The genius of Napoleon, his energy, his boundless information, and his instinctive insight into the complexities of all subjects, were so conspicuous in this first interview, that his colleagues were overwhelmed. That evening Sièyes went to sup with some stern Republicans, his intimate friends.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the republic is no more. It died to-day. I have this day conversed with a man who is not only a great general, but who is himself capable of every thing, and who knows every thing. He wants no counselors, no assistance. Politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The republic is finished."

"But," one replied, "if he becomes a tyrant, we must call to our aid the dagger of Brutus."

"Alas ! my friends," Sièyes rejoined, "we should then fall into the hands of the Bourbons, which would be still worse."



THE CONSULS AND THE GOLD.

Napoleon now devoted himself, with tireless energies, to the reorganization of the government, and to the general administration of the affairs of the empire. He worked day and night. He appeared insensible to exhaustion or weariness. Every subject was apparently alike familiar to his mind ; banking, police regulations, diplomacy, the army, the navy, every thing which could pertain to the welfare of France, was grasped by his all-comprehensive intellect.

The Directory had tyrannically seized, as hostages, any relatives of the emigrants upon whom they could lay their hands. Wives, mothers, sisters,

brothers, fathers, children, were imprisoned, and held responsible, with their lives, for the conduct of their emigrant relatives. Napoleon immediately abolished this iniquitous edict, and released the prisoners. Couriers, without delay, were dispatched all over France, to throw open the prison doors to these unfortunate captives.

Napoleon even went himself to the Temple, where many of these innocent victims were imprisoned, that he might, with his own hand, break their fetters. On Napoleon's return from this visit to the prison, he exclaimed, "What fools these Directors were! To what a state have they brought our public institutions! The prisoners are in a shocking condition. I questioned them as well as the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. When in the prison, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith—I made them show me his apartments. If he had not escaped I should have taken Acre. There are too many painful associations connected with that prison. I shall have it pulled down one day or other. I ordered the jailer's books to be brought, and, finding the list of the hostages, immediately liberated them. I told them that an unjust law had placed them under restraint, and that it was my first duty to restore them to liberty."



NAPOLEON IN THE TEMPLE.

The priests had been mercilessly persecuted. They could only escape imprisonment by taking an oath, which many considered hostile to their religious vows. Large numbers of them were immured in dungeons. Others, in dismay and poverty, had fled, and were wandering fugitives in other lands. Napoleon redressed their wrongs, and spread over them the shield of his pow-

erful protection. The captives were liberated, and the exiles invited to return. The principle was immediately established, that the rights of conscience were to be respected. By this one act, twenty thousand grief-stricken exiles were restored to France, proclaiming through city and village the clemency of the First Consul. In the rural districts of France, where the sentiment of veneration for Christianity still lingered, the priests were received with the warmest welcome; and in the hut of the peasant, the name of Napoleon was breathed with prayers and tears of gratitude.

Some French emigrants, furnished with arms by England, were returning to France, to join the Royalists in La Vendée in extending the ravages of civil war. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Calais, and they were all made prisoners. As they were taken with arms in their hands, to fight against their country, rigorous laws doomed them, as traitors, to the guillotine. Napoleon interposed to save them. Magnanimously he asserted, "No matter what their intentions were. They were driven on our soil by the tempest. They are shipwrecked men. As such, they are entitled to the laws of hospitality. Their persons must be held inviolable." Unharméd, they were all permitted to re-embark and leave France. Among these emigrants were many men of illustrious name. These acts of generosity on the part of Napoleon did much to disarm their hostility, and many of them became subsequently firm supporters of his power.

The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches and prohibited the observance of the Sabbath. To efface, if possible, all traces of that sacred day, they had appointed every tenth day for cessation from labor and for festivity. A heavy fine was inflicted upon any one who should close his shop on the Sabbath, or manifest any reverence for the discarded institution. Napoleon, who had already resolved to reinstate Christianity in paganized France, but who found it necessary to move with the utmost caution, ordered that no man should be molested for his religious principles or practices. This step excited hostility. Paris was filled with unbelief. Generals, statesmen, philosophers, scouted the idea of religion. They remonstrated. Napoleon was firm. The mass of the common people were with him, and he triumphed over aristocratic infidelity.

With singular tact, he selected the most skillful and efficient men to fill all the infinitely varied departments of state. "I want more head," said he, "and less tongue." Every one was kept busy. Every one was under the constant vigilance of his eagle eye. He appeared to have an instinctive acquaintance with every branch of legislation, and with the whole science of government. Three times a week the minister of finance appeared before him, and past corruption was dragged to light and abolished.

The treasury was bankrupt. Napoleon immediately replenished it. The army was starving, and almost in a state of mutiny. Napoleon addressed to them a few of his glowing words of encouragement and sympathy, and the emaciated soldiers, in their rags, enthusiastically rallied again around their colors, and in a few days, from all parts of France, baggage wagons were trundling toward them, laden with clothing and provisions. The navy was dilapidated and blockaded. At the voice of Napoleon, in every port of France, the sound of the ship hammer was heard, and a large armament was

prepared to convey succor to his comrades in Egypt. Such vigor mortal man never exhibited before. All France felt an immediate impulse. At the same time in which Napoleon was accomplishing all these duties, and innumerable others, any one of which would have engrossed the whole energies of any common man, he was almost daily meeting his colleagues and the two committees to discuss the new Constitution.*

Sièyes was greatly alarmed at the generosity of some of Napoleon's acts. "The emigrants," said he, "will return in crowds. The Royalists will again raise their heads, and the Republicans will be massacred." His imagination was so excited with apprehensions of conspiracies and assassinations, that he once awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning, to inform him of a fearful conspiracy which had just been discovered by the police. Napoleon quietly listened to the story, and then, raising his head from his pillow, inquired, "Have they corrupted our guard?" "No!" Sièyes replied. "Then go to bed," said Napoleon, "and let them alone. It will be time enough to be alarmed when our six hundred men are attacked." Napoleon was so powerful that he could afford to be generous. His magnanimity was his most effectual safeguard.

In less than six weeks, the new Constitution was ready to be presented to the nation for their acceptance. In the original draft, drawn up by Sièyes, the supreme power was to be vested in a Grand Elector, to be chosen for life, to possess a revenue of one million of dollars, and to reside, in the utmost possible magnificence, in the palaces of Versailles. He was to be a mock king, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, but without its power. This was the office which Sièyes hoped would satisfy the ambition of Napoleon. Napoleon exploded it as with a bomb-shell.

"Can you conceive," he exclaimed, "that a man of the least talent or honor would humble himself to accept an office, the duties of which are merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year?"

The Grand Elector was annihilated. The following was the Constitution adopted. The sovereign power was to be invested in Napoleon as First Consul. Two subordinate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were to be his counselors, with deliberative voices only. The Consuls proposed laws to a body called the Tribune, who thoroughly discussed them, and either rejected, or, if they approved, recommended the law to a third body, called the Legislature. The Legislature heard the report in silence, having no deliberative

* "France was at that time torn by parties, oppressed by the unprincipled rapacity of some, excited by priests, surrounded by irreconcilable enemies to the new state of things, and impoverished by the long interruption of commerce and industry. The Consul found almost all social ties dissolved; the administration corrupt; religion abolished; justice insecure; the laws disregarded; violence and weakness every where coupled together; factions intriguing against each other; Jacobins, Royalists, Constitutionalists, adherents to the Directory (the Directory itself having been divided), opposed to each other—in one word, a state of anarchy which disgusted the people at large, and which led to the most daring attempts upon the person of the chief magistrate. Such was the state of France when Bonaparte took the reins into his hand. He directed his attention to every branch of government. The law, the finances, prisons, education, arts, industry, even the fashions of the ladies, which had become highly indecorous—every subject of general interest attracted his attention. Thus situated, gifted with such a variety of talents, and surrounded by foreign enemies, it is not surprising, although it is to be lamented, that he gradually concentrated all the powers of government in himself."—*Encyclopædia Americana, Article Napoleon.*

voice. Three were appointed from the Tribunate to present the arguments in favor of the law, and three those against it. Without further debate, the Legislature, as judges, voted. The Senate also was a silent body. It received the law from the Legislature, and approved or condemned. Here were the forms of an ample supply of checks and balances. Every act proposed by Napoleon must be sanctioned by the Tribunate, the Legislature, and the Senate before it could become a law.

"The Constitution," said Sièyes, "is a pyramid, of which the people is the base." Every male in France, 21 years of age, paying a tax, was a voter. They amounted to about 5,000,000. In their primary assemblies they chose 500,000 delegates. These delegates, from their own number, chose 50,000. These latter, from themselves, chose 5000. These 5000 were the Notables, or the eligible to office. From them, thus elected by the people, all the offices were to be filled. The Constitution declared Napoleon to be First Consul for ten years, with an annual salary of \$100,000. Cambacères and Lebrun were his associate Consuls, with a salary of \$60,000. These three, with Sièyes and Ducos, were to choose, from the Notables, the Senate, to consist of eighty members. They were elected for life, and received a salary of \$5000. The Senate chose three hundred members, from the Notables, to compose the Legislature, with a salary of \$2000, and one hundred members, to compose the Tribunate, with an annual salary of \$3000 each.

Such, in brief, was the Constitution under which Napoleon commenced his reign. Under a man of ordinary vigor this would have been a popular and a free government. With Napoleon it was, in effect, an unlimited monarchy. The energy of his mind was so tremendous, that he acquired immediately the control of all these bodies. The plans he proposed were either so plainly conducive to the public welfare, or he had such an extraordinary faculty of convincing tribunes, legislators, and senators that they were so, that these bodies almost invariably voted in perfect accordance with his will.

It was Napoleon's unquestioned aim to aggrandize France. For the accomplishment of that purpose, he was ready to make any conceivable personal sacrifice. In that accomplishment was to consist all his glory. No money could bribe him. No enticements of sensual indulgence could divert his energies from that single aim. His capacious intellect seemed to grasp intuitively every thing which could affect the welfare of France. He gathered around him, as agents for the execution of his plans, the most brilliant intellects of Europe, and yet they all took the attitude of children in his presence. With a body which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a mind whose energies never were exhausted, he consecrated himself to the majestic enterprise by day and by night, and with an untiring energy which amazed and bewildered his contemporaries, and which still excites the wonder of the world. No one thought of resisting his will. His subordinates sought only to anticipate his wishes. Hence no machinery of government, which human ingenuity could devise, could seriously embarrass the free scope of his energies. His associates often expressed themselves as entirely overawed by the majesty of his intellect. They came from his presence giving utterance to the most profound admiration of the justice and the rapidity of his percep-

tions. "We are pressed," said they, "into a very whirlwind of urgency ; but it is all for the good of France."

The Constitution was now presented to the whole people for their acceptance or rejection. A more free and unbiased expression of public opinion could not possibly have been obtained. The result is unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. There were 3,011,007 votes cast in favor of the Constitution, and but 1562 in the negative. By such unanimity, unprecedented in the history of the world, was Napoleon elected First Consul of France. Those who reject the dogma of the divine right of kings, who believe in the sacred authority of the voice of the people, will, in this act, surely recognize the legitimacy of Napoleon's elevation. A better title to the supreme power no ruler upon earth could ever show.

With Americans it can not be a serious question who had the best title to the throne, Louis Capet, from the accident of birth, or Napoleon Bonaparte, from the unanimous vote of the people. Napoleon may have abused the power which was thus placed in his hands. Whether he did so or not, the impartial history of his career will record. But it is singularly disingenuous to call this a usurpation. It was a nation's voice.

"I did not usurp the crown," said Napoleon, proudly and justly. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." It is not strange that the French people should have decided as they did. Where is the man now, in either hemisphere, who would not have preferred the government of Napoleon to any other dominion which was then possible in France?

From the comparatively modest palace of the Luxembourg, Napoleon and Josephine now removed, to take up their residence in the more magnificent apartments of the Tuileries. Those saloons of royalty, which had been sacked and defiled by the mob of Paris, were thoroughly repaired. The red cap of Jacobinism had been daubed upon the walls of the apartments of state, and a tri-colored cockade had been painted upon the military hat of Louis XIV.

"Wash those out," said Napoleon. "I will have no such abominations."

The palace was furnished with more than its former splendor. Statues of illustrious men of all lands embellished the vacant niches. These gorgeous saloons, where kings and queens for so many ages had reveled, were now adorned, with outvying splendor, for the residence of the people's chosen ruler.

Louis was the king of the nobles, placed by the nobles upon the throne. He consulted for their interests. All the avenues of wealth and honor were open for them alone. The people were merely slaves, living in ignorance, poverty, obscurity, that the king and the nobles might dwell in voluptuousness. Napoleon was the ruler of the *people*. He was one of their own number. He was elevated to power by their choice. He spread out an unobstructed arena for the play of their energies. He opened before them the highways to fame and fortune. The only aristocracy which he favored was the aristocracy of intellect and industry. No privileged classes were tolerated. Every man was equal in the eye of the law. All appealed to the same tribunals, and received impartial justice. The taxes were proportioned

to property. The feudal claims of the landed proprietors were abolished; and there was no situation in the state to which the humblest citizen might not aspire. They called Napoleon First Consul. They cared not much what he was called, so long as he was the supreme ruler of their own choice. They were proud of having their ruler more exalted, more magnificent, more powerful, than the kings of the nobles. Hence the secret of their readiness to acquiesce in any plans which might minister to the grandeur of their own Napoleon. His glory was their glory. And never were they better pleased than when they saw him eclipse in splendor the proudest sovereigns upon the surrounding thrones.

One evening Napoleon, with his gray surtout buttoned up closely around him, went out with Bourrienne, incognito, and sauntered along the Rue St. Honoré, making small purchases in the shops, and conversing freely with the people about the First Consul and his acts.

"Well, citizen," said Napoleon, in one of the shops, "what do they say of Bonaparte?"

The shop-keeper spoke of him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "we must watch him. I hope that it will not be found that we have merely changed one tyrant for another—the Directory for Bonaparte."

The shop-keeper was so indignant at this irreverent intimation, that he showered upon Napoleon such a volley of abuse as to compel him to escape precipitately into the street, greatly amused and delighted with the adventure.

It was on the morning of the 19th of February, 1800, when all Paris was in commotion, to witness the gratifying spectacle of the people's sovereign taking possession of the palace of the ancient kings. The brilliance of Napoleon's character and renown had already thrown his colleagues into the shade. They were powerless. No one thought of them. Sièyes foresaw this inevitable result, and, with very commendable self-respect, refused to accept the office of Second Consul. A few interviews with Napoleon had taught him that no one could share power with a will so lofty and commanding.

"Sièyes," says Napoleon, "had fallen into a mistake respecting the nature of these consuls. He was fearful of mortification, and of having the First Consul to contend with at every step. This would have been the case had all the consuls been equal. We should then have all been enemies. But the Constitution having made them subordinate, there was no room for the struggles of obstinacy."

Indeed, there was no room for such a conflict. Utter powerlessness can not contend with omnipotence. The subordinate consuls could only *give advice when Napoleon asked it*. He was not likely to trouble them.

The royal apartments in the Tuileries were prepared for the First Consul. The more modest saloons in the Pavilion of Flora were assigned to the two other consuls. Cambacères, however, was so fully conscious of the real position which he occupied, that he declined entering the palace of the kings. He said to his colleague Lebrun, "It is an error that we should be lodged

in the Tuileries. It suits neither you nor me. For my part, I will not go. General Bonaparte will soon want to lodge there by himself. Then we shall be suffered to retire. It is better not to go at all."

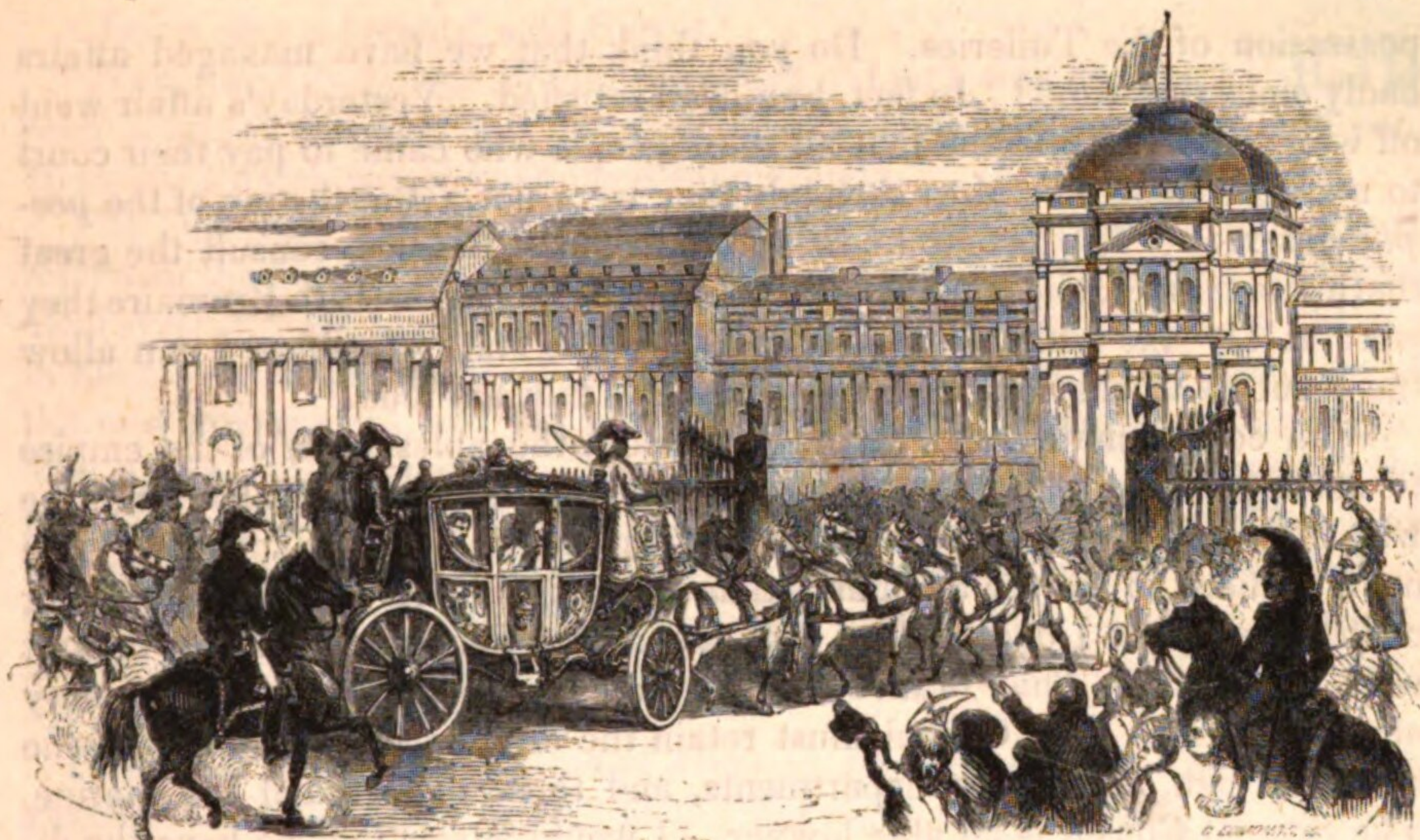
Napoleon was never disposed to forget the friends of his early years, or the trials which he had then encountered. He had, when a young man, passed months in Paris without a home, with an empty purse, and almost without a friend. He was then in the habit of frequenting a small reading-room in the Palais Royal, where, for a few sous, he could, in the chilly days of winter, read the daily journals and enjoy the warmth of a fire. The wife of the master of the shop became interested in the thoughtful and studious young man, and occasionally invited him to take a bowl of soup with her. As a recompense for this kindness and hospitality, Napoleon, as soon as he became First Consul, gratefully sought out his humble friends, and conferred upon them a lucrative government office. He was afterward urged, as a matter of state policy, to shut up these reading-rooms. To this he replied,

"No! I will never do that. I know too well the comfort of having such a place to go to, ever to deprive others of the same resource."

The morning of Napoleon's removal to the Tuileries he slept later than usual. When Bourrienne entered his chamber at seven o'clock, Napoleon was soundly asleep. On awaking, he said, "Well, Bourrienne, we shall at length sleep at the Tuileries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to make a show of yourself. You may go in your own way. But as for me, I must go in a procession. This I dislike. But we must have a display. It gratifies the people. The Directory was too simple; it therefore enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in its place. But in a great city, in a palace, it is necessary that the chief of a state should draw attention upon himself by all possible means. But we must move with caution. Josephine will see the review from the apartments of Consul Lebrun."

Napoleon entered a magnificent carriage, seated between his two colleagues, who appeared but as his attendants or body-guard. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful white horses, a present to Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria immediately after the treaty of Campo Formio. A gorgeous train of officers, accompanied by six thousand picked troops, in the richest splendor of military display, composed the cortège. Twenty thousand soldiers, with all the concomitants of martial pomp, in double files, lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. A throng which could not be numbered, from the city and from the country, filled the garden, the streets, the avenues, the balconies, the house-tops, and ebbed and flowed in surging billows far back into the Elysian Fields. They had collected to exult in introducing the idol of the army and of the nation—the people's king—into the palace from which they had expelled the ancient monarchs of France.

The moment the state carriage appeared, the heavens seemed rent with the unanimous shout, "Long live the First Consul!" As soon as Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great stairs ascending to the palace, he left the other consuls, and, mounting his horse, passed in review the magnificent array of troops drawn up before him. Murat was on his right, Lannes on his left. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff of war-worn veterans, whose scarred



NAPOLÉON'S ENTRANCE INTO THE TUILERIES.

and sun-burned visages told of many a toilsome and bloody campaign. There were three brigades, which appeared with the banners which had passed through the terrific conflicts of Lodi, Rivoli, and Arcola. They were black with powder, and torn into shreds by shot. Napoleon instantly uncovered his head, and, with profound reverence, saluted these monuments of military valor. A universal burst of enthusiasm greeted the well-timed and graceful act. Napoleon then returned to the Tuileries, ascended to the audience-chamber, and took his station in the centre of the room. All eyes were fixed upon him. The two associate consuls were entirely forgotten, or, rather, they were reduced to the rank of pages following in his train and gracing his triumph.

The suite of rooms appropriated to Josephine consisted of two magnificent saloons, with private apartments adjoining. In the evening a vast assemblage of brilliant guests were gathered in those regal halls. When Josephine entered the gorgeously-illuminated apartments, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, and dressed with that admirable taste which she ever displayed, a murmur of admiration rose from the whole assembly. The festivities of the evening were protracted until nearly the dawn of the ensuing morning. When the guests had all retired, Napoleon, with his hands folded behind him, paced to and fro through the spacious halls, apparently absorbed in profound and melancholy thought; and then, as if half soliloquizing, said to his secretary Bourrienne,

“Here we are in the Tuileries. We must take good care to remain here. Who has not inhabited this palace? It has been the abode of robbers—of members of the Convention. There is your brother's house, from which, eight years ago, we saw the good Louis XVI. besieged in the Tuileries and carried off into captivity. But you need not fear a repetition of that scene. Let them attempt it with me if they dare.”

The next morning Napoleon said to Bourrienne, “See what it is to have the mind set upon a thing. It is not two years since we resolved to take

possession of the Tuileries. Do you think that we have managed affairs badly since that time? In fact, I am well satisfied. Yesterday's affair went off well. Do you imagine that all those people who came to pay their court to me were sincere? Most certainly they were not. But the joy of the *people* was real. The people know what is right. Besides, consult the great thermometer of public opinion—the public funds. On the 17th Brumaire they were at 11—the 20th, 16—to-day, 21. In this state of things, I can allow the Jacobins to chatter. But they must not talk too loud.”

With consummate tact, Napoleon selected the ablest men of the empire to occupy the most important departments in the state. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, having received his appointment, said to Napoleon, “You have confided to me the administration of foreign affairs. I will justify your confidence. But I deem it my duty at once to declare that I will consult with you alone. That France may be well governed, there must be unity of action. The First Consul must retain the direction of every thing—the home, foreign, and police departments, and those of war and the marine. The Second Consul is an able lawyer. I would advise that he have the direction of legal affairs. Let the Third Consul govern the finances. This will occupy and amuse them. Thus you, having at your disposal the vital powers of government, will be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France.”

Napoleon listened in silence. Having taken leave of his minister, he said to his secretary, “Talleyrand has detected my views. He is a man of excellent sense. He advises just what I intend to do. They walk with speed who walk alone.”

Some one had objected to the appointment of Talleyrand, saying, “He is a weathercock.”

“Be it so,” said Napoleon; “he is the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities.”

“Carnot,” objected another, “is a Republican.”

“Republican or not,” Napoleon replied, “he is the last Frenchman who will wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivalled talents in the War Department while he is willing to place them at our command.”

“Fouché,” objected one, “is a compound of falsehood and duplicity.”

“Fouché alone,” Napoleon rejoined, “is able to conduct the Ministry of the Police. He alone has a knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We can not create men. We must take such as we find. It is easier to modify, by circumstances, the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place.”

M. Abriel, a peer of France, was recommended as Minister of Justice.

“I do not know you, Citizen Abriel,” said Napoleon, as he presented him his diploma of office, “but I am informed that you are the most upright man in the magistracy. It is on that account that I have named you Minister of Justice.”

One of Napoleon's first acts was to abolish the annual festival celebrating the bloody death of Louis XVI. He declared it to be a barbarous ceremony, and unworthy of a humane people.

"Louis was a tyrant," said Sièyes.

"Nay, nay," Napoleon promptly replied, "Louis was no tyrant. Had he been a tyrant, I should this day have been a captain of engineers, and you, Monsieur l'Abbé, would have been saying mass."

The Directory had resorted to the iniquitous procedure of forced loans to replenish the bankrupt treasury. Napoleon immediately rejected the tyrannical system. He assembled seventy of the most wealthy capitalists of Paris in his closet at the Tuileries. Frankly he laid before them the principles of the new government, and the claims it had on the confidence of the public. The appeal was irresistible. The merchants and bankers, overjoyed at the prospect of just and stable laws, by acclamation voted an immediate loan of two millions of dollars. Though this made provision but for a few days, it was very timely aid. He then established an equitable tax upon property, sufficient to meet the exigencies of the state. The people paid the tax without a murmur.

Napoleon entertained profound aversion for the men who had been engaged in the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution, particularly for the regicides. He always spoke with horror of those men of blood, whom he called the assassins of Louis. He deplored the necessity of employing any of them. Cambacères was a member of the Convention which had condemned the king to the guillotine. Though he voted against the sentence of death, he had advocated his arrest.

"Remember," said Napoleon one day to Cambacères, at the same time playfully pinching his ear, "that I had nothing to do with that atrocious business. But your case, my dear Cambacères, is clear. If the Bourbons ever return, you must be hanged." Cambacères did not enjoy such pleasantries. His smile was ghastly. Upon the reorganization of the Supreme Court of France, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I do not take any decided steps against the regicides. But I will show what I think of them. Target, the president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. I will replace him by Tronchet, who so nobly discharged that perilous duty. They may say what they choose. My mind is made up."

The enthusiasm of the army was immediately revived by the attention which the First Consul devoted to its interests. He presented beautiful sabres to those soldiers who had highly distinguished themselves. One hundred were thus conferred. A sergeant of grenadiers had obtained permission to write to the First Consul, expressing his thanks. Napoleon, with his own hand, replied, "I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You had no occasion to remind me of your gallant behavior. You are the most courageous grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benezeti. You have received one of the hundred sabres which I have distributed, and all agree that none deserve it better. I wish much to see you again. The Minister of War sends you an order to come to Paris." This letter was widely circulated in the army, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch. The First Consul, the most illustrious general of France, the great Napoleon, calls a sergeant of grenadiers "my brave comrade." This sympathy for the people was ever a prominent trait in Napoleon's character.

The following anecdote will illustrate his views upon this subject, or,

rather, a part of his views. All men have varying moods of mind, which seem to be antagonistic to each other. Napoleon was conversing with O'Meara respecting the English naval service.

"During the winter," said O'Meara, "the seamen are better off at sea than the officers."

"Why so?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because," was the reply, "they have the advantage of the galley-fire, where they can warm and dry themselves."

"And why can not the officers do the same?"

"It would not be exactly decorous," O'Meara replied, "for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men."

"Ah, this aristocratic pride!" exclaimed Napoleon. "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go to the lines in the bivouacs, sit down with the humblest soldier, and converse freely with him. You are the most aristocratic nation in the world. I always prided myself on being the man of the people. I sprung from the populace myself. Whenever a man had merit, I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had. To the aristocracy you pay every kind of attention. Nothing can be too good for them. The people you treat precisely as if they were slaves. Can any thing be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send your boats on shore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the populace, if they can not prove themselves *gentlemen*, are hurried on board your ships. And yet you have the impudence to cry out against the conscription in France. It wounds your pride, because it fell *upon all ranks*. You are shocked that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country, just as if he were one of the common people—that he should be compelled to expose his body like a vile plebeian. Yet God made all men alike. One day the people will avenge themselves. That conscription, which so offended your aristocratic pride, was conducted scrupulously according to the principles of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it. The conscription did not, like your press-gang, crush a particular class because they were poor. It was the most just, because the most equal, mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the world."

When a prisoner on board the *Northumberland*, in his passage to St. Helena, all the common sailors, though English, became most enthusiastically attached to Napoleon. Some one alluded to this fact.

"Yes," said Napoleon, "I believe they were my friends. I used to go among them; speak to them kindly, and ask familiar questions. My freedom in this respect quite astonished them, as it was so different from that which they had been accustomed to receive from their own officers. You English are great aristocrats. You keep a wide distance between yourselves and the people."

It was observed in reply, "On board a man-of-war it is necessary to keep the seamen at a great distance, in order to maintain a proper respect for the officers."

"I do not think," Napoleon rejoined, "that it is necessary to keep up so much reserve as you practice. When the officers do not eat or drink, or

take too many freedoms with the seamen, I see no necessity for any greater distinctions. Nature formed all men equal. It was always my custom to go freely among the soldiers and the common people, to converse with them, ask them little histories, and speak kindly to them. This I found to be of the greatest benefit to me. On the contrary, the generals and officers I kept at a great distance."

Notwithstanding these protestations of freedom from aristocratic pride, which were unquestionably sincere, and in their intended application strictly true, it is also evident that Napoleon was by no means insensible to the mysterious fascination of illustrious rank. It is a sentiment implanted in the human heart, which never has been, and never can be eradicated. Just at this time Murat sought Napoleon's sister Caroline for his bride.

"Murat! Murat!" said Napoleon, thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "*He is the son of an inn-keeper. In the elevated rank to which I have attained, I can not mix my blood with his.*" For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then continued, "Besides, there is no hurry. I shall see by-and-by."

A friend of the young cavalry officer urged the strong attachment of the two for each other. He also plead Murat's devotion to Napoleon, his brilliant courage, and the signal service he had rendered at the battle of Aboukir.

"Yes," Napoleon replied, with animation, "Murat was superb at Aboukir. Well, for my part, all things considered, I am satisfied. Murat suits my sister. And, then, they can not say that I am aristocratic—that I seek grand alliances. Had I given my sister to a noble, all you Jacobins would have cried out for a counter-revolution. Since that matter is settled, we must hasten the business. We have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I wish to take Murat with me. We must strike a decisive blow there. Come to-morrow."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast power, and the millions which had been at his disposal, his private purse was still so empty that he could present his sister Caroline with but six thousand dollars as her marriage portion. Feeling the necessity of making some present in accordance with his exalted rank, he took a magnificent bridal necklace belonging to Josephine as the bridal gift. Josephine most gracefully submitted to this spoliation of her jewelry.

In the midst of these events, the news arrived in France of the death of Washington. Napoleon immediately issued the following order of the day to the army: "Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the standards and banners of the Republic."

In reference to the course he pursued at this time, Napoleon subsequently remarked, "Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If knowledge should ever be danger-

ous to the multitude, it can only be when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge will inspire them with the spirit to defend themselves. My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction are to elevate generations yet unborn. Thus, during my reign, crimes were constantly diminishing. On the contrary, with our neighbors in England they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.

"Look at the United States," he continued, "where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously. Every one is happy and contented. And this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interest of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion—above all, what increase of crime, would ensue. When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington. I should have had little merit in so being. I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and invasion from without, he could by no possibility have been what he was in America. Indeed, it would have been folly to have attempted it. It would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, and in the midst of kings, yielding or subdued, that I could take my place. Then, and then only, could I successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom."

"I think," said La Fayette, at the time of the revolution which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne of France, "that the Constitution of the United States is the best which has ever existed. But France is not prepared for such a government. We need a throne surrounded by republican institutions."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to reorganize in the Tuileries the splendors of a court. The French people were like children who needed to be amused, and Napoleon took good care to provide amusement for them. His ante-chambers were filled with chamberlains, pages, and esquires. Servants, in brilliant liveries, loitered in the halls and on the staircases. Magnificent entertainments were provided, at which Josephine presided with surpassing grace and elegance. Balls, operas, and theatres began to be crowded with splendor and fashion, and the gay Parisians were delighted. Napoleon, personally, took no interest whatever in these things. All his energies were engrossed in the accomplishment of magnificent enterprises for the elevation of France.

"While they are discussing these changes," said he, "they will cease to talk nonsense about my politics, and that is what I want. Let them amuse themselves. Let them dance. But let them not thrust their heads into the

councils of government. Commerce will revive under the increasing expenditure of the capital. I am not afraid of the Jacobins. I never was so much applauded as at the last parade. It is ridiculous to say that nothing is right but what is new. We have had enough of such novelties. I would rather have the balls of the opera than the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason.”*

While Napoleon was thus engaged in reconstructing society in France, organizing the army, strengthening the navy, and conducting the diplomacy of Europe, he was maturing and executing the most magnificent plans of internal improvements. In early life he had conceived a passion for architectural grandeur, which had been strengthened and chastened by his residence among the time-honored monuments of Italy and Egypt. With inconceivable activity of mind, he planned those vast works of utility and of beauty in Paris, and all over the empire, which will remain forever the memorials of his well-directed energies, and which will throw a lustre over his reign which never can be sullied. He erected the beautiful quay on the banks of the Seine, in front of the Tuileries. He swept away the buildings which deformed the Place Carrousel, and united the Louvre and the Tuileries, forming a magnificent square between those splendid edifices. He commenced the construction of a fourth side for the great square opposite the picture gallery. It was a vast and a noble undertaking; but it was interrupted by those fierce wars which the allied kings of Europe waged against him. The Bridge of Arts was commenced. The convents of the Feuillans and Capucines, which had been filled with victims during the Revolution, were torn down, and the magnificent Rue di Rivoli, now one of the chief ornaments of Paris, was thrown open. Canals, bridges, turnpike roads all over the empire, were springing into existence. One single mind inspired the nation.

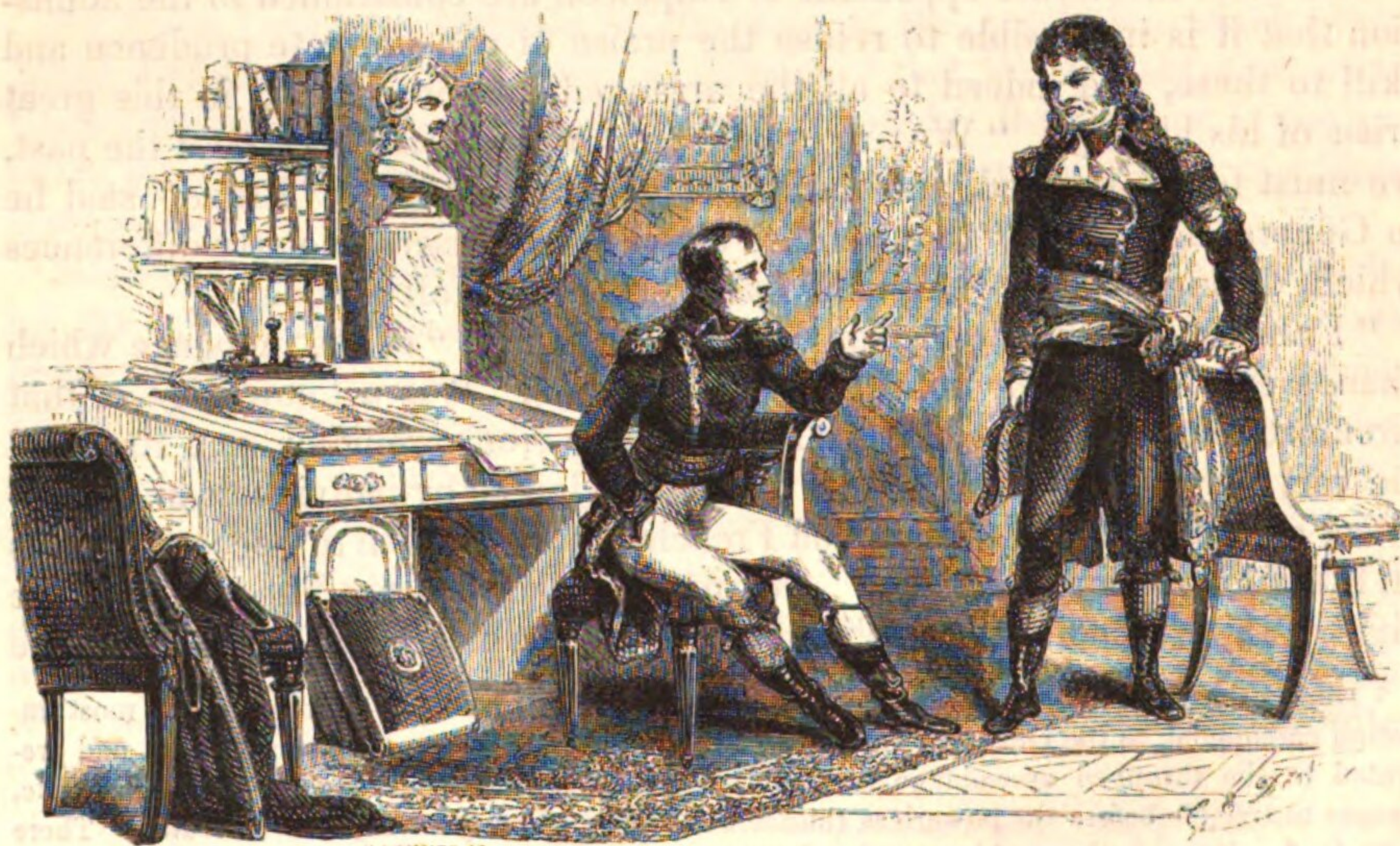
The most inveterate opponents of Napoleon are constrained to the admission that it is impossible to refuse the praise of consummate prudence and skill to these, and indeed to all the arrangements he adopted in this great crisis of his history. “We are creating a new era,” said he. “Of the past, we must forget the bad, and remember only the good.” “Prove,” said he to General Augereau, “that you are above those miserable party differences which, during the past ten years, have torn France all asunder.”

“I am well aware,” said Napoleon subsequently, “of the influence which chance exerts over our political determinations. It is a knowledge of that circumstance which has always kept me free from prejudice, and rendered me very indulgent with regard to the party adopted by individuals in our political convulsions. To be a good Frenchman, or to wish to become so, was all that I looked for in any one. Seasons of revolution are like battles in the night. In the confusion, each man attacks his neighbor, and friends are

* During the Revolution, a beautiful opera-girl, of licentious habits, was conveyed, in most imposing ceremonial, to the church of Notre Dame. There she was elevated upon an altar, and presented to the thronged assemblage as the Goddess of Reason. “Mortals!” said Chaumette, “cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created. There is no God. Henceforth worship none but Reason. Here I offer you its noblest and purest image. Worship only such divinities as this.” The whole assemblage bowed in adoration, and then retired to indulge in scenes which the pen refuses to record.

often confounded with foes. But when daylight returns, and order is restored, every one forgives the injury which he has sustained through mistake. Even for myself, how could I undertake to say that there might not have existed circumstances sufficiently powerful, notwithstanding my natural sentiments, to induce me to emigrate—the vicinity of a frontier, for instance, a friendly attachment, or the influence of a chief. Chance has the most powerful influence over the destinies of men. Serrurier and Hedonville were traveling on foot to enter into Spain. They were met by a military parole. Hedonville, being the younger and more active of the two, cleared the frontier, thought himself very lucky, and went to spend a life of mere vegetation in Spain. Serrurier, on the contrary, was taken, and, bewailing his unhappy fate, was compelled to return—to become a marshal of France. Such is the uncertainty of human foresight and calculations.”

In one of the largest and most populous provinces of France—that of La Vendée—many thousand Royalists had collected, and were carrying on a most desperate civil war. England, with her ships, was continually sending to them money, ammunition, and arms, and landing among them regiments of emigrant troops formed in London. They had raised an army of sixty thousand men. All the efforts of the Directory to quell the insurrection had been unavailing. The most awful atrocities had disgraced this civil conflict. As soon as Napoleon was firmly seated in his consular chair, he sent an invitation for the chiefs of these Royalist forces in La Vendée to visit him in Paris, assuring them of a safe return. They all accepted the invitation. Napoleon met them in his audience-chamber with the utmost kindness and frankness. He assured them that it was his only object to rescue France from the ruin into which it had fallen; to bring peace and happiness to his distracted country. With that laconic logic which he had ever at command, he said,



NAPOLEON AND THE VENDÉEAN CHIEF.

“Are you fighting in self-defense? You have no longer cause to fight.

I will not molest you. I will protect you in all your rights. Have you taken arms to revive the reign of the ancient kings? You see the all but unanimous decision of the nation. Is it honorable for so decided a minority to attempt, by force of arms, to dictate laws to the majority?"

Napoleon's arguments were as influential as his battalions. They yielded at once, not merely their swords, but their heart's homage. One alone, George Cadoudal, a sullen, gigantic savage, who preferred banditti marauding above the blessings of peace, refused to yield. Napoleon had a private interview with him. The guard at the door were extremely alarmed lest the semi-barbarian should assassinate the First Consul. Napoleon appealed to his patriotism, his humanity, but all in vain. Cadoudal demanded his passports and left Paris. "Why did I not," he afterward often said, as he looked at his brawny, hairy, Samson-like arms, "strangle that man when I had him in my power?" He went to London, where he engaged in many conspiracies for the assassination of Napoleon, and was finally taken in France and shot.

CHAPTER XVII.

PACIFIC OVERTURES OF NAPOLEON.

Letter of Napoleon to the King of England—Lord Grenville's Reply—Dignified Answer through Talleyrand—Irritating Response of Lord Grenville—Desires of the French respecting their Government—Remarks of Mr. Fox in the British Parliament—Reply of William Pitt—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Renewed Endeavors of the Allies to conquer Napoleon.

CIVIL war was now at an end. With singular unanimity, all France was rejoicing in the reign of the First Consul. Napoleon loved not war. He wished to build up, not to tear down. He desired the glory of being the benefactor, not the scourge of his fellow-men. Every conflict in which he had thus far been engaged was strictly a war of self-defense. The expedition to Egypt can not be considered an exception, for that enterprise was undertaken as the only means of repelling the assaults of the most determined and powerful enemy France has ever known. Napoleon was now strong. All France was united in him. With unobstructed power, he could wield all her resources and guide all her armies. Under these circumstances, signally did he show his love of peace by adopting the very characteristic measure of writing directly to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, proposing reconciliation. It was noble in the highest degree for him to do so. Pride would have said, "They commenced the conflict; they shall be the first to ask for peace."* To the King of England he wrote,

* "The work of reform proceeded rapidly and surely. Order was every where established, and vigor infused into all the departments of the state. The situation of France, however, occasioned him some disquietude; and, notwithstanding the chances of success in his favor, he resolved to sue for peace, which he could then do in good faith, because the misfortunes of the preceding campaigns were not his work. But Pitt turned a deaf ear to the application. Never did statesman commit a greater fault. By this refusal, the English minister obliged Napoleon to enter upon that course of victory and conquest which ultimately extended his empire over the greater part of the Continent."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Article Napoleon.

"Called, sire, by the wishes of the French nation, to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I judge it well, on entering on my office, to address myself directly to your majesty. Must the war, which for the four last years has devastated the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vainglory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the repose of families? How is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories? These sentiments can not be strangers to the heart of your majesty, who governs a free people with the sole aim of rendering it happy.

"Your majesty will perceive only in this overture the sincerity of my desire to contribute efficaciously, for a second time, to the general pacification by this prompt advance, perfectly confidential, and disembarrassed of those forms which, perhaps necessary to disguise the dependence of weak states, reveal, when adopted by strong states, only the wish of mutual deception. France and England, by the misuse of their powers, may yet, for a long period, retard, to the misery of all nations, their exhaustion. But I venture to say that the fate of the civilized world is connected with the termination of a war which has set the whole world in flames."

To this magnanimous application for peace, the King of England did not judge it proper to return any personal answer. Lord Grenville replied in a letter full of most bitter recriminations; and all France was exasperated by the insulting declaration, that if France really desired peace, "*the best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of princes which, for so many centuries, maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once remove, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace.*"

This was, indeed, an irritating response to Napoleon's pacific appeal. He, however, with great dignity and moderation, replied through his minister, M. Talleyrand, in the following terms:

"So far from having provoked the war, France, from the commencement of the Revolution, solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her disinclination for conquests, and her respect for the independence of all governments; and it is not to be doubted that, occupied at that time entirely with her own internal affairs, she would have avoided taking any part in those of Europe, and would have remained faithful to her declarations.

"But from an opposite disposition, as soon as the French Revolution had broken out, almost all Europe entered into a league for its destruction. The aggression was real long before it was public. Internal resistance was excited; the enemies of the Revolution were favorably received, their extravagant declamations were supported, the French nation was insulted in the person of its agents, and England particularly set this example by the dismissal of the minister of the Republic. Finally, France was attacked in her independence, her honor, and her safety, long before war was declared.

"It is to these projects of dismemberment, subjection, and dissolution that France has a right to impute the evils which she has suffered, and those

which have afflicted Europe. Assailed on all sides, the Republic could not but equally extend the efforts of her defense ; and it is only for the maintenance of her own independence that she has called into requisition her own strength and the courage of her citizens. If, in the midst of the critical circumstances which the Revolution and the war have brought on, France has not always shown as much moderation as the nation has shown courage, it must be imputed to the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France.

“But if the wishes of his Britannic majesty are in unison with those of the French Republic for the re-establishment of peace, why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, should not attention be directed to the means of terminating it ? It can not be doubted that his Britannic majesty must recognize the right of nations to choose their form of government, since it is from this right that he holds his crown. But the First Consul can not comprehend how, after admitting this fundamental principle, upon which rests the existence of political societies, his majesty could annex insinuations which tend to an interference with the internal affairs of the Republic. Such interference is no less injurious to the French nation and its government, than it would be to England and his majesty if an invitation were held out, in form of a return to that republican form of government which England adopted about the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne that family whom their birth had placed there, and whom a revolution had compelled to descend from it.”

There was no possibility of parrying these home thrusts. Lord Grenville consequently entirely lost his temper. Replying in a note even more angry and bitter than the first, he declared that England was fighting for the security of all governments against French Jacobinism, and that hostilities would be immediately urged on anew without any relaxation. Napoleon was not at all disappointed or disheartened at the result of this correspondence. He earnestly desired peace, but he was not afraid of war. Conscious of the principle, “thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,” he was happy in the conviction that the sympathies of impartial men in all nations would be with him. He knew that the arrogant tone assumed by the English government would unite France as one man in determined and undying resistance. “The answer,” said he, “filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes ! yes ! war to the death.”*

The throne of the King of England, the opulence of her bishops, and the enormous estates of her nobles, were perhaps dependent upon the issue of this conflict. The demolition of all exclusive privileges, and the establishment of perfect equality of rights among all classes of men in France, must

* “In fact, Bonaparte was not strictly a free agent. He could hardly do otherwise than he did, ambition apart, and merely to preserve himself and the country he ruled. France was in a state of siege—a citadel in which freedom had hoisted the flag of revolt against the threat of hereditary servitude, and that in the midst of the ban and anathema passed upon it by the rest of Europe for having engaged in this noble struggle, and required a military dictator to repress internal treachery and headstrong factions, and repel external force. Who, then, shall blame Bonaparte for having taken the reins of government, and held them with a tight hand ?”—*Hazlitt's Napoleon*, vol. ii., p. 232.

have shaken the throne, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy of England with earthquake power. The government of England was mainly in the hands of the king, the bishops, and the lords. Their all was at stake. In a temptation so sore, frail human nature must not be too severely censured. For nearly ten years the princes of France had been wandering, houseless fugitives over Europe. The nobles of France, ejected from their castles, with their estates confiscated, were beggars in all lands. Bishops who had been wrapped in ermine, and who had rolled in chariots of splendor, were glad to warm their shivering limbs by the fire of the peasant, and to satiate their hunger with his black bread. To king, and bishop, and noble in England this was a fearful warning. It seemed to be necessary for their salvation to prevent all friendly intercourse between England and France, to hold up the principles of the French Revolution to execration, and, above all, to excite, if possible, the detestation of the people of England against Napoleon, the child and the champion of popular rights. Napoleon was the great foe to be feared, for with his resplendent genius he was enthroning himself in the hearts of the *people* of all lands.

But no impartial man in either hemisphere can question that the *right* was with Napoleon. It was not the duty of the thirty millions of France to ask permission of the fifteen millions of England to modify their government. The kings of Europe, led by England, had combined to force with the bayonet upon France a rejected and an execrated dynasty. The inexperienced Republic, distracted and impoverished by these terrific blows, was fast falling to ruin. The people invested Napoleon with almost dictatorial powers for their rescue. It was their only hope. Napoleon, though conscious of strength, in the name of bleeding humanity plead for peace. His advances were met with contumely and scorn, and the trumpet notes of defiant hosts rang from the Thames to the Danube. The ports of France were blockaded by England's invincible fleet, demolishing the feeble navy of the Republic, and bombarding her cities. An army of three hundred thousand men pressed upon the frontiers of France, threatening a triumphant march to her capital, there to compel, by bayonet and bombshell, the French people to receive a Bourbon for their king. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to defend his country. Most nobly he did it.*

The correspondence with the British government, which redounds so much to the honor of Napoleon, vastly multiplied his friends among the masses of the people in England, and roused in Parliament a very formidable opposition to the measures of government. This opposition was headed by Fox, Sheri-

* "It was believed in England that the time was favorable for continuing the war. Italy had been lost to France, and Austrian armies, numbering a hundred and forty thousand men, were menacing Savoy and mustering on the Rhine. The English were elated with their successes on the Nile and before Acre. The victories of Suwarrow were recent, and considered to be decisive. The poverty of France, and the anxiety of the people for repose, were well known; and it was hoped, from the manner in which Napoleon had acquired his present power, that the Royalist and Republican factions might be brought to unite in opposition to his government, and either strip him of his influence, or so much embarrass his operations as to render him an easy prey to his foreign enemies. The answer transmitted by Lord Grenville to Talleyrand was couched, therefore, in terms which were sure to prove offensive, and to put an end, for a time, to all further overtures of conciliation."—*History of Napoleon*, by Geo. M. Bussey, vol. i., p. 265.

dan, Lord Erskine, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. They did not adopt the atrocious maxim, "Our country—right or wrong," but rather the ennobling principle, "Our country—when in the wrong, we will try to put her right." Never, in the history of the world, has there been a more spirited or a more eloquent opposition than this question elicited. Fox, the rival of Pitt, and the profound admirer of Napoleon, was the most prominent leader of this opposition. Napoleon, with his laconic and graphic eloquence, thus describes the antagonistic English statesmen. "In Fox, the heart warmed the genius. In Pitt, the genius withered the heart."

"You ask," the opposition exclaimed, "who was the aggressor? What matters that? You say it was France. France says it was England. The party you accuse of being the aggressor is the first to offer to lay down arms. Shall interminable war continue merely to settle a question of history? You say it is useless to treat with France. Yet you treated with the Directory. Prussia and Spain have treated with the Republic, and have found no cause for complaint. You speak of the crimes of France. And yet your ally, Naples, commits crimes more atrocious, without the excuse of popular excitement. You speak of ambition. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria have divided Poland. Austria grasps the provinces of Italy. You yourself take possession of India, of part of the Spanish, and of all the Dutch colonies. Who shall say that one is more guilty than another in this strife of avarice? If you ever intend to treat with the French Republic, there can be no more favorable moment than the present."

By way of commentary upon the suggestion that France must re-enthroned the Bourbons, a letter was published, either real or pretended, from the heir of the exiled house of Stuart, demanding from George the Third the throne of his ancestors. There was no possible way of parrying this home thrust. George the Third, by his own admission, was a usurper, seated upon the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The opposition enjoyed exceedingly the confusion produced in the enemies' ranks by this well-directed shot.

The English ministers replied, "Peace with Republican France endangers all the monarchies of Europe. The First Consul is but carrying out, with tremendous energy, the principles of the Revolution—the supremacy of the people. Peace with France is but a cessation of resistance to wrong. France still retains the sentiments which characterized the dawn of her Revolution. She was democratic. She is democratic. She declares war against kings. She continues to seek their destruction."

There was much force in these declarations. It is true that Napoleon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a Democrat. He was not in favor of placing the government in the hands of the great mass of the people. He made no disguise of his conviction that in France the people had neither the intelligence nor the virtue essential to the support of a wise and stable republic. Distinctly he avowed that, in his judgment, the experiment of a republic had utterly failed—that France must return to monarchy. The great mass of the people were also satisfied of this necessity. The French generally do not ask for *liberty*, they only ask for *equality*.

"At the commencement of the Revolution," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I was a very ardent and sincere Republican. My Republican partialities,

however, cooled under the political absurdities and monstrous excesses of our Legislatures. Finally, my faith in Republicanism vanished entirely on the violation of the choice of the people, by the Directory, at the time of the battle of Aboukir."

France no longer wished for an aristocratic king, who would confer wealth, splendor, and power exclusively upon its nobles. The old feudal throne was still hated with implacable hatred. France demanded a popular throne; a king for the people—one who would consult the interest of the masses; who would throw open, to all alike, the avenues to influence, and honor, and opulence. Such a monarch was Napoleon. The people adored him.

"He is *our* emperor," they shouted, with enthusiasm. "We will make him greater than all the kings of all the nobles. His palaces shall be more sumptuous; his retinue more magnificent; his glory more dazzling; for *our* daughters may enter his court as maids of honor, and our sons may go in and out at the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, the marshals of France." Lord Grenville was correct in saying that Napoleon was but carrying out the principles of the Revolution—equality of privileges, the supremacy of popular rights. But the despots of Europe were as hostile to such a king as to a Republic.

On the 3d of February, 1800, an address was proposed in Parliament by Mr. Dundas, approving of the course pursued by the ministers in rejecting Napoleon's overtures for peace. He was followed by Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Canning, and Mr., afterward Lord, Erskine, who severely censured the ministers for the rude and insulting terms in which the frank and humane proposition of the First Consul had been repulsed. Mr. Fox followed in the same strain. He observed:

"I must lament, sir, with every genuine friend of peace, the harsh and unconciliating language which ministers have held to the French, and which they have even made use of to a respectful offer of a negotiation. Such language has ever been considered as extremely unwise, and has ever been reprobated by diplomatic men. Being a sincere friend to peace, I must say, with Lord Malmesbury, that it is not by reproaches and invectives that we must hope for a reconciliation; and I am convinced in my own mind that I speak the sense of this house, and, if not of this house, certainly of a majority of the people of this country, when I lament that any unprovoked and unnecessary recriminations should be flung out, by which obstacles are put in the way of pacification.

"I continue to think, and, until I see better grounds for changing my opinion than any that the right honorable gentleman has this night produced, I shall continue to think, and to say, plainly and explicitly, that this country was the aggressor in the war. But with regard to Austria and Prussia, is there a man who, for one moment, can dispute that they were the aggressors? It will be vain for the right honorable gentleman to enter into long and plausible reasoning against the evidence of documents so clear, so decisive, so frequently and so thoroughly investigated.

"I really, sir, can not think it necessary to follow the right honorable gentleman into all the minute details which he has thought proper to give us respecting the first aggression; but that Austria and Prussia were the ag-

gressors, not a man, in any country, who has ever given himself the trouble to think at all on the subject, can doubt. Nothing could be more hostile than their whole proceedings. Did they not declare to France that it was her *internal concerns*, not her *external proceedings*, which provoked them to confederate against her? Look back to the proclamations with which they set out. Read the declarations which they made themselves to justify their appeal to arms. They did not pretend to fear her ambition, her conquests, her troubling her neighbors; *but they accused her of new modeling her own government*. They said nothing of her aggressions abroad. They spoke only of her clubs and societies at Paris.

"Sir, as to the restoration of the house of Bourbon, if it shall be the wish of the people of France, I, for one, will be perfectly content to acquiesce. I think the people of France, as well as every other people, ought to have the government which they like best, and the form of government, or the persons who hold it in their hands, should never be an obstacle with me to treat with the nation for peace, or to live with them in amity. But as an Englishman, sir, and actuated by English feelings, I surely can not wish for the restoration of the house of Bourbon to the throne of France. I hope that I am not a man to bear heavily upon any unfortunate family. I feel for their situation. I respect their distresses. But, as a friend of England, I can not wish for their restoration to the power which they abused. I can not forget that the whole history of the last century is little more than an account of the wars and the calamities arising from the restless ambition, the intrigues, and the perfidy of the house of Bourbon.

"But you say you have not refused to treat. You have stated a case in which you will be ready immediately to enter into a negotiation, viz., the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But you deny that this is a *sine qua non*; and, in your nonsensical language, which I do not understand, you talk of 'limited possibilities,' which may induce you to treat without the restoration of the house of Bourbon. But do you state what they are? Now, sir, I say, that if you put one case upon which you declare you are willing to treat immediately, and say that there are other *possible cases* which may induce you to treat hereafter, without mentioning what these possible cases are, you do state a *sine qua non* of immediate treaty.

"Sir, what is the question to-night? We are called upon to support ministers in refusing a frank, candid, and respectful offer of negotiation, and to countenance them in continuing the war.

"Sir, I have done. I have told you my opinion. I think you ought to have given a civil, clear, and explicit answer to the overture, which was fairly and handsomely made you. If you were desirous that the negotiation should have included all your allies, as the means of bringing about a general peace, you should have told Bonaparte so. But I believe you were afraid of his agreeing to the proposal."

In a very forcible and eloquent speech in reply to these arguments, William Pitt endeavored to show that the popular institutions established in France, which he designated as Jacobinical and despotic, endangered every monarchy in Europe. He urged the peremptory rejection of Napoleon's pacific overtures, and the prosecution of the war to the last extremity. In con-

clusion, he said, "From perseverance in our efforts, under such circumstances, we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object. But, at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest. *Every month to which it is continued, even if it should not, in its effects, lead to the final destruction of the Jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us, at least, a greater comparative security in any termination of the war.* On all these grounds, this is not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France."

The war spirit of the British ministers was sustained by a vote of 265 to 64. Thus contemptuously were the pacific appeals of Napoleon rejected. And then, with a want of magnanimity almost unparalleled in the history of the world, these very ministers filled the ears of all nations with the assertion that Napoleon Bonaparte, through his love of war and his insatiable ambition, was deluging the Continent in blood; and there are thousands even now in Europe and America whose minds can never be disabused of this atrocious libel. But there is a new generation of enlightened freemen coming upon the stage, and they will do justice to this heroic champion of popular equality.

On the same day on which Napoleon's pacific letter was sent to the King of England, he dispatched another of the same character to the Emperor of Austria. It was expressed in the following terms:

"Having returned to Europe after an absence of eighteen months, I find a war kindled between the French Republic and your majesty. A stranger to every feeling of vainglory, the first of my wishes is to stop the effusion of blood which is about to flow. Every thing leads me to see that in the next campaign, numerous armies, ably conducted, will treble the number of the victims who have already fallen since the resumption of hostilities. The well-known character of your majesty leaves me no doubt as to the secret wishes of your heart. If those wishes only are listened to, I perceive the possibility of reconciling the two nations.

"In the relations which I have formerly entertained with your majesty, you have shown me some personal regard. I beg you, therefore, to see in this overture which I have made to you the desire to respond to that regard, and to convince your majesty more and more of the very distinguished consideration which I feel for you."

Austria replied, in courteous terms, that she could take no steps in favor of peace without consulting her ally England. Thus all Napoleon's efforts to avert the desolations of war failed. The result had been anticipated. He was well aware of the unrelenting hostility with which the banded kings of Europe contemplated the overthrow of a feudal throne, and of the mortal antipathy with which they regarded the thought of receiving a democratic king into their aristocratic brotherhood.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but to prepare to meet his foes. The Allies, conscious of the genius of that great captain who had filled the world with the renown of his victories, exerted themselves to the utmost to raise such forces, and to assail Napoleon with arms so overwhelming, and in quar-

ters so varied, as to insure his bewilderment and ruin. The Archduke Charles, who was practically acquainted with the energy of Napoleon, urged peace. But England and Austria were both confident that France, exhausted in men and money, could not hold out for another campaign.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

Letter of Louis XVIII. to Napoleon—His Reply—The Duchess of Guiche—Conversation of Napoleon and Bourrienne—Memorable Words of the First Consul—M. Defeu—The wealthy Nobleman—Magnanimous Conduct of the First Consul—A Day at the Tuileries—Napoleon's prompt Measures for the Purity of his Court.

THE Bourbons now made an attempt to bribe Napoleon to replace them upon their lost throne. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., wrote to him from London, "For a long time, general, you must have known the esteem in which I hold you. If you doubt my gratitude, mark your own place. Point out the situation which you wish for your friends. The victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola can never prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing the most precious moments. We could secure the happiness of France. I say we, for I require Bonaparte for such an attempt, and he could not achieve it without me. Europe observes you. Glory awaits you. I am impatient to restore peace to my people."

Napoleon did not imitate the example of the King of England, and pass this letter over to his minister. Courteously and kindly, with his own hand, he replied: "I have received your letter. I thank you for the obliging expressions it contains respecting myself. You should renounce all hopes of returning to France. You could not return but over the corpses of one hundred thousand Frenchmen. Sacrifice your interest to the happiness and repose of your country. History will duly appreciate your conduct in so doing. I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family, and shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with every thing which can restore the tranquillity of your retreat."

Benedict Arnold attempted to bring the American Revolution to a close by surrendering the United States to their rejected king. It was not in Napoleon's line of ambition to imitate his example. The Bourbons, finding the direct proffer of reward unavailing, then tried the effect of female blandishments. The fascinating Duchess of Guiche, a lady of great beauty and talent, was dispatched, a secret emissary, to the court of the First Consul, to employ all the arts of eloquence, address, and the most voluptuous loveliness in gaining an influence over Napoleon. Josephine, who had suffered so much during the Revolution, and whose associations had been with the aristocracy of France, was a Royalist. She trembled for the safety of her husband, and was very anxious that he should do whatever in honor might be done to restore the Bourbons. In every possible way she befriended the Royalists, and had secured, all over Europe, their cordial esteem.

The Duchess of Guiche easily obtained access to Josephine. Artfully she said, one morning at the breakfast-table, "A few days ago I was with the

Count of Provence in London. Some one asked him what he intended to do for Napoleon in the event of his restoring the Bourbons.

"He replied, 'I would immediately make him Constable of France, and every thing else which he might choose. And we would raise on the Carrousel a magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons.'"

Soon after breakfast Napoleon entered. Josephine most eagerly repeated the words to him. "And did you not reply," said Napoleon, "that the corpse of the First Consul would be made the pedestal of the column?"

The fascinating duchess was still present. She immediately assailed Napoleon with all her artillery of beauty, smiles, and flattery. The voluptuous freedom of her manners, and the charms of the bewitching emissary, alarmed



NAPOLEON AND THE DUCHESS OF GUICHE.

the jealousy of Josephine. Napoleon, however, was impervious to the assault. That night the duchess received orders to quit Paris; and in the morning, in the charge of the police, she was on her way toward the frontier.

It has often been said that Napoleon made overtures to the Bourbons for the cession of their rights to the throne. In reference to this assertion, Napoleon says, "How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them, that of the sovereignty of the people—how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which were proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable, too ridiculous. It would have ruined me forever in public opinion. The fact is, that neither directly nor indirectly, at home or abroad, did I ever do any thing of the kind."

The report probably originated in the following facts. Friendly relations were at one time existing between Prussia and France. The Prussian government inquired if Napoleon would take umbrage if the Bourbon princes were allowed to remain in the Prussian territory. Napoleon replied that he had no objections to that arrangement. Emboldened by the prompt consent, it was then asked if the French government would be willing to furnish them with an annual allowance for their support. Napoleon replied that it should be done most cheerfully, provided Prussia would be responsible for the princes remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigues to disturb the peace of France.

Soon after this last attempt of Louis XVII. to regain the throne, Napoleon was one evening walking with Bourrienne in the gardens of his favorite retreat at Malmaison. He was in fine spirits, for all things were moving on very prosperously.

"Has my wife," said he to Bourrienne, "been speaking to you of the Bourbons?"

"No, general," Bourrienne replied.

"But, when you converse with her," Napoleon added, "you lean a little to her opinions. Tell me now, why do you desire the return of the Bourbons? You have no interest in their return—nothing to expect from them. You can never be any thing with them. You have no chance but to remain all your life in an inferior situation. Have you ever seen a man rise under kings by merit alone?"

"General," replied Bourrienne, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I have never received any favor under the Bourbons; neither have I the vanity to suppose I should rise, under them, to any conspicuous station. But I look at the interests of France. I believe that you will hold your power as long as you live. But you have no children, and it is pretty certain that you never will have any by Josephine. What are we to do when you are gone? What is to become of France? You have often said that your brothers were not—"

Here Napoleon interrupted him, exclaiming,

"Ah! as to that you are right. If I do not live thirty years to finish my work, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You will then have a violent contest among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think that he has a right to take my place."

"Well, general," said Bourrienne, "why do you not endeavor to remedy those evils which you foresee?"

"Do you suppose," Napoleon replied, "that I have never thought of that? But weigh well the difficulties which are in my way. In case of a restoration, what is to become of the men who were conspicuous in the Revolution? What is to become of the confiscated estates and the national domain, which have been sold and sold again? What is to become of all the changes which have been effected in the last twelve years?"

"But, general," said Bourrienne, "need I recall to your attention that Louis XVIII., in his letter to you, guarantees the contrary of all which you apprehend? Are you not in a situation to impose any conditions you may think fit?"

"Depend upon it," Napoleon replied, "the Bourbons will think that they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. No sensible man will trust them. My mind is made up. Let us say no more upon the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to mind my affairs."

Pithily Bourrienne adds, "The women knitted. I wrote at my desk. Napoleon made himself Emperor. The empire has fallen to pieces. Napoleon is dead at St. Helena. The Bourbons have been restored."



NAPOLEON AND BOURRIENNE.

It may now be added (1854) that the Bourbons are again in exile; the remains of Napoleon repose, embalmed by a nation's gratitude, beneath the dome of the Invalides. The empire is restored to France, the eagles to the army, and the Napoleon dynasty is re-enthroned.

The boundless popularity acquired by Napoleon was that resulting from great achievements, not that which is ingloriously sought for by pampering to the vices and yielding to the prejudices of the populace. Napoleon was never a demagogue. His administration was in accordance with his avowed principles.

"A sovereign," said he, "must serve his people with dignity, and not make it his chief study to

please them. The best mode of winning their love is to secure their welfare. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sovereign to flatter his subjects. If they do not afterward obtain every thing which they want, they become irritated, and fancy that promises have been broken. If they are then resisted, their hatred increases in proportion as they consider themselves deceived. A sovereign's first duty is, unquestionably, to conform with the wishes of his people. But what the people say is scarcely ever what they

wish. Their desires and their wants can not be learned from their own mouths so well as they are to be read in the heart of their prince."

Again he said in memorable words, which must not be forgotten in forming a just estimate of his character, "The system of government must be adapted to the spirit of the nation. France required a strong government. France was in the same state as Rome when a dictator was declared necessary for the salvation of the republic. Successions of coalitions against the existence of the Republic had been formed by English gold among all the most powerful nations of Europe. To resist successfully, it was essential that all the energies of the country should be at the disposal of the chief.

"I never conquered unless in my own defense. Europe never ceased to make war against France and her principles. It was necessary for us to conquer, that we might not be conquered. Between the parties which agitated France, I was like a rider seated on an unruly horse, who always wants to swerve either to the right or the left. To lead him to keep a straight course, he is obliged to make him feel the bridle. The government of a country just emerging from revolution, menaced by foreign enemies and agitated by the intrigues of domestic traitors, must necessarily be energetic. In quieter times my dictatorship would have terminated, and I should have commenced my constitutional reign. Even as it was, with a coalition always existing against me, either secret or public, there was more equality in France than in any other country in Europe.

"One of my grand objects was to render education accessible to every body. I caused every institution to be formed upon a plan which offered instruction to the public either gratis, or at a rate so moderate as not to be beyond the means of the peasant. The museums were thrown open to the whole people. The French populace would have become the best educated in the world. All my efforts were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation, instead of brutifying them by ignorance and superstition. The English people, who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament, with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as that of Philippi was to those of Rome. It has precipitated Europe into the hands of despots, banded together for the oppression of mankind."

Though Napoleon felt deeply the sanctity of law, and the necessity of securing the inflexible enforcement of its penalties, he was never more highly gratified than when he was enabled, by the exercise of the pardoning power, to rescue the condemned. Bourrienne, whose testimony will not be questioned, says: "When the imperious necessities of his political situation, to which, in fact, he sacrificed every thing, did not interpose, the saving of life afforded him the highest satisfaction. He would even have thanked those to whom he rendered such a service for the gratification they had thus afforded him."

A French emigrant, M. Defeu, had been taken, with arms in his hands, fighting against France. The crime was treason; the penalty death. He was connected with some of the most honourable families in France. A very earnest petition was presented to Napoleon for his pardon.

"There is no room for mercy here," Napoleon sternly replied. "A man who fights against his country is a child who would kill his mother."

The affecting condition of his family was urged, and the beneficial effects upon the community of such an act of clemency.

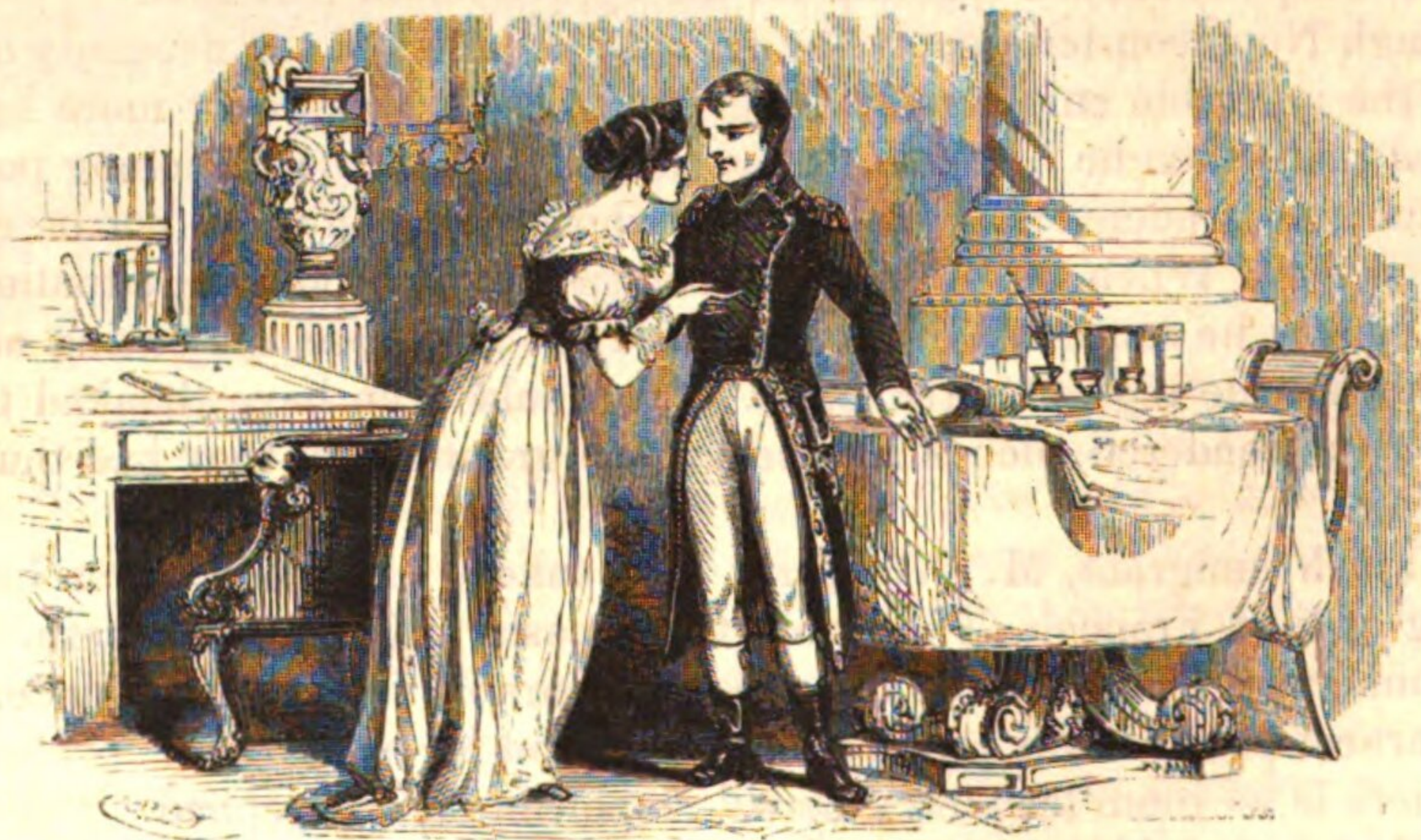
Napoleon paused for a moment, and then said, "Write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'"

The laconic reprieve was instantly written, signed by Napoleon, and dispatched to Sens, where the unfortunate man was imprisoned. The next morning, the moment Bourrienne entered the First Consul's apartment, Napoleon said to him,

"I do not like to do my work by halves. Write to Sens, 'The First Consul desires that M. Defeu be immediately liberated.' He may repay the deed with ingratitude. But we can not help that—so much the worse for him. In all such cases, Bourrienne, never hesitate to speak to me. When I refuse it will only be because I can not do otherwise."

In Napoleon's disposition firmness and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended. The following anecdote illustrates the inflexibility of his sense of justice. A wealthy nobleman, thirty years of age, had married a young girl of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage. The friends of the young lady, without any regard to her feelings, dragged her to the altar. She cherished no affection for her husband. He became jealous of her, and, without the slightest proof of her criminality, murdered her. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Connected by birth with the first families in France, rallying around him the interest of the most influential of friends, great exertions were made to obtain from the First Consul a pardon. To the petitioners pleading in his behalf, Napoleon replied:

"Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of his fortune for the vile purpose of bribing the affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love, but of vanity. He has committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honor, for his wife had not injured it. No! he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to consider themselves elevated above the reach of the law. They imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has



UNAVAILING INTERCESSION OF JOSEPHINE.

committed a crime for which there are no extenuating circumstances. He must suffer the punishment to which he is justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence would put in jeopardy the life of every married woman. As the law positively protects the outraged husband, so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion, which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process."

Josephine, whose tender feelings at times controlled her judgment, was urgent in her intercession. Many of the relatives of the wretched man were among her most intimate friends. "This," said she, "is the first favor I have asked since your attainment of the supreme power. Surely you will not deny me?"

"I can not," said Napoleon, "grant your request. And when it is known, Josephine, that even your persuasions could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose."

England, Austria, and Russia, together with many other of the minor powers of monarchical Europe, were now combined against France. The Emperor Paul of Russia had furnished a large army to co-operate with the Allies in their assault upon the Republic. Ten thousand of the Russians had been taken prisoners. But in the recent disasters which had overwhelmed the arms of France, many thousand French prisoners were in the hands of the Allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange. The Austrian government refused, because it selfishly wished to exchange for Austrians only. The English government also refused, assigning the reason that it was contrary to their principles to exchange for prisoners taken from other nations.

"What!" exclaimed Napoleon to the court of St. James, "do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies—who were fighting in your ranks, and under your own commander, the Duke of York?" With Vienna he also expostulated, in tones of generous warmth, "Do you refuse to restore to their country those men to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners whom they have taken? Such injustice excites my indignation." Then, yielding to those impulses so characteristic of his generous nature, he exclaimed, "I will restore them to the Czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men."

Whatever Napoleon undertook, he performed magnificently. The Russian officers immediately received their swords. The captive troops, ten thousand in number, were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were all furnished with a complete suit of new clothing, in the uniform of their own regiments, and thoroughly armed with weapons of the very best of French manufacture. The officers were authorized to organize them into battalions and regiments. And thus triumphantly these battalions of armed men were returned into the bosom of the ranks of the multitudinous hosts rushing down upon France. It is gratifying to record that magnanimity so extraordinary passed not away unappreciated.

The Emperor Paul was so disgusted with the selfishness of Austria and England, and was so struck with admiration in view of this unparalleled gen-

erosity of Napoleon, that he immediately abandoned the alliance. He attached himself to Napoleon with that enthusiasm of constitutional ardor which characterized the eccentric monarch. In a letter to the First Consul, written with his own hand, he said,

“Citizen First Consul,—I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted toward him. I write to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you, to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government.”

Russia was thus detached from the alliance, and, sending a minister to Paris, recognized the new government. Napoleon now sent an ambassador to Prussia to establish, if possible, friendly relations with that power. Duroc was selected for this mission, in consequence of his graceful address, his polished education, and his varied accomplishments. Frederick William was a great admirer of military genius. Duroc, who had been in the campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, could interest him with the recital of many heroic enterprises. The first interview of Duroc with the Prussian monarch was entirely private, and lasted two hours. The next day Duroc was invited to dine with the king, and the Prussian court immediately recognized the consular government.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast exaltation, he preserved personally the same simple tastes and habits, the same untiring devotion to the details of business, and the same friendships, as when he was merely a general of the Republic. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed with scrupulous neatness, during which time the morning journals were read to him. He then entered his cabinet, where he read letters, and wrote or dictated answers until ten. He then breakfasted with Josephine and Hortense, usually some of his aids and one or two literary or scientific friends being invited. At the close of this frugal meal he attended the meetings of the Council, or paid visits of ceremony or business to some of the public offices. At five o'clock he returned to dinner, on ordinary occasions not allowing himself more than fifteen minutes at the table. He then retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he received the visits of ministers and of the most distinguished persons of the metropolis.

In the organization of his court, Napoleon was unalterably determined to suppress that licentiousness of manners which for ages had disgraced the palaces of the French monarchs, and which, since the overthrow of Christianity, had swept like a flood of pollution over all France. He was very severe upon those females, often of the highest rank, who endeavored to attract attention by freedom of dress or behavior. It was expected that men and their wives should appear in society together—a thing hitherto unprecedented, and contrary to all ideas of fashionable life. The court had hitherto taken the lead in profligacy, and the nation had followed. Napoleon thought that by enforcing purity of morals in the palace, he could draw back the nation to more decorum of manners. “Immorality,” said he, “is, beyond a doubt, the worst of all faults in a sovereign, because he introduces it as a

fashion among his subjects, by whom it is practiced for the sake of pleasing him. It strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge."

On one occasion a courtier, very high in rank and office, one of the imperial chamberlains, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. She was extremely beautiful, and, though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity, was one of the most artful of the daughters of Eve. She joined the imperial parties on all occasions, and, wherever she went, threw herself in the way of Napoleon. Her soft and languishing eyes were riveted upon him. She sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, while, at the same time, she constantly placed herself in situations to attract his notice. Sometimes she would stand for a long time, apparently lost in reverie, gazing and sighing before the portraits of Napoleon. Her father-in-law affected displeasure at her conduct, and complained of the unfortunate but resistless passion which she had imbibed. Her husband, who was infamously in the intrigue, regarded the matter with the most philosophic indifference. The mother-in-law also made herself busy to help the matter along, saying that, after all, it was hard to blame her for loving Napoleon. For some time Napoleon paid no attention to the intrigue, and appeared not to notice it. At length the affair became a subject of court gossip, and it was necessary that it should be noticed.

One evening, at the close of a sitting of the Council of State, at which Napoleon had presided, conducting Cambacères into the recess of one of the windows, he said, "Madame B—— is rendering herself quite intolerable to me. The conduct of her relations is still more odious. The father-in-law is an infamous man, her husband a mean-spirited wretch, and her mother a vile, intriguing woman, by whose arts, however, I am not to be duped. The abandoned female who unreservedly puts up her virtue to sale is preferable to the hypocrite who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. I wish you to call on my chamberlain, and inform him that I dispense with his services for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court for six years. And make known to the affectionate married couple, that, to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's qualities, I give them leave to spend six months in Naples, six months in Vienna, and six months in any other part of Germany."

On another occasion a lieutenant colonel sent a petition to Napoleon soliciting promotion. In accordance with the corruptions of those paganized times, he added, "I have two *beautiful daughters*, who will be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of the good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father."

Napoleon was indignant at this atrocious proposal. He said, "I know not what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment." Napoleon made inquiries respecting this officer, and found that he had been one of the assassins during the Reign of Terror, and an intimate friend of Robespierre. He immediately dismissed him from service. He found that the daughters were amiable and interesting young ladies, totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. That they might not suffer the penalty of their father's base-

ness, he settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city.

Napoleon effectually enthroned himself in the hearts of the common people of France. They believed him to be their friend and advocate. They still cherish the same belief. At this hour there is no ruler, enthroned or entombed, who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France now cherish the memory of their emperor. Napoleon stands alone in that glory. He has no rival.

Robert Southey makes the following admissions respecting this great conflict between Napoleon, as the advocate of popular rights, and the despotic governments of Europe.

“The state of Naples may be described in a few words. The king was one of the Spanish Bourbons. As the Cæsars have shown us to what wickedness the moral nature of princes may be perverted, so, in this family, the degradation to which their intellect and nature can be reduced has been not less conspicuously evinced. Ferdinand, like the rest of his race, was passionately fond of field-sports, and cared for nothing else. His queen had all the vices of the house of Austria, with little to mitigate and nothing to enoble them; provided she could have her pleasures, and the king his sports, they cared not in what manner the revenue was raised or administered. Of course, a system of favoritism existed at court, and the vilest and most impudent corruption prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration from the highest to the lowest. A sense of better things was kept alive in some of the Neapolitans by literature, and by their intercourse with happier countries. These persons naturally looked to France at the commencement of the Revolution, and, during all the horrors of that Revolution, still cherished the hope that, by the aid of France, they might be enabled to establish a new order of things in Naples. They were not mistaken in believing that no government could be worse than their own. All these” (those seeking a change of government) “were confounded under the common name of Jacobins; and the Jacobins of the Continental kingdoms were regarded by the English with more hatred than they deserved. No circumstances could be more unfavorable to the best interests of Europe than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the Continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England.”

Such are the concessions to which Mr. Southey is forced, while all his sympathies were with the English aristocracy. The sympathies of Napoleon were nobly and magnanimously with the oppressed people. He wished to promote reform, but he had seen enough of blind and maddened revolution. He wished to see the people restored to their rights, and also protected from the desolations of infuriate mobs. In this view every step of his career is consistent. He resisted with equal firmness the arrogance of aristocratic usurpation and the encroachments of anarchy. Thus, in strange alliance, the kings and the mob joined hands against him, and he became the idol of the millions.

In Naples, while Napoleon was in Egypt, the Republican party made an effort to throw off the intolerable tyranny with which the kingdom was op-

pressed. They were, for a time, quite successful, and the prospect of achieving the emancipation of Naples was brilliant. But a combined force of English, Russians, and Neapolitans fell with such resistless power upon the Republicans that the movement was crushed. Parties of these patriotic men took refuge in two strong castles. They were besieged by the Allies. Knowing the perfidy of the Neapolitans and the Russians, and believing that the English would have some little sympathy for those who were struggling for freedom, they demanded that a British officer should be brought forward, and to him they capitulated. Under the solemn sanction of the British name that their persons and property should be safe, and that they and their families should be conveyed unmolested to France, where warm hearts would welcome them, they threw down their arms and opened the gates of the fortresses. This capitulation was signed by the three allied powers. Cardinal Ruffo signed as Viceroy of Naples, Kerandý on the part of the Emperor of Russia, and Captain Foote as representative of the King of England.

But, just at this time, Lord Nelson, with his triumphant fleet, entered the bay. He had on board his ship his guilty paramour, Lady Hamilton, and the infamous King and Queen of Naples. Nelson immediately made signal to *annul the treaty*, declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than unconditional submission. The Neapolitan cardinal protested earnestly against such an atrocious violation of faith. But to these remonstrances the British admiral would not listen. He seized the hated Republicans, and chained them, two and two, on board his own fleet. The King of Naples had not sufficient nerve to witness the horrible scenes which were to ensue. He hurried from the ship to his palace, and left Lord Nelson, the queen, and Lady Hamilton to do their pleasure. "Numbers," says Alison, "were immediately condemned and executed. The vengeance of the populace supplied what was wanting in the celerity of the criminal tribunals. Neither age, nor sex, nor rank were spared. Women as well as men, youths of sixteen and gray-headed men of seventy were alike led out to the scaffold, and infants of twelve years of age sent into exile. The Republicans behaved in almost every instance, in their last moments, with heroic courage, and made men forget, in pity for their misfortunes, the ingratitude or treason of which they had previously been guilty."

Sir Archibald can allow himself to call those noble men who were spurning the infamous tyranny of Ferdinand of Naples *ungrateful traitors*. Had Washington, and Adams, and Hancock failed and died upon the gibbet, they also would have been stigmatized as *ungrateful traitors*, and men, boasting their love of liberty, would heap obloquy upon those who should dare to vindicate their cause.

Admiral Carraccioli, a man of the purest and noblest character, was one of the leaders of this Republican band. He had already passed the limits of threescore years and ten. He was arrested at nine o'clock in the morning, put on his trial on board the British flag-ship at ten, found guilty and sentenced to death at twelve, and hanged at the fore-yard-arm of the frigate at five o'clock in the afternoon; after which his body was cut down and cast into the sea. The admiral entreated Lord Nelson to grant him a new trial, as he had not been allowed time to prepare his defense. Lord Nelson re-

fused. He then earnestly implored that he might be shot, declaring that the disgrace of being hanged was dreadful to him. This also was sternly denied. As a last hope, he sent Lieutenant Parkinson, in whose custody he was, to plead with Lady Hamilton. She refused to be seen. This abandoned woman, however, came upon the deck to enjoy the dying convulsions of the Republican admiral as he was dangling at the yard-arm. For these infamous deeds Lord Nelson received from the court of Naples a diamond-hilted sword, the dukedom of Bronte, a title which greatly flattered his vanity, and an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year.

"For these acts of cruelty," says Alison, "no sort of apology can or ought to be offered. In every point of view, the conduct of Nelson in this tragic affair was inexcusable." Southey says, "To palliate it would be vain; to justify it would be wicked. There is no alternative for one who will not make himself participator in guilt but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame."

What would have been said of Napoleon could such a transaction as this have been laid to his charge, that, abandoning his noble and broken-hearted wife, and attaching himself to an infamous woman, and becoming the slave to her fascinations, he violated the most solemn treaty, imprisoned and strangled the victims of regal perfidy, and surrendered men, women, and children to outrage and assassination from the hands of a ferocious mob! And yet the British government can rear monuments to the name of Nelson, while it endeavors to consign the memory of Napoleon to infamy. Will the verdict of the world ratify this injustice? We may safely answer *No!**

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Renewed Attacks by England and Austria—Proclamation—Generosity to Moreau—Napoleon's Plans for himself—English Caricatures—Pass of the Great St. Bernard—Grand Preparations—Enthusiastic Toil of the Soldiers—The young Peasant.

NAPOLEON, finding his proffers of peace rejected by the government of England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared, with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the Allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the Channel, utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, lavishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partisans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town. On the northern frontier, Marshal Kray came thundering down through the Black Forest to the banks of the Rhine with a mighty host of 150,000 men, to pour into all the northern provinces of France. Artillery of the heaviest calibre and a

* "It deserves," says Alison, "to be recorded, to the honor of Napoleon, that he endeavored to palliate Nelson's share in these dark transactions, ascribing it to misinformation and the fascinating ascendancy of Lady Hamilton."

magnificent array of cavalry accompanied this apparently invincible army. In Italy, Melas, another Austrian marshal, with 140,000 men, aided by the whole force of the British navy, was rushing upon the eastern and southern borders of the Republic. The French troops, disheartened by defeat, had fled before their foes over the Alps, or were eating their horses and their boots in the cities where they were besieged. From almost every promontory on the coast of the Republic, washed by the Channel or the Mediterranean, the eye could discern English frigates, black and threatening, holding all France in a state of blockade.

One always finds a certain pleasure in doing that which he can do well. Napoleon was fully conscious of his military genius. He had, in behalf of bleeding humanity, implored peace in vain. He now, with alacrity and with joy, roused himself to inflict blows that should be felt upon his multitudinous enemies. With such tremendous energy did he do this, that he received from his antagonists the complimentary sobriquet of the *one hundred thousand men*. Wherever Napoleon made his appearance in the field, his presence alone was considered equivalent to that force.

The following proclamation rang like a trumpet charge over the hills and valleys of France. "Frenchmen! You have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant wishes, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy its commerce, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the Continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object, she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

At this call all the martial spirits of France rushed to arms. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the welfare of the state, seemed to forget even his own glory in the intensity of his desire to make France victorious over her foes. With the most magnanimous superiority to all feelings of jealousy, he raised an army of 150,000 men, the very élite of the troops of France, the veterans of a hundred battles, and placed them in the hands of Moreau, the only man in France who could be called his rival. Napoleon also presented to Moreau the plan of a campaign in accordance with his own energy, boldness, and genius. Its accomplishment would have added surpassing brilliance to the reputation of Moreau. But the cautious general was afraid to adopt it, and presented another, perhaps as safe, but one which would produce no dazzling impression upon the imaginations of men.

"Your plan," said one, a friend of Moreau, to the First Consul, "is grander, more decisive, and even more sure. But it is not adapted to the slow and cautious genius of the man who is to execute it. You have your method of making war, which is superior to all others. Moreau has his own, inferior certainly, but still excellent. Leave him to himself. If you impose your ideas upon him, you will wound his self-love and disconcert him."

Napoleon, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human heart, promptly replied, "You are right; Moreau is not capable of grasping the plan which

I have conceived. Let him follow his own course. The plan which he does not understand and dare not execute I myself will carry out on another part of the theatre of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine, I will accomplish on the Alps. The day may come when he will regret the glory which he yields to me."

These were proud and prophetic words. Moreau was moderately victorious upon the Rhine, driving back the invaders. The sun of Napoleon soon rose over the field of Marengo in a blaze of effulgence, which paled Moreau's twinkling star into utter obscurity. But we know not where upon the page of history to find an act of more lofty generosity than this surrender of the noblest army of the Republic to one who considered himself, and was deemed by others, a rival, and thus to throw open to him the theatre of war where apparently the richest laurels were to be won; and we know not where to look for a deed more proudly expressive of self-confidence. "I will give Moreau," said he by this act, "one hundred and fifty thousand of the most brave and disciplined soldiers of France, the victors of a hundred battles. I myself will take sixty thousand men, new recruits and the fragments of regiments which remain, and with them I will march to encounter an equally powerful enemy on a more difficult field of warfare."

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fortresses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point, to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul.

Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course, the Allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army at Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print-shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket which he could with difficulty lift, and



eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul the majestic movements of his plans.

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill-sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds, and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild, and rugged, and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrible storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view.

This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted, for more than a thousand years, by a succession of joyless

and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. The pinion of the eagle fails in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood, which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible.

Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet, to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of Saint Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the place of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a

vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided, to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces.

On each side of the mountain a hospital was established, and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended even to sending, at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese, with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and his mind were so constituted that his sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying,

“Good-by, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long.”

At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was every where, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way.

“Is it *possible*,” inquired Napoleon, “to cross the pass?”

“Perhaps,” was the hesitating reply, “it is within the limits of *possibility*.”

“Forward, then,” was the energetic response.

Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot-soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers,

pine logs were split in the centre, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good-will, brought their own shoulders into the harness—a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to lure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men re-



DRAWING A GUN OVER GREAT ST. BERNARD.

lieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appear-

ed. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty, the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to the sebands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon, with his wonderful tact, had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had heretofore been driven by mere wagoners, who, being considered not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy.

Napoleon said, "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action, performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor."

He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen, who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action, and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded, it needs something to love. These bloodstained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amid all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal, "Call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoneer's lady-love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he baptized the life-devouring monster with blood. Affectionately he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on as some cannoneers were floundering through drifts of snow, toiling at their gun. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

When they arrived at the summit, each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet every thing was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division and to super-



NAPOLÉON ASCENDING THE ALPS.

intend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for his guide, slowly and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger; but truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting.

Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thought. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor, and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon, struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, won the confidence of his companion, and elicited this artless recital of love and desire.

As Napoleon dismissed his guide with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil, and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army upon the other side. When the guide returned and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains, and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart which, in a hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

M A R E N G O.

The Fort of Bard—Consternation of Melas—Solicitude of Napoleon—Proclamation—Desaix—Montebello—Arrival of Desaix—Terrific Battle—Death of Desaix—Consequences of War—Instinctive outburst of Emotion—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—Terms of Capitulation—Napoleon enters Milan—Enthusiastic Reception in Paris.

THE army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure, and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards and orchards in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swell, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians, pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, ap-

proaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, marched gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains on either side rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidally from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible.

Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, where a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below.



PASSING THE FORT OF BARD.

Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock, by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians in the fort had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock, but neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle to witness the tender affection beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could, by no possibility, be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed, or could pass, beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley.

In the darkness of the night, trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender.

Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke, in consternation, to a sense of his peril. Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps. He had cut off all his supplies, and was shutting the Austrians up from any possibility of retreat. Bewildered by the magnitude of his peril, he no longer thought of forcing his march upon Paris. The invasion of France was abandoned. His whole energies were directed to opening for himself a passage back to Austria. The most cruel perplexities agitated him. From the very pinnacle of victory, he was in danger of descending to the deepest abyss of defeat.

It was also with Napoleon an hour of intense solicitude. He had but sixty thousand men, two thirds of whom were new soldiers who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, with whom he was to arrest the march of a desperate army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, abundantly provided with all the most efficient machinery of war. There were many paths by which Melas might escape at leagues' distance from each other. It was necessary for Napoleon to divide his little band, that he might guard them all. He was liable at any moment to have a division of his army attacked by an overwhelming force, and cut to pieces before it could receive any reinforcements. He ate not, he slept not, he rested not. Day and night, and night and day, he was on horseback, pale, pensive, apparently in feeble health, and interesting every beholder with his grave and melancholy beauty. His scouts were out in every direction. He studied all the possible movements and combinations of his foes. Rapidly he overran Lombardy,

and entered Milan in triumph. Melas anxiously concentrated his forces to break through the net with which he was entangled. He did every thing in his power to deceive Napoleon by various feints, that the point of his contemplated attack might not be known. Napoleon, in the following clarion tones, appealed to the enthusiasm of his troops:

“Soldiers! when we began our march, one department of France was in the hands of the enemy. Consternation pervaded the south of the Republic. You advanced. Already the French territory is delivered. Joy and hope in our country have succeeded to consternation and fear. The enemy, terror-struck, seeks only to regain his frontiers. You have taken his hospitals, his magazines, his reserve parks. The first act of the campaign is finished. Millions of men address you in strains of praise. But shall we allow our audacious enemies to violate with impunity the territory of the Republic? Will you permit the army to escape which has carried terror into your families? You will not. March, then, to meet it. Tear from its brows the laurels it has won. Teach the world that a malediction attends those who violate the territory of the Great People. The result of our efforts will be unclouded glory and a durable peace!”

The very day Napoleon left Paris, Desaix arrived in France from Egypt. Frank, sincere, upright, and punctiliously honorable, he was one of the few whom Napoleon truly loved. Desaix regarded Napoleon as infinitely his superior, and looked up to him with a species of adoration; he loved him with a fervor of feeling which amounted almost to a passion. Napoleon, touched by the affection of a heart so noble, requited it with the most confiding friendship.

Desaix, upon his arrival in Paris, found letters for him there from the First Consul. As he read the confidential lines, he was struck with the melancholy air with which they were pervaded. “Alas!” said he, “Napoleon has gained every thing, and yet he is unhappy. I must hasten to meet him.” Without delay he crossed the Alps, and arrived at the head-quarters of Napoleon but a few days before the battle of Marengo. They passed the whole night together, talking over the events of Egypt and the prospects of France. Napoleon felt greatly strengthened by the arrival of his noble friend, and immediately assigned to him the command of a division of the army. “Desaix,” said he, “is my sheet anchor.”

“You have had a long interview with Desaix,” said Bourrienne to Napoleon the next morning.

“Yes,” he replied, “but I had my reasons. As soon as I return to Paris I shall make him Minister of War. He shall always be my lieutenant. I would make him a prince if I could. He is of the heroic mould of antiquity!”

Napoleon was fully aware that a decisive battle would soon take place. Melas was rapidly, from all points, concentrating his army. The following laconic and characteristic order was issued by the First Consul to Lannes and Murat:

“Gather your forces at the River Stradella. On the 8th or 9th, at the latest, you will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them, and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less upon our

hands on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas."

The prediction was true. An Austrian force advanced, eighteen thousand strong. Lannes met them upon the field of Montebello. They were strongly posted, with batteries ranged upon the hill-sides which swept the whole plain. It was of the utmost importance that this body should be prevented from combining with the other vast forces of the Austrians. Lannes had but eight thousand men. Could he sustain the unequal conflict for a few hours, Victor, who was some miles in the rear, could come up with a reserve of four thousand men. The French soldiers, fully conscious of the odds against which they were to contend, and of the carnage into the midst of which they were plunging, with shouts of enthusiasm rushed upon their foes. Instantaneously a storm of grapeshot from all the batteries swept through his ranks. Said Lannes, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-storm.*"

For nine long hours, from eleven in the morning till eight at night, the horrid carnage continued. Again and again the mangled, bleeding, wasted columns were rallied to the charge. At last, when three thousand Frenchmen were strewn dead upon the ground, the Austrians broke and fled, leaving also three thousand mutilated corpses and six thousand prisoners behind them. Napoleon, hastening to the aid of his lieutenant, arrived upon the field just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes. The intrepid soldier stood in the midst of mounds of the dead, his sword dripping with blood in his exhausted hand, his face blackened with powder and smoke, and his uniform soiled and tattered by the long and terrific strife. Napoleon silently but proudly smiled upon the heroic general, and forgot not his reward. From this battle, Lannes received the title of Duke of Montebello, a title by which his family is distinguished to the present day.

This was the opening of the campaign. It inspired the French with enthusiasm; it nerved the Austrians to despair. Melas now determined to make a desperate effort to break through the toils. Napoleon, with intense solicitude, was watching every movement of his foe, knowing not upon what point the onset would fall. Before daybreak on the morning of the 14th of June, Melas, having accumulated forty thousand men, including seven thousand cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon, made an impetuous assault upon the French, but twenty thousand in number, drawn up upon the plain of Marengo. Desaix, with a reserve of six thousand men, was at such a distance, nearly thirty miles from Marengo, that he could not possibly be recalled before the close of the day. The danger was frightful that the French would be entirely cut to pieces before any succor could arrive.

But the quick ear of Desaix caught the sound of the heavy cannonade as it came booming over the plain like distant thunder. He sprung from his couch and listened. The heavy and uninterrupted roar proclaimed a pitched battle, and he was alarmed for his beloved chief. Immediately he roused his troops, and they started upon the rush to succor their comrades. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier to hurry the division along, while his troops stood firm through terrific hours as their ranks were plowed by the murderous discharges of their foes. At last, the destruction was too awful for mor-

tal men to endure. Many divisions of the army broke and fled, crying, "*All is lost—save himself who can!*"

A scene of frightful disorder ensued. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, swept like an inundation before the multitudinous Austrians. Napoleon still held a few squares together, who slowly and sullenly retreated, while two hundred pieces of artillery, closely pressing them, poured incessant death into their ranks. Every foot of ground was left encumbered with the dead. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Melas, exhausted with toil and assured that he had gained a complete victory, left General Zach to finish the work. He retired to his head-quarters, and immediately dispatched couriers all over Europe to announce the great victory of Marengo. "Melas is too sanguine," said an Austrian veteran, who had before encountered Napoleon at Arcola and Rivoli; "depend upon it, our day's work is not yet done. Napoleon will yet be upon us with his reserve."

Just then the anxious eye of the First Consul espied the solid columns of Desaix entering the plain. Desaix, plunging his spurs into his horse, outstripped all the rest, and galloped into the presence of Napoleon. As he cast a glance over the wild confusion and devastation of the field, he exclaimed, hurriedly,

"I see that the battle is lost. I suppose I can do no more for you than to secure your retreat."

"By no means," Napoleon replied, with apparently as much composure as if he had been sitting by his own fireside; "the battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Like a rock, Desaix, with his solid phalanx of ten thousand men, met the on-rolling billow of Austrian victory. At the same time, Napoleon dispatched an order to Kellerman with his cavalry to charge the triumphant column of the Austrians in flank. It was the work of a moment, and the whole aspect of the field was changed. Napoleon rode along the lines of those on the retreat, exclaiming,

"My friends, we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle."

The fugitives, reanimated by the arrival of the reserve, immediately rallied in their rear. The double charge in front and flank was instantly made. The Austrians were checked and staggered. A tornado of bullets from Desaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were,

"Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity."

The soldiers, who devotedly loved him, saw his fall, and rushed more madly on to avenge his death. The swollen tide of uproar, confusion, and dismay now turned, and rolled in surging billows in the opposite direction. Hardly one moment elapsed before the Austrians, flushed with victory, found themselves overwhelmed by defeat. In the midst of this terrific scene, an aid rode up to Napoleon and said,

"Desaix is dead."

But a moment before they were conversing side by side. Napoleon pressed

his head convulsively with his hand, and exclaimed, mournfully, "Why is it not permitted me to weep! Victory at such a price is dear."

The French now made the welkin ring with shouts of victory. Indescribable dismay filled the Austrian ranks, as wildly they rushed before their unrelenting pursuers. Their rout was utter and hopeless. When the sun went down over this field of blood, after twelve hours of the most frightful carnage, a scene was presented horrid enough to appal the heart of a demon. More than twenty thousand human beings were strewn upon the ground, the dying and the dead, weltering in gore, and in every conceivable form of disfiguration. Horses, with limbs torn from their bodies, were struggling in convulsive agonies. Fragments of guns and swords, and of military wagons of every kind, were strewed around in wild ruin. Frequent piercing cries, which agony extorted from the lacerated victims of war, rose above the general moanings of anguish, which, like wailings of the storm, fell heavily upon the ear. The shades of night were now descending upon this awful scene of misery. The multitude of the wounded was so great, that, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the surgeons, hour after hour of the long night lingered away, while thousands of the wounded and the dying bit the dust in their agony.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also revolting hideousness and demoniac woe. The young, the noble, the sanguine were writhing there in agony. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek, and transform the human face divine into an aspect upon which one can not gaze but with horror. From the field of Marengo many a young man returned to his home so mutilated as no longer to be recognized by friends, and passed a weary life in repulsive deformity. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse, with iron hoof, tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the bloody mire by the ponderous wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of barbaric war thinks of mother, and father, and sister, and home, and shrieks, and moans, and dies; his body is stripped by the vagabonds who follow the camp; his naked, mangled corpse is covered with a few shovelful of earth, and left as food for vultures and for dogs, and he is forgotten forever—and it is called *glory*.

He who loves war for the sake of its excitements, its pageantry, and its fancied glory, is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and of sin. He who loathes war with inexpressible loathing, who will do every thing in his power to avert the dire and horrible calamity, but who will, nevertheless, in the last extremity, with a determined spirit encounter all its perils from love of country and of home, who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive the homage of the world, and we also fully believe that he will receive the approval of God. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet he braved all its perils.

For the carnage of the field of Marengo Napoleon can not be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done every thing he could to stop the effusion of

blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France, to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defense, Napoleon fought and conquered. "Te Deum laudamus."*

It is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements. The blow had fallen with such terrible severity, that the haughty Allies were terribly humbled. Melas was now at his mercy. Napoleon could dictate peace upon his own terms. Yet he rode over the field of his victory with a saddened spirit, and gazed mournfully upon the ruin and the wretchedness around him. As he was slowly and thoughtfully passing along, through the heaps of the dead with which the ground was encumbered, he met a number of carts, heavily laden with the wounded, torn by balls, and bullets, and fragments of shells, into most hideous spectacles of deformity. As the heavy wheels lumbered over the rough ground, grating the splintered bones, and bruising and opening afresh the inflamed wounds, shrieks of torture were extorted from the victims. Napoleon stopped his horse and uncovered his head as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along.

Turning to a companion, he said, "We can not but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy has never been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinctive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

Napoleon had fearlessly exposed himself to every peril during this conflict. His clothes were repeatedly pierced by bullets. Balls struck between the legs of his horse, covering him with earth. A cannon-ball took away a piece of the boot from his left leg, and a portion of the skin, leaving a scar which was never obliterated.

Before Napoleon marched for Italy, he had made every effort in his power for the attainment of peace. Now, with magnanimity above all praise, without waiting for the first advance from his conquered foes, he wrote again imploring peace. Upon the field of Marengo, having scattered all his enemies like chaff before him, with the smoke of the conflict still darkening the air, and the groans of the dying swelling upon his ear, laying aside all the formalities of state, with heartfelt feeling and earnestness he wrote to the Emperor of Austria. This extraordinary epistle was thus commenced :

* "If British policy and government had been then what it is avowedly and really now, and should always be, that of non-intervention, letting France govern herself as her people chose, Bonaparte might never have become Napoleon. To get rid of a chief magistrate who restored order, law, religion, the finances, power, and universal peace, war was made; not declared, as at last in 1815, against him personally, but in 1803 actually because he governed a French republic inoffensively and admirably. If, at that time, Bonaparte had died or resigned, the glories, aggrandizement, and downfall of the empire would not have ensued, but his name would have been pure, bright, and clear of calumnious representations. A moral man, an exemplary citizen; amiable, temperate, chaste, strictly honest and disinterested; famous as a military chieftain and civil administrator; a conservative reformer, not a Republican, but a founder of a representative government." —*History of the Second War, by Ingersoll, vol. i., p. 208.*

"Sire! It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each others' throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it so keenly as does mine."

The letter was long and most eloquent. "For what are you fighting?" said Napoleon. "For religion? Then make war on the Russians and the English, who are the enemies of your faith. Do you wish to guard against revolutionary principles? It is this very war which has extended them over half the Continent, by extending the conquests of France. The continuance of the war can not fail to diffuse them still further. Is it for the balance of Europe? The English threaten that balance far more than does France, for they have become the masters and the tyrants of commerce, and are beyond the reach of resistance. Is it to secure the interests of the house of Austria? Let us then execute the treaty of Campo Formio, which secures to your majesty large indemnities in compensation for the provinces lost in the Netherlands, and secures them to you where you most wish to obtain them, that is, in Italy. Your majesty may send negotiators whither you will, and we will add to the treaty of Campo Formio stipulations calculated to assure you of the continued existence of the secondary states, all of which the French Republic is accused of having shaken. Upon these conditions, peace is made, if you will. Let us make the armistice general for all the armies, and enter into negotiations instantly."

A courier was immediately dispatched to Vienna to convey this letter to the Emperor. In the evening, Bourrienne hastened to congratulate Napoleon upon his extraordinary victory. "What a glorious day!" said he.

"Yes!" replied Napoleon, mournfully, "very glorious—could I this evening but have embraced Desaix upon the field of battle."

On the same day, and at nearly the same hour in which the fatal bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, an assassin, in Egypt, plunged a dagger into the bosom of Kleber. The spirits of these illustrious men, these blood-stained warriors, thus unexpectedly met in the spirit-land. There they wander now. How impenetrable the veil which shuts their destiny from our view. The soul longs for clearer vision of that far-distant world, peopled by the innumerable host of the mighty dead. There Napoleon now dwells. Does he retain his intellectual supremacy? Do his generals gather around him with love and homage? Has his pensive spirit sunk down into gloom and despair, or has it soared into cloudless regions of purity and peace? The mystery of Death! Death alone can solve it. Christianity, with its lofty revealings, sheds but dim twilight upon the world of departed spirits.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said, "Of all the generals I ever had under my command, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talent—in particular Desaix, as Kleber loved glory only as the means of acquiring wealth and pleasure. Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every other consideration. To him riches and pleasure were of no value, nor did he ever give them a moment's thought. He was a little, black-looking man, about an inch shorter than myself, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and de-

spising alike comfort and convenience. Enveloped in a cloak, Desaix would throw himself under a gun, and sleep as contentedly as if reposing in a palace. Luxury had for him no charms. Frank and honest in all his proceedings, he was denominated by the Arabs Sultan the Just. Nature intended him to figure as a consummate general. Kleber and Desaix were irreparable losses to France."

It is impossible to describe the dismay which pervaded the camp of the Austrians after this terrible defeat. They were entirely cut off from all retreat, and were at the mercy of Napoleon. A council of war was held by the Austrian officers during the night, and it was unanimously resolved that capitulation was unavoidable. Early the next morning a flag of truce was sent to the head-quarters of Napoleon. The Austrians offered to abandon Italy if the generosity of the victor would grant them the boon of not being made prisoners of war. Napoleon met the envoy with great courtesy, and, according to his custom, stated promptly and irrevocably the conditions upon which he was willing to treat. The terms were generous.

"The Austrian armies," said he, "may unmolestedly return to their homes; but all of Italy must be abandoned."

Melas, who was eighty years of age, hoped to modify the terms, and again sent the negotiator to suggest some alterations.

"Monsieur!" said Napoleon, "my conditions are irrevocable. I did not begin to make war yesterday. Your position is as perfectly comprehended by me as by yourselves. You are encumbered with dead, sick, and wounded, destitute of provisions, deprived of the élite of your army, surrounded on every side. I might exact every thing; but I respect the white hairs of your general, and the valor of your soldiers. I ask nothing but what is rigorously justified by the present position of affairs. Take what steps you may, you will have no other terms."

The conditions were immediately signed, and a suspension of arms was agreed upon until an answer could be received from Vienna.

Napoleon left Paris for this campaign on the 7th of May. The battle of Marengo was fought on the 14th of June. Thus, in five weeks, Napoleon had scaled the barrier of the Alps: with sixty thousand soldiers, most of them undisciplined recruits, he had utterly discomfited an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and regained the whole of Italy. The achievement amazed the civilized world. The bosom of every Frenchman throbbed with gratitude and pride. One shout of enthusiasm ascended from united France. Napoleon had laid the foundation of his throne deep in the heart of the French nation, and *there* that foundation still remains unshaken.

Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour, by day and by night, in reorganizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note, which four days after the battle of Marengo he wrote to the Consuls in Paris: "To-day, whatever our Atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum* which is to be chanted in the Cathedral of Milan."*

* The *Te Deum* is an anthem of praise, sung in churches on occasion of thanksgiving. It is so called from the first words, "*Te Deum laudamus*," *Thee, God, we praise*.

An unworthy spirit of detraction has vainly sought to wrest from Napoleon the honor of this victory, and to attribute it all to the flank charge made by Kellerman. Such attempts deserve no detailed reply. Napoleon had secretly and suddenly called into being an army, and by its apparently miraculous creation had astounded Europe. He had effectually deceived the vigilance of his enemies, so as to leave them entirely in the dark respecting his point of attack. He had conveyed that army, with all its stores, over the pathless crags of the Great St. Bernard. Like an avalanche he had descended from the mountains upon the plains of startled Italy. He had surrounded the Austrian hosts, though they were double his numbers, with a net through which they could not break. In a decisive battle he had scattered their ranks before him like chaff before the whirlwind. He was nobly seconded by those generals whom his genius had chosen and created.

It is indeed true, that without his generals and his soldiers he could not have gained the victory. Massena contributed to the result by his matchless defense of Genoa; Moreau, by holding in abeyance the army of the Rhine; Lannes, by his iron firmness on the plain of Montebello; Desaix, by the promptness with which he rushed to the rescue, as soon as his ear caught the far-off thunders of the cannon of Marengo; and Kellerman, by his admirable flank charge of cavalry. But it was the genius of Napoleon which planned the mighty combination, which roused and directed the enthusiasm of the generals, which inspired the soldiers with fearlessness and nerved them for the strife, and which, through these efficient agencies, secured the astounding results.

Napoleon established his triumphant army, now increased to eighty thousand men, in the rich valley of the Po. He assigned to the heroic Massena the command of this triumphant host, and ordering all the forts and citadels which blocked the approaches from France to be blown up, set out, on the 24th of June, for his return to Paris. In recrossing the Alps by the pass of Mount Cenis, he met the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to Italy to join her husband. Napoleon ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighting, greeted the lady with great courtesy, and congratulated her upon the gallant conduct of her husband at Marengo. As he was riding along one day, Bourrienne spoke of the world-wide renown which the First Consul had attained.

"Yes," Napoleon thoughtfully replied. "A few more events like this campaign, and my name may perhaps go down to posterity."

"I think," Bourrienne rejoined, "that you have already done enough to secure a long and lasting fame."

"Done enough!" Napoleon replied. "You are very good! It is true that in less than two years I have conquered Cairo, Paris, Milan. But were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits."

Napoleon's return to Paris, through the provinces of France, was a scene of constant triumph. The joy of the people amounted almost to phrensy. Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunders of artillery, accompanied him all the way. Long lines of young maidens, selected for their grace and beauty, formed avenues of loveliness and smiles through

which he was to pass, and carpeted his path with flowers. He arrived in Paris at midnight on the 2d of July, having been absent but eight weeks.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded and inexhaustible. Day after day, and night after night, the festivities continued. The Palace of the Tuileries was ever thronged with a crowd, eager to catch a glimpse of the preserver of France. All the public bodies waited upon him with congratulations. Bells rang, cannon thundered, bonfires and illuminations blazed, rockets and fire-works, in meteoric splendor, filled the air, bands of music poured forth their exuberant strains, and united Paris, thronging the garden of the Tuileries, and flooding back into the Elysian Fields, rent the heavens with deafening shouts of exultation. As Napoleon stood at the window of his palace, witnessing this spectacle of a nation's gratitude, he said,

"The sound of these acclamations is as sweet to me as the voice of Josephine. How happy I am to be beloved by such a people!"

Preparations were immediately made for a brilliant and imposing solemnity in commemoration of the victory. "Let no triumphal arch be raised to me," said Napoleon. "I wish for no triumphal arch but the public satisfaction."

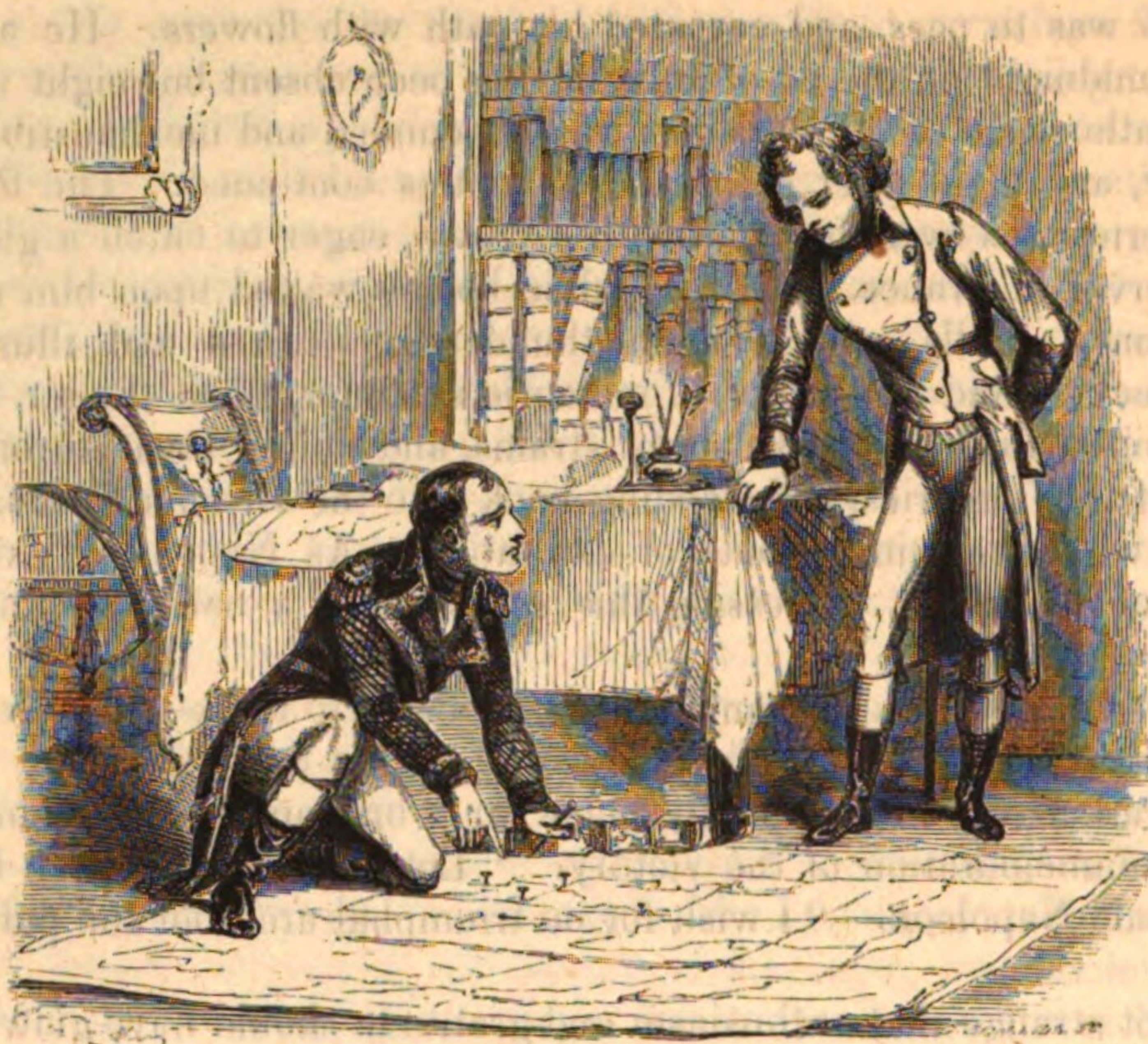
It is not strange that enthusiasm and gratitude should have glowed in the ardent bosoms of the French. In four months Napoleon had raised France from an abyss of ruin to the highest pinnacle of prosperity and renown. For anarchy he had substituted law, for bankruptcy a well-replenished treasury, for ignominious defeat resplendent victory, for universal discontent as universal satisfaction. The invaders were driven from France, the hostile alliance broken, and the blessings of peace were now promised to the war-harassed nation.

During this campaign there was presented a very interesting illustration of Napoleon's wonderful power of anticipating the progress of coming events. Bourrienne one day, just before the commencement of the campaign, entered the cabinet at the Tuileries, and found an immense map of Italy unrolled upon the carpet, and Napoleon stretched upon it. With pins, whose heads were tipped with red and black sealing-wax, to represent the French and Austrian forces, Napoleon was studying all the possible combinations and evolutions of the two hostile armies. Bourrienne, in silence, but with deep interest, watched the progress of this pin campaign. Napoleon, having arranged the pins with red heads where he intended to conduct the French troops, and with the black pins designating the point which he supposed the Austrians would occupy, looked up to his secretary and said,

"Do you think that I shall beat Melas?"

"Why, how can I tell?" Bourrienne answered.

"Why, you simpleton," said Napoleon, playfully, "just look here. Melas is at Alexandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alexandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here," sticking a pin into the Great St. Bernard, "I fall upon Melas in his rear. I cut off his communications with Austria. I meet him here in the valley of the Bormida." So saying, he stuck a red pin into the plain of Marengo.



NAPOLEON PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Bourrienne regarded this maneuvering of pins as mere pastime. His countenance expressed his perfect incredulity. Napoleon, perceiving this, addressed to him some of his usual apostrophes, in which he was accustomed playfully to indulge in moments of relaxation, such as, "You ninny! You goose!" and rolled up the map.

Ten weeks passed away, and Bourrienne found himself upon the banks of the Bormida, writing, at Napoleon's dictation, an account of the battle of Marengo. Astonished to find Napoleon's anticipations thus minutely fulfilled, he frankly avowed his admiration of the military sagacity thus displayed. Napoleon himself smiled at the justice of his foresight.

Two days before the news of the battle of Marengo arrived in Vienna, England effected a new treaty with Austria for the more vigorous prosecution of the war. By this convention, it was provided that England should loan Austria ten millions of dollars, to bear no interest during the continuance of the conflict. And the Austrian cabinet bound itself not to make peace with France without the consent of the court of St. James. The Emperor of Austria was now sadly embarrassed. His sense of honor would not allow him to violate his pledge to the King of England and to make peace. On the other hand, he trembled at the thought of seeing the armies of the invincible Napoleon again marching upon his capital. He therefore resolved to temporize, and, in order to gain time, sent an ambassador to Paris. The plenipotentiary presented to Napoleon a letter, in which the Emperor stated,

"You will give credit to every thing which Count Julien shall say on my part. I will ratify whatever he shall do."

Napoleon, prompt in action, and uninformed of the new treaty between Ferdinand and George III., immediately caused the preliminaries of peace

to be drawn up, which were signed by the French and Austrian ministers. The cabinet in Vienna, angry with their ambassador for not protracting the discussion, refused to ratify the treaty, recalled Count Julien, sent him into exile, informed the First Consul of the treaty which bound Austria not to make peace without the concurrence of Great Britain, assured France of the readiness of the English cabinet to enter into negotiations, and urged the immediate opening of a Congress at Luneville, to which plenipotentiaries should be sent from each of the three great contending powers.*

Napoleon was highly indignant in view of this duplicity and perfidy. Yet, controlling his anger, he consented to treat with England, and with that view proposed a *naval armistice* with the mistress of the seas. To this proposition England peremptorily refused to accede, as it would enable France to throw supplies into Egypt and Malta, which island England was besieging. The naval armistice would have been undeniably for the interests of France. But the Continental armistice was as undeniably adverse to her interests, enabling Austria to recover from her defeats and to strengthen her armies. Napoleon, fully convinced that England, in her inaccessible position, did not wish for peace, and that her only object in endeavoring to obtain admittance to the Congress was that she might throw obstacles in the way of reconciliation with Austria, offered to renounce all armistice with England, and to treat with her separately. This England also refused.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOHENLINDEN.

Duplicity of Austria—Obstinacy of England—Responsibility of Pitt—Battle of Hohenlinden—Treaty of Luneville—Testimony of Scott and Alison—Universality of Napoleon's Genius—Letter of General Durosé—The infernal Machine—Josephine's Letter—Absurd Reports—Madame Junot—Hortense.

It was now September. Two months had passed in vexatious and sterile negotiations. Napoleon had taken every step in his power to secure peace. He sincerely desired it. He had already won all the laurels he could wish to win on the field of battle. The reconstruction of society in France, and the consolidation of his power, demanded all his energies. *The consolidation of his power!* That was just what the government of England dreaded. The consolidation of republican power, almost within cannon shot of the court of England, was an evil to be avoided at every hazard. It threatened the overthrow of both king and nobles.

William Pitt, the soul of the aristocratic government of England, determined still to prosecute the war. France could not harm England. But En-

* "Conscious now of the mortal blunder he had committed in rejecting the overtures for peace, the Emperor (of Austria) dispatched an envoy to Paris in the person of Count Julien, but rather to sound the views of the French government than armed with actual powers to treat. Nevertheless, the alarm of Pitt at this step was very great, and he labored with all his might to induce the Austrian cabinet to continue the war, making it the most lavish promises of subsidies from the British people. In truth, Austria was still inclined to try again the fortune of war, from the very excess of her disaster; but she wanted breathing-time after her prodigious losses, and she besought an extension of the Italian armistice to Germany."—*French Revolution*, by T. W. Redhead.

gland, with her invincible fleet, could sweep the commerce of France from the seas. Fox and his coadjutors, with great eloquence and energy, opposed the war. Their efforts were, however, unavailing. The *people* of England, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to defame the character of the First Consul, still cherished the conviction that, after all, Napoleon was their friend. Napoleon, in subsequent years, while reviewing these scenes of his early conflicts, with characteristic eloquence and magnanimity, gave utterance to the following sentiments, which the verdict of the world will certainly yet confirm.

"Pitt was the master of European policy. He held in his hands the moral fate of nations. But he made an ill use of his power. He kindled the fire of discord throughout the universe; and his name, like that of Erostratus, will be inscribed in history, amid flames, lamentations, and tears. Twenty-five years of universal conflagration, the numerous coalitions that added fuel to the flame, the revolution and devastation of Europe, the bloodshed of nations, the frightful debt of England, by which all these horrors were maintained, the pestilential system of loans by which the people of Europe are oppressed, the general discontent that now prevails—all must be attributed to Pitt. Posterity will brand him as a scourge.

"The man so lauded in his own time will hereafter be regarded as the genius of evil. Not that I consider him to have been willfully atrocious, or doubt his having entertained the conviction that he was acting right. But St. Bartholemew had also its conscientious advocates. The Pope and cardinals celebrated it by a *Te Deum*, and we have no reason to doubt their having done so in perfect sincerity. Such is the weakness of human reason and judgment? But that for which posterity will, above all, execrate the memory of Pitt, is the hateful school which he has left behind him; its insolent Machiavelism, its profound immorality, its cold egotism, and its utter disregard of justice and human happiness. Whether it be the effect of admiration and gratitude, or the result of mere instinct and sympathy, Pitt is, and will continue to be, the idol of the European aristocracy.

"There was, indeed, a touch of the Sylla in his character. His system has kept the popular cause in check, and brought about the triumph of the patricians. As for Fox, one must not look for his model among the ancients. He is himself a model, and his principles will sooner or later rule the world. The death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."

Austria really desired peace. The march of Napoleon's armies upon Vienna was an evil more to be dreaded than even the consolidation of Napoleon's power in France. But Austria was, by loans and treaties, so entangled with England, that she could make no peace without the consent of the court of St. James. Napoleon found that he was but trifled with. Interminable difficulties were thrown in the way of negotiation. Austria was taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities merely to recruit her defeated armies, that, as soon as the approaching winter had passed away, she might fall, with renovated energies, upon France.

The month of November had now arrived, and the mountains whitened with snow, were swept by the bleak winds of winter. The period of the armistice had expired. Austria applied for its prolongation. Napoleon was no longer thus to be duped. He consented, however, to a continued suspension of hostilities, on condition that the treaty of peace were signed within forty-eight hours. Austria, believing that no sane man would march an army into Germany in the dead of winter, and that she would have abundant time to prepare for a spring campaign, refused. The armies of France were immediately on the move.

The Emperor of Austria had improved every moment of this transient interval of peace in recruiting his forces. In person he had visited the army to inspire his troops with enthusiasm. The command of the imperial forces was intrusted to his second brother, the Archduke John. Napoleon moved with his accustomed vigor. The political necessities of Paris and of France rendered it impossible for him to leave the metropolis. He ordered one powerful army, under General Brune, to attack the Austrians in Italy, on the banks of the Mincio, and to press firmly toward Vienna. In the performance of this operation, General Macdonald, in the dead of winter, effected his heroic passage over the Alps by the pass of the Splugen. Victory followed their standards.

Moreau, with his magnificent army, commenced a winter campaign on the Rhine. Between the rivers Iser and Inn there is an enormous forest, many leagues in extent, of sombre firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness of wild ravines and tangled under-brush. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths penetrate it at different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden. In this forest, on the night of the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops.

The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination can not compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen, bewildered in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands, all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy which probably even this lost world never presented before.

The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick, and fast, and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see

each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times, hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and of honor, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket, there in solitude and agony to moan, and freeze, and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest!

At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.

“On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

“But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery,” &c.

The retreating Austrians rushed down the valley of the Danube. Moreau followed thundering at their heels, plunging balls and shells into their retreating ranks. The victorious French were within thirty miles of Vienna, and the capital was in a state of indescribable dismay. The Emperor again sent an envoy imploring an armistice. The application was promptly acceded to, for Napoleon was contending only for peace. Yet, with unexampled magnanimity, notwithstanding these astonishing victories, Napoleon made no essential alterations in his terms. Austria was at his feet. His conquering armies were almost in sight of the steeples of Vienna. There was no power which the Emperor could present to obstruct their resistless march. He might have exacted any terms of humiliation. But still he adhered to the first terms which he had proposed.

Moreau was urged by some of his officers to press on to Vienna. “We had better halt,” he replied, “and be content with peace. It is for that alone that we are fighting.” The Emperor of Austria was thus compelled to treat without the concurrence of England. The insurmountable obstacle in the way of peace was thus removed. At Luneville, Joseph Bonaparte appeared as the ambassador of Napoleon, and Count Cobentzel as the pleni-

potentiary of Austria. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and France was again at peace with all the world, England alone excepted.



DEATH AT HOHENLINDEN.

By this treaty the Rhine was acknowledged as the boundary of France. The Adige limited the possessions of Austria in Italy; and Napoleon made it an essential article that every Italian imprisoned in the dungeons of Austria for political offenses should immediately be liberated. There was to be no interference by either with the new republics which had sprung up in Italy. They were to be permitted to choose whatever form of government they preferred.

In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott makes the candid admission
VOL. I.—Y

that "the treaty of Luneville was not much more advantageous to France than that of Campo Formio. The moderation of the First Consul indicated at once his desire for peace upon the Continent, and considerable respect for the bravery and strength of Austria." And Alison, in cautious but significant phrase, remarks, "These conditions did not differ materially from those offered by Napoleon before the renewal of the war; *a remarkable circumstance*, when it is remembered how vast an addition the victories of Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the Mincio had since made to the preponderance of the French armies."

It was, indeed, "a remarkable circumstance," that Napoleon should have manifested such unparalleled moderation under circumstances of such aggravated indignity. In Napoleon's first Italian campaign he was contending solely for peace. At last he attained it, in the treaty of Campo Formio, on terms equally honorable to Austria and to France. On his return from Egypt, he found the armies of Austria, three hundred thousand strong, in alliance with England, invading the territories of the Republic. He implored peace, in the name of bleeding humanity, upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio. His foes regarded his supplication as the imploring cry of weakness, and treated it with scorn. With new vigor they poured their tempests of balls and shells upon France.

Napoleon scaled the Alps, and dispersed his foes at Marengo like autumn leaves before the gale. Amid the smoke, the blood, and the groans of the field of his victory, he again wrote imploring peace; and he wrote in terms dictated by the honest and gushing sympathies of a humane man, and not in the cold and stately forms of the diplomatist. Crushed as his foes were, he rose not in his demands, but nobly said, "I am still willing to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

His treacherous foes, to gain time to recruit their armies, that they might fall upon him with renovated vigor, agreed to an armistice. They then threw all possible embarrassments in the way of negotiation, and prolonged the armistice till the winds of winter were sweeping fiercely over the snow-covered hills of Austria. They thought that it was then too late for Napoleon to make any movements until spring, and that they had a long winter before them in which to prepare for another campaign. They refused peace. Through storms, and freezing gales, and drifting snows, the armies of Napoleon marched painfully to Hohenlinden. The hosts of Austria were again routed, and were swept away as the drifted snow flies before the gale. Ten thousand Frenchmen lie cold in death, the terrible price of the victory. The Emperor of Austria, in his palaces, heard the thunderings of Napoleon's approaching artillery. He implored peace. "It is all that I desire," said Napoleon; "I am not fighting for ambition or for conquest. I am still ready to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

While all the Continent was now at peace with France, England alone, with indomitable resolution, continued the war, without allies, and without any apparent or avowed object. France, comparatively powerless upon the seas, could strike no blows which would be felt by the distant islanders. "On every point," says Sir Walter Scott, "the English squadrons annihilated the commerce of France, crippled her revenues, and blockaded her forts."

The treaty of Luneville was signed on the 9th of February, 1801. Napoleon, lamenting the continued hostility of England, in announcing this peace to the people of France, remarked, "Why is not this treaty the treaty of a general peace? This was the wish of France. This has been the constant object of the efforts of her government, but its desires are fruitless. All Europe knows that the British minister has endeavored to frustrate the negotiations at Luneville. In vain was it declared to him that France was ready to enter into a separate negotiation. This declaration only produced a refusal, under the pretext that England could not abandon her ally. Since then, when that ally consented to treat without England, that government sought other means to delay a peace so necessary to the world. It raises pretensions contrary to the dignity and rights of all nations. The whole commerce of Asia, and of immense colonies, does not satisfy its ambition. All the seas must submit to the exclusive sovereignty of England." As William Pitt received the tidings of this discomfiture of his allies, in despairing despondency he exclaimed, "Fold up the map of Europe. It need not again be opened for twenty years."

While these great affairs were in progress, Napoleon, in Paris, was consecrating his energies with almost miraculous power in developing all the resources of the majestic empire under his control. He possessed the power of abstraction to a degree which has probably never been equaled. He could concentrate all his attention for any length of time upon one subject, and then, laying that aside entirely, without expending any energies in unavailing anxiety, could turn to another with all the freshness and the vigor of an unpreoccupied mind. Incessant mental labor was the luxury of his life.

"Occupation," said he, "is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes, but I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application."

The universality of Napoleon's genius was now most conspicuous. The revenues of the nation were replenished, and all the taxes arranged to the satisfaction of the people. The Bank of France was reorganized, and new energy infused into its operations. Several millions of dollars were expended in constructing and perfecting five magnificent roads radiating from Paris to the frontiers of the empire. Robbers, the vagabonds of disbanded armies, infested the roads, rendering traveling dangerous in the extreme. "Be patient," said Napoleon. "Give me a month or two. I must first conquer peace abroad. I will then do speedy and complete justice upon these highwaymen."

A very important canal, connecting Belgium with France, had been commenced some years before. The engineers could not agree respecting the best direction of the cutting through the highlands which separated the valley of the Oise from that of the Somme. He visited the spot in person, decided the question promptly and decided it wisely, and the canal was pressed to its completion. He immediately caused three new bridges to be thrown across the Seine at Paris. He commenced the magnificent road of the Simplon, crossing the rugged Alps with a broad and smooth highway, which for ages will remain a durable monument of the genius and energy of Napoleon.

In gratitude for the favors he had received from the monks of the Great St. Bernard, he founded two similar establishments for the aid of travelers, one on Mount Cenis, the other on the Simplon, and both auxiliary to the convent on the Great St. Bernard. Concurrently with these majestic undertakings, he commenced the compilation of the civil code of France. The ablest lawyers of Europe were summoned to this enterprise, and the whole work was discussed section by section in the Council of State, over which Napoleon presided. The lawyers were amazed to find that the First Consul was as perfectly familiar with all the details of legal and political science as he was with military strategy.

Bourrienne mentions that, one day, a letter was received from an emigrant, General Durosé, who had taken refuge in the island of Jersey. The following is an extract from the letter :

"You can not have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, he was unprovided with money, and asked of me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience. Previous to the Revolution, I believe that it was not in her power to fulfill her wish of discharging the debt. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle, but such is my unfortunate situation that even this trifle is of some importance to me. At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on a scanty allowance granted by the English government to French emigrants. I say *emigrants*, for I am obliged to be one against my will."

Upon hearing this letter read, Napoleon immediately and warmly said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred. Do not lose a moment. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosé that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done. I can never repair it all." Napoleon uttered these words with a degree of emotion which he had rarely before evinced. In the evening he inquired with much interest of Bourrienne if he had executed his orders.

Many attempts were made at this time to assassinate the First Consul. Though France, with unparalleled unanimity, surrounded him with admiration, gratitude, and homage, there were violent men in the two extremes of society, among the Jacobins and the inexorable Royalists, who regarded him as in their way. Napoleon's escape from the explosion of the infernal machine, got up by the Royalists, was almost miraculous.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 1800, Napoleon was going to the Opera to hear Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, which was to be performed for the first time. Intensely occupied by business, he was reluctant to go, but, to gratify Josephine, yielded to her urgent request. It was necessary for his carriage to pass through a narrow street. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. A barrel suspended beneath the cart contained as deadly a machine as could be constructed with gun-

powder and all the missiles of death. The coachman succeeded in forcing his way by the cart. He had barely passed when an explosion took place, which was heard all over Paris, and which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Eight persons were instantly killed, and more than sixty were wounded, of whom about twenty subsequently died. The houses for a long distance on each side of the street were fearfully shattered, and many of them were nearly blown to pieces. The carriage rocked as upon the billows of the sea, and the windows were shattered to fragments.



THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

Napoleon had been in too many scenes of terror to be alarmed by any noise or destruction which gunpowder could produce. "Ha!" said he, with perfect composure, "we are blown up." One of his companions in the carriage, greatly terrified, thrust his head through the demolished window, and called loudly to the driver to stop. "No, no!" said Napoleon, "drive on."

When the First Consul entered the opera house, he appeared perfectly calm and unmoved. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed in all parts of the house, for the explosion had been heard, and fearful apprehensions were felt for the safety of the idolized Napoleon. As soon as he appeared, thunders of applause, which shook the very walls of the theatre, gave affecting testimony of the attachment of the people to his person. In a few moments, Josephine, who had come in her private carriage, entered the box. Napoleon turned to her with perfect tranquillity and said, "The rascals tried to blow me up. Where is the book of the Oratorio?"

Napoleon soon left the Opera and returned to the Tuileries. He found a vast crowd assembled there, attracted by affection for his person and anxiety for his safety. The atrocity of this attempt excited universal horror, and only increased the already almost boundless popularity of the First Consul. Deputations and addresses were immediately poured in upon him from Paris and from all the departments of France, congratulating him upon

his escape. It was at first thought that this conspiracy was the work of the Jacobins. There were in Paris more than a hundred of the leaders of this execrable party, who had obtained a sanguinary notoriety during the Reign of Terror. They were active members of a Jacobin Club, a violent and vulgar gathering, continually plotting the overthrow of the government and the assassination of the First Consul. They were thoroughly detested by the people, and the community was glad to avail itself of any plausible pretext for banishing them from France. Without sufficient evidence that they were actually guilty of this particular outrage, in the strong excitement and indignation of the moment a decree was passed by the legislative bodies sending one hundred and sixty of these bloodstained culprits into exile.

The wish was earnestly expressed that Napoleon would promptly punish them by his own dictatorial power. Napoleon had, in fact, acquired such unbounded popularity, and the nation was so thoroughly impressed with a sense of his justice and his wisdom, that whatever he said was done. He, however, insisted that the business should be conducted by the constituted tribunals, and under the regular forms of law.

"The responsibility of this measure," said Napoleon, "must rest with the legislative body. The consuls are irresponsible, but the ministers are not. Any one of them who should sign an arbitrary decree might hereafter be called to account. Not a single individual must be compromised. The consuls themselves know not what may happen. As for me, while I live, I am not afraid that any one will dare to call me to account for my actions. But I may be killed, and then I can not answer for the safety of my two colleagues. It would be your turn to govern," said he, smiling and turning to Cambacères, "*and you are not as yet very firm in the stirrups.* It will be better to have a law for the present as well as for the future."

It was finally, after much deliberation, decided that the Council of State should draw up a declaration of the reasons for the act; the First Consul was to sign the decree, and the Senate was to declare whether it was or was not constitutional. Thus cautiously did Napoleon proceed under circumstances so exciting. The law, however, was unjust and tyrannical. Guilty as these men were of other crimes, by which they had forfeited all sympathy, it subsequently appeared that they were not guilty of this crime. Napoleon was evidently embarrassed by this uncertainty of their guilt, and was not willing that they should be denounced as contrivers of the infernal machine. "We believe," said he, "that they are guilty, but we do not *know* it. They must be transported for the crimes which *they have committed*, the massacres and the conspiracies already proved against them." The decree was passed. But Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of these Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. They remained in France, but they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them.

"It is not my own person," said Napoleon, "that I seek to avenge. My fortune, which has so often preserved me on the field of battle, will continue to preserve me. I think not of myself. I think of social order, which it is my mission to re-establish, and of the national honor, which it is my duty to purge from an abominable stain."

To the innumerable addresses of congratulation and attachment which this occurrence elicited, Napoleon replied: "I have been touched by the proofs of affection which the people of Paris have shown me on this occasion. I deserve them, for the only aim of my thoughts and of my actions is to augment the prosperity and the glory of France. While those banditti confined themselves to direct attacks upon me, I could leave to the laws the task of punishing them; but since they have endangered the population of the capital by a crime unexampled in history, the punishment must be equally speedy and terrible."

It was soon proved, much to the surprise of Napoleon, that the atrocious act was perpetrated by the partisans of the Bourbons. Many of the most prominent of the Loyalists were implicated in this horrible conspiracy. Napoleon felt that he deserved their gratitude. He had interposed to save them from the fury of the Jacobins. Against the remonstrances of his friends, he had passed a decree which had restored one hundred and fifty thousand of these wandering emigrants to France. He had done every thing in his power to enable them to regain their confiscated estates. He had been in all respects their friend and benefactor, and he would not believe, until the proof was indisputable, that they could thus requite him. The wily Fouché, however, dragged the whole matter into light. The prominent conspirators were arrested and shot. The following letter, written by Josephine to the Minister of Police, strikingly illustrates the benevolence of her heart, and exhibits in a very honorable light the character of Napoleon.

"While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am distressed through fear of the punishment to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives, and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead. I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great—his attachment to me extreme. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe, inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in this odious transaction. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. When the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those who will apply to me. Act, Citizen Minister, in such a way that the number of these may be lessened."

It seems almost miraculous that Napoleon should have escaped the innumerable conspiracies which at this time were formed against him. The partisans of the Bourbons thought that if Napoleon could be removed, the Bourbons might regain their throne. It was his resistless genius alone which enabled France to triumph over combined Europe. His death would leave France without a leader. The armies of the Allies could then, with bloody strides, march to Paris, and place the hated Bourbons on the throne. France knew this, and adored its preserver. Monarchical Europe knew this, and

hence all the energies of its combined kings were centred upon Napoleon. More than thirty of these conspiracies were detected by the police.

London was the hot-house where they were engendered. Air-guns were aimed at Napoleon. Assassins dogged him with their poniards. A bomb-shell was invented, weighing about fifteen pounds, which was to be thrown in at his carriage-window, and which, exploding by its own concussion, would hurl death on every side. The conspirators were reckless of the lives of others, if they could only destroy the life of Napoleon. The agents of the infernal machine had the barbarity to get a young girl, fifteen years of age, to hold the horse who drew the machine. This was to disarm suspicion. The poor child was blown into such fragments that no part of her body, excepting her feet, could afterward be found. At last Napoleon became aroused, and declared that he would "teach those Bourbons that he was not a man to be shot at like a dog."

One day, at St. Helena, as he was putting on his flannel waistcoat, he observed Las Casas looking at him very steadfastly.

"Well! what is *your Excellency* thinking of?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"Sire," Las Casas replied, "in a pamphlet which I lately read, I found it stated that your majesty was shielded by a coat-of-mail for the security of your person. I was thinking that I could bear positive evidence that, at St. Helena at least, all precautions for personal safety have been laid aside."

"This," said Napoleon, "is one of the thousand absurdities which have been published respecting me. But the story you have just mentioned is the more ridiculous, since every individual about me well knows how careless I am with regard to self-preservation. Accustomed from the age of eighteen to be exposed to the cannon-ball, and knowing the inutility of precautions, I abandoned myself to my fate. When I came to the head of affairs, I might still have fancied myself surrounded by the dangers of the field of battle, and I might have regarded the conspiracies which were formed against me as so many bomb-shells. But I followed my old course. I trusted to my lucky star, and left all precautions to the police. I was, perhaps, the only sovereign in Europe who dispensed with a body-guard. Every one could freely approach me without having, as it were, to pass through military barracks."

"Maria Louisa was much astonished to see me so poorly guarded, and she often remarked that her father was surrounded by bayonets. For my part, I had no better defense at the Tuileries than I have here. I do not even know where to find my sword," said he, looking around the room; "do you see it? I have, to be sure, incurred great dangers. Upward of thirty plots were formed against me. These have been proved by authentic testimony, without mentioning many which never came to light. Some sovereigns invent conspiracies against themselves; for my part, I made it a rule carefully to conceal them whenever I could. The crisis most serious to me was during the interval from the battle of Marengo to the attempt of George Cadoudal and the affair of the Duke d'Enghien."

Napoleon now, with his accustomed vigor, took hold of the robbers, and made short work with them. The insurgent armies of La Vendée, number-

ing more than one hundred thousand men, and filled with adventurers and desperadoes of every kind, were disbanded when their chiefs yielded homage to Napoleon. Many of these men, accustomed to banditti warfare, took to the highways. The roads were so infested by them that traveling became exceedingly perilous, and it was necessary that every stage-coach which left Paris should be accompanied by a guard of armed soldiers. To remedy a state of society thus convulsed to its very centre, special tribunals were organized, consisting of eight judges. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind.

The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul; they asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us," said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances, it was so natural that it can excite no surprise. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars. But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Frejus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled Austria, and had compelled Continental Europe to accept an honorable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon's which indicates a malicious or an ungenerous spirit.

"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing, I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it *rested* on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, *a career open to talent without distinction of birth*. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet, in England, talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the mass of the nation against the privileged classes. The nobles were exempt from the burdens of the state, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honor and emolument. The Revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to wealth and greatness were equally open to every citizen, according to his talents. The

French nation established the imperial throne, and placed me upon it. The throne of France was granted before to Hugh Capet, by a few bishops and nobles. The imperial throne was given to me by the desire of the people."

Joseph Bonaparte was of very essential service to Napoleon in the diplomatic intercourse of the times. Lucien also was employed in various ways, and the whole family were taken under the protection of the First Consul. At St. Helena, Napoleon uttered the following graphic and truthful eulogium upon his brothers and sisters: "What family, in similar circumstances, would have acted better? Every one is not qualified to be a statesman. That requires a combination of powers which does not often fall to the lot of any one. In this respect all my brothers were singularly situated; they possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding counselor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all, I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family. Joseph would have been an honor to society in any country, and Lucien would have been an honor to any assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind; she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Caroline possessed great talents and capacity. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kinds of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise. Add to this that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments toward me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The proud old nobility, whom Napoleon had restored to France, and upon many of whom he had conferred their confiscated estates, manifested no gratitude toward their benefactor. They were sighing for the re-enthronement of the Bourbons, and for the return of the good old times, when all the offices of emolument and honor were reserved for them and for their children, and the *people* were but their hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the morning, as beggars, they would crowd the audience chamber of the First Consul with their petitions. In the evening they disdained to honor his levees with their presence. They spoke contemptuously of Josephine, of her kindness, and her desire to conciliate all parties. They condemned every thing that Napoleon did. He, however, paid no heed to their murmurings. He would not condescend even to punish them by neglect. In that most lofty pride which induced him to say that, in his administration, he *wished to imitate the clemency of God*, he endeavored to consult for the interests of all, both the evil and the unthankful. His fame was to consist, not in revenging himself upon his enemies, but in aggrandizing France.

At this time Napoleon's establishment at the Tuileries rather resembled that of a very rich gentleman than the court of a monarch. Junot, one of his aids, was married to Mademoiselle Permon, the young lady whose name

will be remembered in connection with the anecdote of "Puss in Boots." Her mother was one of the most haughty of the ancient nobility, who affected to look upon Napoleon with contempt, as not of royal blood. The evening after her marriage, Madame Junot was to be presented to Josephine. After the Opera she drove to the Tuileries. It was near eleven o'clock. As Josephine had appointed the hour, she was expected. Eugene, hearing the wheels of the carriage, descended to the court-yard, presented his arm to Madame Junot, and they entered the large saloon together. It was a magnificent apartment, magnificently furnished. Two chandeliers, surrounded with gauze to soften the glare, shed a subdued and grateful light over the room. Josephine was seated before a tapestry-frame working upon embroidery. Near her sat Hortense, sylph-like in figure, and surpassingly gentle and graceful in her manners. Napoleon was standing near Josephine, with his hands clasped behind him, engaged in conversation with his wife and her lovely daughter. Upon the entrance of Madame Junot, Josephine immediately arose, took her two hands, and affectionately kissing her, said,

"I have too long been Junot's friend not to entertain the same sentiments for his wife, particularly for the one he has chosen."

"Oh, Josephine!" said Napoleon, "that is running on very fast. How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving? Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see that I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?" Saying this, he gently took her hand and drew her toward him.

The young bride was much embarrassed, and yet she struggled to retain her pride of birth. "General," she replied, smiling, "it is not for me to speak first."

"Very well parried," said Napoleon, playfully: "the mother's spirit! And how is Madame Permon?"

"Very ill, general. For two years her health has caused us great uneasiness."

"Indeed!" said Napoleon; "so bad as that? I am sorry to hear it—very sorry. Make my regards to her. It is a wrong head, a proud spirit, but she has a generous heart and a noble soul. I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw around me a numerous family, consisting of my generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are my friends. But you must not expect to meet here your acquaintances of the ancient nobility. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me."

This was but the morning twilight of that imperial splendor which afterward dazzled the most powerful potentates of Europe. Hortense, who subsequently became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, at the moment of this present writing, is at the head of the government of France, was then seventeen years of age. "She was," says Madame Junot, "fresh as a rose. Though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm-tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her

head. But that which formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the Creole nonchalance with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well-conducted education had improved her natural talents. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800 she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses in Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I have never known one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one. Her brother loved her tenderly. The First Consul looked upon her as his child."

Napoleon has been accused of an improper affection for Hortense. The world has been filled with the slander. "Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "never cherished for her any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, nor the slightest trace of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take in the character of men who become celebrated, calumnies which are adopted lightly and without reflection. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, on this delicate subject, that his principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was in accordance with his morals or his taste."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day looking over a book containing an account of his amours. He smiled as he glanced his eye over the pages, saying, "I do not even know the names of most of the females who are mentioned here. This is all very foolish. Every body knows that I had no *time* for such dissipation."

CHAPTER XXII.

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

Treaty with the United States—Election of Pope—The Queen of Naples—Coronation of the King and Queen of Etruria—Madame de Montesson—Right of Search—Heroism of Nelson—Death of the Emperor Paul—Succors for Egypt—Condition of England—Determination of Napoleon—Uneasiness in England—The Sailor's Mistake—Cornwallis—Terms of Peace—Napoleon's Attachment to Fox.

It was the first great object of Napoleon, immediately upon his accession to power, to reconcile France with Europe, and to make peace with all the world. France was weary of war. She needed repose to recover from the turmoil of revolution. Napoleon, conscious of the necessities of France, was consecrating all his energies for the promotion of peace. The Directory, by oppressive acts, had excited the indignation of the United States. Napoleon, by a course of conciliation, immediately removed that hostility, and,

but a short time before the treaty of Luneville, ratified a treaty of amity between France and the United States. The signature of this treaty was celebrated with great rejoicings at the beautiful country seat which Joseph, who, in consequence of his marriage, was richer than his brother, had purchased at Morfontaine. Napoleon, accompanied by a brilliant party, met the American commissioners there. The most elegant decorations within the mansion and in the gardens represented France and America joined in friendly union.

Napoleon presented the following toast: "The memory of the French and the Americans who died on the field of battle for the independence of the New World."

Lebrun, the Second Consul, proposed, "The union of America with the Northern powers, to enforce respect for the liberty of the seas."

Cambacères gave for the third toast, "The successor of Washington." Thus did Napoleon endeavor to secure the friendship of the United States.

About this time Pope Pius VI. died, and the cardinals met to choose his successor. The respect with which Napoleon had treated the Pope, and his kindness to the emigrant priests during the first Italian campaign, presented so strong a contrast with the violence enjoined by the Directory, as to produce a profound impression upon the minds of the Pope and the cardinals.

The Bishop of Imola was universally esteemed for his extensive learning, his gentle virtues, and his firm probity. Upon the occasion of the union of his diocese with the Cisalpine Republic, he preached a very celebrated sermon, in which he spoke of the conduct of the French in terms highly gratifying to the young conqueror. The power of Napoleon was now in the ascendant. It was deemed important to conciliate his favor.

"It is from France," said Cardinal Gonsalvi, "that persecutions have come upon us for the last ten years. It is from France, perhaps, that we shall derive aid and consolation for the future. A very extraordinary young man, one very difficult as yet to judge, holds dominion there at the present day. His influence will soon be paramount in Italy. Remember that he protected the priests in 1797. He has recently conferred funeral honors upon Pius VI." These were words of deep foresight. They were appreciated by the sagacious cardinals. To conciliate the favor of Napoleon, the Bishop of Imola was elected to the pontifical chair as Pope Pius VII.

Naples had been most perfidious in its hostility to France. The Queen of Naples was a proud daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of the Emperor of Austria and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. She surely must not be too severely condemned for execrating a revolution which had consigned her sister to the dungeon and to the guillotine. Naples, deprived of Austrian aid, was powerless. She trembled under apprehension of the vengeance of Napoleon. The King of Austria could no longer render his sister any assistance. She adopted the decisive and romantic expedient of proceeding in person, notwithstanding the rigor of the approaching winter, to St. Petersburg, to implore the intercession of the Emperor Paul. The eccentric monarch, flattered by the supplication of the beautiful queen, immediately espoused her cause, and dispatched a messenger to Napoleon, soliciting him, as a personal favor, to deal gently with Naples.

The occurrence was, of course, a triumph and a gratification to Napoleon. Most promptly and courteously he responded to the appeal. It was indeed his constant study at this time to arrest the further progress of the Revolution, to establish the interests of France upon a basis of order and of law, and to conciliate the surrounding monarchies by proving to them that he had no disposition to revolutionize their realms. A word from him would have driven the King and Queen of Naples into exile, and would have converted their kingdom into a republic. But Napoleon refused to utter that word, and sustained the King of Naples upon his throne.

The Duke of Parma, brother of the King of Spain, had, through the intercession of Napoleon, obtained the exchange of his duchy for the beautiful province of Tuscany. The First Consul had also erected Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, containing about one million of inhabitants. The old duke, a bigoted prince inimical to all reform, had married his son, a feeble, frivolous young man, to the daughter of his brother, the King of Spain. The kingdom of Etruria was intended for this youthful pair. Napoleon, as yet but thirty years of age, thus found himself forming kingdoms and creating kings. The young couple were in haste to ascend the throne. They could not, however, do this until the Duke of Parma should die or abdicate. The unaccommodating old duke refused to do either.

Napoleon, desirous of producing a moral impression in Paris, was anxious to crown them. He therefore allowed the old duke to retain Parma until his death, that his son might be placed upon the throne of Etruria. He wished to exhibit the spectacle, in the regicide metropolis of France, of a king created and enthroned by France. Thus he hoped to diminish the antipathy to kings, and to prepare the way for that restoration of the monarchical power which he contemplated. He would also thus conciliate monarchical Europe, by proving that he had no design of overthrowing every kingly throne. It was, indeed, adroitly done. He required, therefore, the youthful princes to come to Paris to accept the crown from his hands, as in ancient Rome vassal monarchs received the sceptre from the Cæsars. The young candidates for monarchy left Madrid and repaired to the Tuileries, to be placed upon the throne by the First Consul. This measure had two aspects, each exceedingly striking. It frowned upon the hostility of the people to royalty, and it silenced the clamor against France as seeking to spread democracy over the ruins of all thrones. It also proudly said, in tones which must have been excessively annoying to the haughty legitimists of Europe, "You kings must be childlike and humble. You see that I can create such beings as you are."

Napoleon, conscious that his glory elevated him far above the ancient dynasty whose station he occupied, was happy to receive the young princes with pomp and splendor. The versatile Parisians, ever delighted with novelty, forgot the twelve years of bloody revolutions which had overturned so many thrones, and recognizing in this strange spectacle the fruits of their victories and the triumph of their cause, shouted most enthusiastically, "Long live the king!" The Royalists, on the other hand, chagrined and sullen, answered passionately, "Down with kings!" Strange reverse! yet how natural! Each party must have been surprised and bewildered at its own novel position.

In settling the etiquette of this visit, it was decided that the young princes should call first upon Napoleon, and that he should return their call the next day. The First Consul, at the head of his brilliant military staff, received the young monarch with parental tenderness and with the most delicate attentions, yet with the universally recognized superiorities of power and glory. The princes were entertained at the magnificent chateau of Talleyrand at Neuilly with brilliant festivals and illuminations. For a month the capital presented a scene of gorgeous fêtes. Napoleon, too entirely engrossed with the cares of empire to devote much time to these amusements, assigned the entertainment of his guests to his ministers. Nevertheless, he endeavored to give some advice to the young couple about to reign over Etruria. He was much struck with the weakness of the prince, who cherished no sense of responsibility, and was entirely devoted to trivial pleasures. He was exceedingly interested in the mysteries of cotillons, of leap-frog, and of hide-and-go-seek, and was ever thus trifling with the courtiers.

Napoleon saw that he was perfectly incapable of governing, and said to one of his ministers, "You perceive that they are princes descended from an ancient line. How can the reins of government be intrusted to such hands? But it was well to show to France this specimen of the Bourbons. She can judge if these ancient dynasties are equal to the difficulties of an age like ours." As the young king left Paris for his dominions, Napoleon remarked to a friend, "Rome need not be uneasy. There is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon." Napoleon sent one of his generals to Etruria with the royal pair, ostensibly as the minister of France, but in reality as the viceroy of the First Consul. The feeble monarch desired only the rank and splendor of a king, and was glad to be released from the *cares* of empire. Of all the proud acts performed by Napoleon during his extraordinary career, this creation of the Etrurian king, when viewed in all its aspects, was, perhaps, the proudest.

Madame de Montesson had become the guilty paramour of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Philippe. She was not at all ashamed of this relation, which was sanctioned by the licentiousness of the times. Proud even of this alliance with a prince of the blood, she fancied that it was her privilege, as the only relative of the royal line then in Paris, to pay to the King and Queen of Etruria such honors as they might be gratified in receiving from the remains of the old court society. She therefore made a brilliant party, inviting all the returned emigrants of illustrious birth. She even had the boldness to invite the family of the First Consul and the distinguished persons of his suite. The invitation was concealed from Napoleon, as his determination to frown upon all immorality was well known. The next morning Napoleon heard of the occurrence, and severely reprimanded those of his suite who had attended the party, dwelling with great warmth upon the impropriety of countenancing vice in high places. Savary, who attended the party and shared in the reprimand, says that Madame de Montesson would have been severely punished had it not been for the intervention of Josephine, who was ever ready to plead for mercy.

Napoleon, having made peace with Continental Europe, now turned his attention earnestly to England, that he might compel that unrelenting antago-

nist to lay down her arms. "France," said he, "will not reap all the blessings of a pacification until she shall have a peace with England. But a sort of delirium has seized on that government, which now holds nothing sacred. Its conduct is unjust, not only toward the French people, but toward all the other powers of the Continent; and when governments are not just, their authority is short-lived. All the Continental powers must force England to fall back into the track of moderation, of equity, and of reason."

Notwithstanding this state of hostilities it is pleasant to witness the interchange of the courtesy of letters. Early in January of 1801, Napoleon sent some very valuable works, magnificently bound, as a present to the Royal Society of London. A complimentary letter accompanied the present, signed BONAPARTE, *President of the National Institute, and First Consul of France*. As a significant intimation of his principles, there was on the letter a finely executed vignette representing Liberty sailing on the ocean in an open shell, with the following motto:

"LIBERTY OF THE SEAS."

England claimed the right of visiting and searching merchant ships, to whatever nation belonging, whatever the cargoes, wherever the destination. For any resistance of this right, she enforced the penalty of the confiscation of both ship and cargo. She asserted that nothing was necessary to constitute a blockade but to announce the fact, and to station a vessel to cruise before a blockaded port. Thus all the nations of the world were forbidden by England to approach a port of France. The English government strenuously contended that these principles were in accordance with the established regulations of maritime law. The neutral powers, on the other hand, affirmed that these demands were a usurpation on the part of England, founded on power, unsanctioned by the usages of nations, or by the principles of maritime jurisprudence. "Free ships," said they, "make free goods. The flag covers the merchandise. A port is to be considered blockaded only when such a force is stationed at its mouth as renders it dangerous to enter."

Under these circumstances, it was not very difficult for Napoleon to turn the arms of the united world against his most powerful foe. England had allied all the powers of the world against France; now Napoleon combined them all in friendly alliance with him, and directed their energies against his unyielding and unintimidated assailant. England was mistress of the seas. Upon that element she was more powerful than all Europe united. It was one great object of the British ministry to prevent any European power from becoming the maritime rival of England. Napoleon, as he cast his eye over his magnificent empire of forty millions of inhabitants, and surveyed his invincible armies, was excessively annoyed that the fifteen millions of people crowded into the little island of England should have undisputed dominion over the whole wide world of waters.

The English have ever been respected above all other nations for wealth, power, courage, intelligence, and all stern virtues, but they never have been beloved. The English nation is at the present moment the most powerful, the most respected, and the most unpopular upon the surface of the globe.

Providence deals in compensations. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that all the virtues should be centred in one people. "When," exclaimed Napoleon, "will the French exchange their vanity for a little pride?" It may be rejoined, "When will the English lay aside their pride for a little vanity—that perhaps more ignoble, but certainly better-natured foible?"

England, abandoned by all her allies, continued the war, apparently because her pride revolted at being conquered into a peace. And, in truth, England had not been vanquished at all. Her fleets were every where triumphant. The blows of Napoleon, which fell with such terrible severity upon her allies, could not reach her floating batteries. The genius of Napoleon overshadowed the land. The genius of Pitt swept the seas. The commerce of France was entirely annihilated. The English navy, in the utter destitution of nobler game, even pursued poor French fishermen, and took away their haddock and their cod. The verdict of history will probably pronounce that this was at least a less magnificent rapacity than to despoil regal and ducal galleries of the statues of Phidias and the cartoons of Raphael.

England declared France to be in a state of blockade, and forbade all the rest of the world from having any commercial intercourse with her. Her invincible fleet swept all seas. Wherever an English frigate encountered any merchant ship, belonging to whatever nation, a shot was fired across her bows as a very emphatic command to stop. If the command was unheeded, a broadside followed, and the peaceful merchantman became lawful prize. If the vessel stopped, a boat was launched from the frigate, a young lieutenant ascended the sides of the merchantman, demanded of the captain the papers, and searched the ship. If he found on board any goods which *he judged* to belong to France, he took them away. If he could find any goods which he could consider as munitions of war, and which, in his judgment, the ship was conveying to France, the merchantman, with all its contents, was confiscated. Young lieutenants in the navy are not proverbial for wasting many words in compliments. They were often overbearing and insolent. England contended that these were the established principles of maritime law.

All the nations of Europe, now at peace with France, excessively annoyed at this *right of search*, which was rigorously enforced, declared it to be an intolerable usurpation on the part of England. Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, and Spain united in a great confederacy to resist these demands of the proud monarch of the seas. The genius of Napoleon formed this grand coalition. Paul of Russia, now a most enthusiastic admirer of the First Consul, entered into it with all his soul. England soon found herself single-handed against the world in arms. With sublime energy, the British ministry collected their strength for the conflict. Murmurs, however, and remonstrances, loud and deep, pervaded all England. The opposition roused itself to new vigor. The government, in the prosecution of this war, had already involved the nation in a debt of millions upon millions. But the pride of the English government was aroused. "What! make peace upon compulsion!" England was conscious of her maritime power, and feared not the hostility of the world, and the world presented a wide field from which to collect remuneration for her losses.

She swept the ocean triumphantly. The colonies of the Allies dropped into her hands like fruit from the overlaid bough. Immediately upon the formation of this confederacy, England issued an embargo upon every vessel belonging to the allied powers, and also orders were issued for the immediate capture of any merchant vessels belonging to these powers, wherever they could be found. The ocean instantly swarmed with English privateersmen. Her navy was active every where. There had been no proclamation of war issued. The merchants of Europe were entirely unsuspecting of any such calamity. Their ships were all exposed. By thousands they were swept into the ports of England. More than half of the ships belonging to the northern powers then at sea were captured.

Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had a large armament in the Baltic. A powerful English fleet was sent for its destruction. The terrible energies of Nelson, so resplendent at Aboukir, were still more resplendent at Copenhagen. A terrific conflict ensued. The capital of Denmark was filled with weeping and woe, for thousands of her noble sons, the young and the joyous, were weltering in blood. "I have been," said Nelson, "in above a hundred engagements, but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all."

In the midst of this terrific cannonade, Nelson was rapidly walking the quarter-deck, which was slippery with blood and covered with the dead, who could not be removed as fast as they fell. A heavy shot struck the main-mast, scattering the splinters in every direction. He looked upon the devastation around him, and, sternly smiling, said, "This is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us in a moment. But mark me, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." This was heroic, but it was not noble. It was the love of war, not the love of humanity. It was the spirit of an Indian chieftain, not the spirit of a Christian Washington.

The commander-in-chief of the squadron, seeing the appalling carnage, hung out the signal for discontinuing the action. Nelson was for a moment deeply agitated, and then exclaimed to a companion, "I have but one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then, putting the glass to his blind eye, he said, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." The human mind is so constituted that it must admire heroism. That sentiment is implanted in every generous breast for some good purpose. Welmoes, a gallant young Dane, but seventeen years of age, stationed himself on a small raft, carrying six guns with twenty-four men, directly under the bows of Nelson's ship. The unprotected raft was swept by an incessant storm of bullets from the English marines. Knee deep in the dead, this fearless stripling continued to keep up his fire to the close of the conflict. Next day, Nelson met him at a repast at the palace. Admiring the gallantry of his youthful enemy, he embraced him with enthusiasm, exclaiming to the Crown Prince, "He deserves to be made an admiral." "Were I to make all my brave officers admirals," replied the prince, "I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

By this battle the power of the confederacy was broken. At the same time, the Emperor Paul was assassinated in his palace by his nobles, and

Alexander, his son, ascended the throne. When Napoleon heard of the death of Paul, it is said that he gave utterance, for the first time in his life, to that irreverent expression, "Mon Dieu" (*My God*), which is ever upon the lips of every Frenchman. He regarded his death as a great calamity to France and to the world. The eccentricities of the Emperor amounted almost to madness. But his enthusiastic admiration for Napoleon united France and Russia in a close alliance.

The nobles of Russia were much displeased with the democratic equality which Napoleon was sustaining in France. They plotted the destruction of the king, and raised Alexander to the throne, pledged to a different policy. The young monarch immediately withdrew from the maritime confederacy, and entered into a treaty of peace with England. These events, apparently so disastrous to the interests of France, were, on the contrary, highly conducive to the termination of the war. The English people, weary of the interminable strife, and disgusted with the oceans of blood which had been shed, more and more clamorously demanded peace. And England could now make peace without the mortification of her pride.

Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succor to the army in Egypt. He deemed it essential, in order to promote the maritime greatness of France, that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty-six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain. Vessels of every description, ships of war, merchantmen, dispatch-boats, sailed almost daily from the various ports of Holland, France, Spain, Italy, and even from the coast of Barbary, laden with provisions, European goods, wines, munitions of war, and each taking a file of French newspapers. Many of these vessels were captured. Others, however, escaped the vigilance of the cruisers, and gave to the colony most gratifying proof of the interest which the First Consul took in its welfare. While Napoleon was thus daily endeavoring to send partial relief to the army in Egypt, he was, at the same time, preparing a vast expedition to convey thither a powerful re-enforcement of troops and materials of war.

Napoleon assembled this squadron at Brest, ostensibly destined for St. Domingo. He selected seven of the fastest sailing ships, placed on board of them five thousand men, and an ample supply of those stores most needed in Egypt. He ordered that each vessel should contain a complete assortment of every individual article prepared for the colony, so that in the event of one vessel being captured, the colony would not be destitute of the precise article which that vessel might otherwise have contained. He also in several other places, formed similar expeditions, hoping thus to distract the attention of England, and compel her to divide her forces to guard all exposed points. Taking advantage of this confusion, he was almost certain that some of the vessels would reach Egypt. The plan would have been triumphantly successful, as subsequent events proved, had the naval commanders obeyed the instructions of Napoleon.

A curious instance now occurred of what may be called the despotism of the First Consul. And yet it is not strange that the French people should, under the peculiar circumstances, have respected and loved such despotism. The following order was issued to the Minister of Police: "Citizen Minis-

ter,—Have the goodness to address a short circular to the editors of the fourteen journals, forbidding the insertion of any article calculated to afford the enemy the slightest clew to the different movements which are taking place in our squadrons, unless the intelligence be derived from the official journal." Napoleon had previously, through the regularly constituted tribunals, suppressed all the journals in Paris but fourteen. The world has often wondered how France so readily yielded to the despotism of Napoleon. It was because the French were convinced that dictatorial power was essential to the successful prosecution of the war, and that each act of Napoleon was dictated by the most wise and sincere patriotism. They were willing to sacrifice the liberty of the press, that they might obtain victory over their enemies.

The condition of England was now truly alarming. Nearly all the civilized world was in arms against her. Her harvests had been cut off, and a frightful famine ravaged the land. The starving people were rising in different parts of the kingdom, pillaging the magnificent country seats of the English aristocracy, and sweeping in riotous mobs through the cities. The masses in England and in Ireland, wretchedly perishing of hunger, clamored loudly against Pitt. They alleged that he was the cause of all their calamities—that he had burdened the nation with an enormous debt and with insupportable taxes—that by refusing peace with France he had drawn all the Continental powers into hostility with England, and thus had deprived the people of that food from the Continent which was now indispensable for the support of life. The opposition, seeing the power of Pitt shaken, redoubled their blows. Fox, Tiernay, Grey, Sheridan, and Holland renewed their attacks with all the ardor of anticipated success.

"Why," said they, "did you not make peace with France when the First Consul proposed it before the battle of Marengo? Why did you not consent to peace when it was proposed after that battle? Why did you refuse consent to separate negotiation, when Napoleon was willing to enter into such, without demanding the cessation of hostilities by sea?" They contrasted the distress of England with the prosperity of France. "France," said they, "admirably governed, is at peace with Europe. In the eyes of the world she appears humane, wise, tranquil, evincing the most exemplary moderation after all her victories." With bitter irony they exclaimed, "What have you now to say of this young Bonaparte, of this rash youth, who, according to the ministerial language, was only doomed to enjoy a brief existence like his predecessors, so ephemeral that it did not entitle him to be treated with?"

Pitt was disconcerted by the number of his enemies and by the clamors of a famishing people. His proud spirit revolted at the idea of changing his course. He could only reiterate his argument, that if he had not made war against revolutionary France, England would also have been revolutionized. There is an aspect of moral sublimity in the firmness with which this distinguished minister breasted a world in arms. "As to the demand of the neutral powers," said he, "we must envelop ourselves in our flag, and proudly find our grave in the deep, rather than admit the validity of such principles in the maritime code of nations."

Though Pitt still retained his numerical majority in the Parliament, the masses of the people were turning with great power against him, and he felt that his position was materially weakened. Under these circumstances, Pitt, idolized by the aristocracy, execrated by the democracy, took occasion to send in his resignation. The impression seemed to be universal, that the distinguished minister, perceiving that peace must be made with France, temporarily retired, that it might be brought about by others rather than by himself. He caused himself, however, to be succeeded by Mr. Addington, a man of no distinguished note, but entirely under his influence. The feeble intellect of the King of England, though he was one of the most worthy and conscientious of men, was unequal to these political storms. A renewed attack of insanity incapacitated him for the functions of royalty. Mr. Pitt, who had been prime minister for seventeen years, became, by this event, virtually the king of England, and Mr. Addington was his minister.

Napoleon now announced to the world his determination to struggle hand to hand with England until he had compelled the government to cease to make war against France. Conscious of the naval superiority of his foes, he avowed his resolve to cross the Channel with a powerful army, march directly upon London, and thus compel the cabinet of St. James to make peace. It was a desperate enterprise; so desperate that, to the present day, it is doubted whether Napoleon ever seriously contemplated carrying it into effect. It was, however, the only measure Napoleon could now adopt. The naval superiority of England was so undeniable, that a maritime war was hopeless. Nelson, in command of the fleet of the Channel, would not allow even a fishing-boat to creep out from a French cove. Napoleon was very desirous of securing in his favor the popular opinion of the people of England, and the sympathies of the whole European public.

He prepared with his own hand many articles for the "Moniteur," which were models of eloquent and urgent polemics, and which elicited admiration from readers in all countries. He wrote in the most respectful and complimentary terms of the new English ministry, representing them as intelligent, upright, and well-intentioned men. He endeavored to assure Europe of the unambitious desires of France, and contrasted her readiness to relinquish the conquests which she had made with the eager grasp with which the English held their enormous acquisitions in India and in the islands of the sea. With the utmost delicacy, to avoid offending the pride of Britain, he affirmed that a descent upon England would be his last resource; that he fully appreciated the bravery and the power of the English, and the desperate risks which he should encounter in such an undertaking; but he declared that there was no other alternative left to him, and that, if the English ministers were resolved that the war should not be brought to a close but by the destruction of one of the two nations, there was not a Frenchman who would not make the most desperate efforts to terminate this cruel quarrel to the glory of France.

"But why," exclaimed he, in words singularly glowing and beautiful, but of melancholy import, "why place the question on this last resort? Wherefore not put an end to the sufferings of humanity? Wherefore risk in this manner the lot of two great nations? Happy are nations when, having ar-

rived at high prosperity, they have wise governments, which care not to expose advantages so vast to the caprices and vicissitudes of a single stroke of fortune."

These most impressive papers, from the pen of the First Consul, remarkable for their vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence, produced a deep impression upon all minds. This conciliatory language was accompanied by the most serious demonstrations of force upon the shores of the Channel. One hundred thousand men were upon the coasts of France, in the vicinity of Boulogne, preparing for the threatened invasion. Boats without number were collected to transport the troops across the narrow channel. It was asserted that, by taking advantage of a propitious moment immediately after a storm had scattered the English fleet, France could concentrate such a force as to obtain a temporary command of the Channel, and the strait could be crossed by the invaders. England was aroused thoroughly, but not alarmed. The militia was disciplined, the whole island converted into a camp. Wagons were constructed for the transportation of troops to any threatened point. It is important that the reader should distinguish this first threat of invasion in 1801 from that far more powerful naval and military organization executed for the same purpose in 1804, and known under the name of the Camp of Boulogne.

Not a little uneasiness was felt in England respecting the temporary success of the great conqueror. Famine raged throughout the island. Business was at a stand. The taxes were enormous. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The mass of the English people admired the character of Napoleon; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government, regarded him as the foe of aristocracy and the friend of popular rights. Nelson, with an invincible armament, was triumphantly sweeping the Channel, and a French gun-boat could not creep round a headland without encountering the vigilance of the energetic hero. Napoleon, in escaping from Egypt, had caught Nelson napping in a lady's lap. The greatest admirers of the naval hero could not but smile, half-pleased that, under the guilty circumstances, he had met with the misadventure. He was anxious, by a stroke of romantic heroism, to obliterate this impression from the public mind. The vast flotilla of France, most thoroughly manned and armed under the eye of Napoleon, was anchored at Boulogne, in three divisions, in a line parallel to the shore. Just before the break of day on the 4th of August, the fleet of Nelson, in magnificent array, approached the French flotilla, and for sixteen hours rained down upon it a tornado of balls and shells. The gun-boats were, however, chained to one another and to the shore. He did not succeed in taking a single boat, and retired mortified at his discomfiture, and threatening to return in a few days to take revenge. The French were exceedingly elated that in a naval conflict they had avoided defeat. As they stood there merely upon self-defense, victory was out of the question.

The reappearance of Nelson was consequently daily expected, and the French, emboldened by success, prepared to give him a warm reception. Twelve days after, on the 16th of August, Nelson again appeared with a vastly increased force. In the darkness of the night, he filled his boats with picked men, to undertake one of the most desperate enterprises on record.

In four divisions, with muffled oars, this forlorn hope, in the silence of midnight, approached the French flotilla. The butchery, with swords, hatchets, bayonets, bullets, and hand grenades, was hideous. Both parties fought with perfect fury. No man seemed to have the slightest regard for limb or life. England was fighting for she knew not what. The French were contending in self-defense. For four long hours of midnight gloom the slaughter continued. Thousands perished. Just as the day was dawning upon the horrid scene, the English retired, repulsed at every point, and confessing to a defeat. The result of these conflicts diminished the confidence of the English in Nelson's ability to destroy the preparations of Napoleon, and increased their apprehension that the French might be enabled, by some chance, to carry the war of invasion to their own firesides.

"I was resolved," said Napoleon afterward, "to renew at Cherbourg the wonders of Egypt. I had already raised in the sea my pyramid. I would also have had my Lake Mareotis. My great object was to concentrate all our maritime forces, and in time they would have been immense, in order to be able to deal out a grand stroke at the enemy. I was establishing my ground so as to bring the two nations, as it were, body to body. The ultimate issue could not be doubtful, for we had forty millions of French against fifteen millions of English. I would have terminated the strife by a battle of Actium."

One after another of the obstacles in the way of peace now gradually gave way. Overtures were made to Napoleon. He accepted the advances of England with the greatest eagerness and cordiality. "Peace," said he, "is easily brought about, if England desires it."

"Pitt," says Mr. Ingersoll, "was at war with republicanism when the consular republican government of France had staunched all the wounds of that country, restored the finances, organized public instruction, recalled nearly all the Royalists, reinstated religion, begun vast plans for territorial improvements, and for ameliorating the laws by a new civil code. In every thing, except foreign commerce and manufactures, the French Republic was then more flourishing, progressive, and content than the kingdom of Great Britain. It was hard, if not impossible, where the press and all public discussion is so free and manly as in England, for any ministry to make head against such undeniable reasons for peace with a rival nation."

On the evening of the 21st of October the preliminaries were signed in London. That very night a courier left England to convey the joyful intelligence to France. He arrived at Malmaison, the rural retreat of Napoleon, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. At that moment the three consuls were holding a government council. The excitement of joy in opening the dispatches was intense. The consuls ceased from their labors, and threw themselves into each other's arms in cordial embraces.

Napoleon, laying aside all reserve, gave full utterance to the intense joy which filled his bosom. It was for him a proud accomplishment. In two years, by his genius and his indefatigable exertions, he had restored internal order to France and peace to the world. Still, even in this moment of triumph, his entire, never wavering devotion to the welfare of France, like a ruling passion strong even in death, rose above his exultation.

"Now that we have made a treaty of *peace* with England," said Cambacères, "we must make a treaty of *commerce*, and remove all subjects of dispute between the two countries."

Napoleon promptly replied, "Not so fast! The political peace is made. So much the better. Let us enjoy it. As to a commercial peace, we will make one, if we can. *But at no price will I sacrifice French industry.* I remember the misery of 1786."

The news had been kept secret in London for twenty-four hours, that the joyful intelligence might be communicated in both capitals at the same time. The popular enthusiasm both in England and France bordered almost upon delirium. It was the repose of the Continent. It was general, universal peace. It was opening the world to the commerce of all nations. War spreads over continents the gloom of the world of woe, while peace illumines them with the radiance of Heaven. Illuminations blazed every where. Men, the most phlegmatic, met and embraced each other with tears. The people of England surrendered themselves to the extraordinary transports. They loved the French. They adored the hero, the sage, the great pacificator who governed France. The streets of London resounded with shouts, "Long live Bonaparte!" Every stage-coach which ran from London bore triumphant banners, upon which were inscribed, *Peace with France*.

The populace of London rushed to the house of the French negotiator. He had just entered his carriage to visit Lord Hawkesbury, to exchange ratifications. The tumultuous throng of happy men unharnessed his horses and dragged him in triumph, in the delirium of their joy rending the skies with their shouts. The crowd and the rapturous confusion at last became so great, that Lord Vincent, fearing some accident, placed himself at the head of the amiable mob, as it triumphantly escorted and conveyed the carriage from minister to minister.

A curious circumstance occurred at the festival in London, highly characteristic of the honest bluntness, resolution, and good nature of the English seamen. The house of M. Otto, the French minister, was brilliantly illuminated. Attracted by its surpassing splendor, a vast crowd of sailors had gathered around. The word *concord* blazed forth most brilliantly in letters of light. The sailors, not very familiar with the spelling-book, exclaimed, "*Conquered!* not so, by a great deal. That will not do." Excitement and dissatisfaction rapidly spread. Violence was threatened. M. Otto came forward himself most blandly, but his attempts at explanation were utterly fruitless. The offensive word was removed, and *amity* substituted. The sailors, fully satisfied with the *amende honorable*, gave three cheers and went on their way rejoicing.

In France the exultation was, if possible, still greater than in England. The admiration of Napoleon, and the confidence in his wisdom and patriotism were unbounded. No power was withheld from the First Consul which he was willing to assume. The nation placed itself at his feet. All over the Continent Napoleon received the honorable title of "*The Hero Pacificator of Europe.*" And yet there was a strong under-current to this joy. Napoleon was the favorite, not of the nobles, but of the people. Even his acts of despotic authority were most cordially sustained by the people of France,

for they believed that such acts were essential for the promotion of their welfare. "The ancient privileged classes and the foreign cabinets," said Napoleon, "hate me worse than they did Robespierre." The hosannas with which the name of Bonaparte was resounding through the cities and the villages of England fell gloomily upon the ears of Mr. Pitt and his friends. The freedom of the seas was opening to the energetic genius of Napoleon an unobstructed field for the maritime aggrandizement of France. The British minister knew that the sleepless energies of Napoleon would, as with a magician's wand, call fleets into existence to explore all seas. Sorrowfully he contemplated a peace to which the popular voice had compelled him to yield, and which, in his judgment, boded no good to the naval superiority of England.

It was agreed that the plenipotentiaries, to settle the treaty definitively, should meet at Amiens, an intermediate point midway between London and Paris. The English appointed as their minister Lord Cornwallis. The Americans, remembering this distinguished general at Brandywine, Camden, and at the surrender of Yorktown, have been in the habit of regarding him as an enemy. But he was a gallant soldier, and one of the most humane, high-minded, and estimable of men. Frankly he avowed his conviction that the time had arrived for terminating the miseries of the world by peace. Napoleon has paid a noble tribute to the integrity, urbanity, sagacity, and unblemished honor of Lord Cornwallis. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed by the First Consul ambassador on the part of France. The suavity of his manners, the gentleness of his disposition, his enlightened and liberal political views, and the Christian morality which, in those days of general corruption, embellished his conduct, peculiarly adapted him to fulfill the duties of a peace-maker.

Among the terms of the treaty, it was agreed that France should abandon her colony in Egypt, as endangering the English possessions in India. In fact, the French soldiers had already, by capitulation, agreed to leave Egypt, but the tidings of surrender had not then reached England or France. The most important question in these deliberations was the possession of the island of Malta. The power in possession of that impregnable fortress would have command of the Mediterranean. Napoleon insisted upon it, as a point important above all others, that England should not retain Malta. As England was already in possession of Gibraltar, the reasonableness of this requisition was beyond all dispute. Napoleon might very fairly have demanded Malta for France, as a balance for Gibraltar. But his desire for peace was so strong, and his moderation so singular, that he was willing to leave England in possession of Gibraltar, and yet relinquish all claim upon Malta for France. But all-grasping England demanded both. Here Napoleon was firm. He insisted that Malta should be placed in the hands of some neutral power; but he declared his unalterable determination that he could, by no possibility, consent that it should remain in the hands of England.

At last England yielded, and agreed to evacuate Malta, and that it should be surrendered to the Knights of St. John. In reference to this all-important surrender, the terms were very explicit. *It was stated that the forces of his*

Britannic majesty shall evacuate the island and its dependencies within three months after the exchange of the ratifications. By these honorable and persevering efforts, Napoleon had at last succeeded in granting repose to blood-deluged Europe.*

"Peace having been concluded," says Bourrienne, "on terms which were highly honorable to the national character, all parties hoped that the sanguinary wars in which the country had been engaged would now have terminated, and that France would be left at liberty to adopt those institutions which would be agreeable to herself. But the brilliant position in which the peace of Amiens had left France seemed to excite the jealousy of her neighbors, and to produce those feelings which are opposed to the repose of nations. In fact, we shall see that war broke out afresh with unusual animosity, and that from very trifling causes. At this period the consular glory was unsullied, and held in prospect the most flattering hopes; and it can not be doubted but that the First Consul was really desirous to promote peace and to give repose to France."

At St. Helena Napoleon remarked to Las Casas, "Lord Cornwallis is the first Englishman who gave me, in good earnest, a favorable opinion of his nation; after him Fox, and I might add to these, if it were necessary, our present admiral, Malcolm. Cornwallis was, in every sense of the word, a worthy, good, and honest man. At the time of the treaty of Amiens, the terms having been agreed upon, he had promised to sign the next day at a certain hour. Something of consequence detained him at home, but he had pledged his word. The evening of that same day a courier arrived from London proscribing certain articles of the treaty, but he answered that he had signed, and immediately came and actually signed. We understood each other perfectly well. I had placed a regiment at his disposal, and he took pleasure in seeing its maneuvers. I have preserved an agreeable recollection of him in every respect; and it is certain that a request from him would have had more weight with me, perhaps, than one from a crowned head. His family appears to have guessed this to be the case. Some requests have been made to me in its name, which have all been granted."

"Fox came to France immediately after the peace of Amiens. He was employed in writing a history of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatical archives. I gave orders that every thing should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. Half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation. With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom most worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together."

* Napoleon was highly gratified by the honorable course pursued by Lord Cornwallis in these negotiations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATIONAL REFORMS.

General Exultation—Lord Cornwallis—Mr. Fox—Deputies from Switzerland—Intellectual Supremacy of Napoleon—Address to the Swiss Deputies—The English in Paris—Dissatisfaction of the English Aristocracy—Joy of the People—Napoleon's Defense of Christianity—Testimony of the *Encyclopædia Americana* and of Mr. Fox—The Tones of the Church Bell—The New Pope—Religious Library of Napoleon—Re-establishment of Christianity—Noble Proclamation—Religious Fête—Triumphal Monument proposed—Testimony of Lady Morgan—Moral Reforms—Testimony of Ingersoll.

THIS pacification, so renowned in history both for its establishment and for its sudden and disastrous rupture, has ever been known by the name of the Peace of Amiens. Napoleon determined to celebrate the joyful event by a magnificent festival. The 10th of November, 1801, was the appointed day. It was the anniversary of Napoleon's attainment of the consular power. Friendly relations having been thus restored between the two countries after so many years of hostility and carnage, thousands of the English flocked across the Channel and thronged the pavements of Paris. All were impatient to see France thus suddenly emerging from such gloom into such unparalleled brilliancy, and especially to see the man who, at that moment, was the admiration of England and of the world.

The joy which pervaded all classes invested this festival with sublimity. With a delicacy of courtesy characteristic of the First Consul, no carriages but those of Lord Cornwallis were allowed in the streets on that day. The crowd of Parisians, with most cordial and tumultuous acclamations, opened before the representative of the armies of England. The illustrious Fox was one of the visitors on this occasion. He was received by Napoleon with the utmost consideration and with the most delicate attentions. In passing through the gallery of sculpture, his lady pointed his attention to his own statue, filling a niche by the side of Washington and Brutus. Every one who came into direct personal contact with the First Consul at this time was charmed with his character.

Nine deputies from Switzerland, the most able men the republic could furnish, were appointed to meet Napoleon respecting the political arrangements of the Swiss cantons. Punctual to the hour, the First Consul entered a neat, spacious room, where there was a long table covered with green baize. Dr. Jones, of Bristol, the intimate friend of several of these deputies, and who was with them in Paris at the time, thus describes the interview:

"The First Consul entered, followed by two of his ministers, and after the necessary salutation, sat down at the head of the table, his ministers on each side of him. The deputies then took their seats. He spread out before them a large map, as necessary to the subject of their deliberations. He then requested that they would state freely any objection which might occur to them

in the plan which he should propose. They availed themselves of the liberty, and suggested several alterations which they deemed advantageous to France and Switzerland. But from the prompt, clear, and unanswerable reasons which Napoleon gave in reply to all their objections, he completely convinced them of the wisdom of his plans. After an animated discussion of *ten hours*, they candidly admitted that he was better acquainted with the local circumstances of the Swiss cantons, and with what would secure their welfare, than they were themselves. During the whole discussion his ministers did not speak one word. The deputies afterward declared that it was their decided opinion that Napoleon was the most extraordinary man whom they had met in modern times, or of whom they had read in ancient history."

M. Constant and M. Sismondi, who both knew Napoleon well, have remarked: "The quickness of his conception, the depth of his remarks, the facility and propriety of his eloquence, and, above all, the candor of his replies and his patient silence, were more remarkable and attractive than we ever met with in any other individual."

"What your interests require," said Napoleon at this time, "is, 1. Equality of rights among the whole eighteen cantons. 2. A sincere and voluntary renunciation of all exclusive privileges on the part of patrician families. 3. A federative organization, where every canton may find itself arranged according to its language, its religion, its manners, and its interests. The central government remains to be provided for, but it is of much less consequence than the central organization. Situated on the summit of the mountains which separate France, Italy, and Germany, you participate in the disposition of all these countries. You have never maintained regular armies, nor had established accredited agents at the courts of the different governments. Strict neutrality, a prosperous commerce, and family administration can alone secure your interests or be suited to your wishes. Every organization which could be established among you, hostile to the interests of France, would injure you in the most essential particulars."

This was commending to them a federative organization similar to that of the United States, and *cautioning them against the evil of a centralization of power*. No impartial man can deny that the most profound wisdom marked the principles which Napoleon suggested to terminate the divisions with which the cantons of Switzerland had long been agitated. "These lenient conditions," says Alison, "gave universal satisfaction in Switzerland." The following extract from the noble speech which Napoleon pronounced on the formation of the constitution of the confederacy will be read by many with surprise, by all with interest.

"The re-establishment of the ancient order of things in the democratic cantons is the best course which can be adopted, both for you and me. They are the states whose peculiar form of government render them so interesting in the eyes of all Europe. But for this pure democracy you would exhibit nothing which is not to be found elsewhere. *Beware of extinguishing so remarkable a distinction*. I know well that this democratic system of administration has many inconveniences, but it is established; it has existed for centuries. It springs from the circumstances, situation, and primitive habits of the people, from the genius of the place, and can not with safety be aban-

doned. You must never take away from a democratic society the practical exercise of its privileges. To give such exercise a direction consistent with the tranquillity of the state is the part of true political wisdom. In ancient Rome the votes were counted by classes, and they threw into the last class the whole body of indigent citizens, while the first contained only a few hundred of the most opulent. But the populace were content, and, amused with the solicitation of their votes, did not perceive the immense difference in their relative value."

The moral influence which France thus obtained in Switzerland was regarded with extreme jealousy by all the rival powers. "His conduct and language," says Alison, "on this occasion were distinguished by his usual penetration and ability, and a most unusual degree of lenity and forbearance. And if any thing could have reconciled the Swiss to the loss of their independence, it must have been the wisdom and equity on which his mediation was founded."

The English who visited Paris were astonished at the indications of prosperity which the metropolis exhibited. They found France in a very different condition from the hideous picture which had been described by the London journals. But there were two parties in England. Pitt and his friends submitted with extreme reluctance to a peace which they could not avoid. The English people, however, were overjoyed at the cessation of the horrible war. "But while," says Alison, "these were the natural feelings of the inconsiderate populace, who are ever governed by present impressions, and who were for the most part destitute of the information requisite to form a rational opinion on the subject, there were many men, gifted with greater sagacity and foresight, who deeply lamented the conditions by which peace had been purchased, and from the very first prophesied that it could be of no long endurance. They observed that the war had been abruptly terminated without any one object being gained for which it was undertaken; that it was entered into in order to curb the ambition and to stop the democratic propagandism of France."

These "many men gifted with greater sagacity," with William Pitt at their head, now employed themselves with sleepless vigilance and with fatal success to bring to a rupture a peace which they deemed so untoward. Sir Walter Scott discloses the feelings with which this party were actuated in the observations, "It seems more than probable that the extreme rejoicing of the rabble of London at signing the preliminaries, their dragging about the carriage of Lauriston, and shouting 'Bonaparte forever,' had misled the ruler of France into an opinion that peace was indispensably necessary to England. He may easily enough have mistaken the cries of a London mob for the voice of the British people."*

* "It is generally, perhaps universally, stated that England saw an infraction of the treaty of Amiens in the incorporation of Piedmont, the island of Elba, and the states of Parma with the French empire, and in the armed mediation in the affairs of Switzerland; and these circumstances are alleged as strong instances to prove that Napoleon did not, in spite of his protestations, wish for peace, because he committed acts that would inevitably lead to war, and which England could not allow; but we have it from the chief of the French delegation for the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, that he informed Lord Cornwallis on several occasions of the changes which would take place in France in the relations of France and Italy. The English government were, therefore,

In the midst of all these cares, Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to restore religion to France. It required great moral courage to prosecute such a movement. Nearly all the generals in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with contempt. The religious element, by *nature*, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon. He was constitutionally serious, thoughtful, pensive. A profound melancholy ever overshadowed his reflective spirit. His inquisitive mind pondered the mysteries of the past and the uncertainties of the future. Educated in a wild country, where the peasantry were imbued with religious feelings, and having been trained by a pious mother, whose venerable character he never ceased to adore, the sight of the hallowed rites of religion revived in his sensitive and exalted imagination the deepest impressions of his childhood.

He had carefully studied, on his return from Egypt, the New Testament, and appreciated and profoundly admired its beautiful morality. He often conversed with Monge, Lagrange, Laplace, sages whom he honored and loved, and he frequently embarrassed them in their incredulity by the logical clearness of his arguments. The witticisms of Voltaire, and the corruptions of unbridled sin, had rendered the purity of the Gospel unpalatable to France. Talleyrand, annoyed by the remembrance of his own apostasy, bitterly opposed what he called "the religious peace." Nearly all the supporters and friends of the First Consul condemned every effort to bring back that which they denominated the reign of superstition. Napoleon honestly believed that the interests of France demanded that God should be recognized and Christianity respected by the French nation.

"Hear me," said Napoleon one day earnestly to Monge. "I do not maintain these opinions through the positiveness of a devotee, but from reason. My religion is very simple. I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it can not be the result of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown, omnipotent being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a more decisive argument, and you can not weaken it. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know, respecting himself and respecting his future destiny, a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose. Allow religion to inform him of that which he feels the need of knowing, and respect her disclosures."

One day, when this matter was under earnest discussion in the Council of State, Napoleon said, "Last evening I was walking alone in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church bell fell upon my ear. instructed of these changes, and they were not the cause of the rupture of peace."—*Encyclopædia Americana, Article Napoleon.*

"Who, let me ask, first proposed to the Swiss people to *depart from the neutrality* which was their chief protection, and to join the confederacy against the French? I answer, that a noble relation of mine (Lord Herbert Fitzgerald), then the minister of England to the Swiss cantons, was instructed in direct terms to propose to the Swiss, by an official note, to break from the safe line they had laid down for themselves, and to tell them that 'in such a contest neutrality was criminal.' I know that noble lord too well, though I have not been in habits of intimacy with him of late, from the employments in which he has been engaged, to suspect that he would have presented such a paper without the express instructions of his court, or that he would have gone beyond those instructions."—*Speech in Parliament by Mr. Fox.*

Involuntarily I felt deep emotion, so powerful is the influence of early habits and associations. I said to myself, If I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions upon the popular mind? Let your philosophers answer that, if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people. It will be said that I am a Papist. I am not. I am convinced that a part of France would become Protestant, were I to favor that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would continue Catholic, and that they would oppose, with the greatest zeal, the division among their fellow-citizens. We should then have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable conflicts. But by reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and by giving perfect liberty of conscience to the minority, all will be satisfied."

"The sound of a bell," says Bourrienne, "produced an effect upon Napoleon which I could never explain. He listened to it with delight. When we were at Malmaison, and were walking in the road which led to Ruel, how many times has the sound of the bell of the village church interrupted the most serious conversation. He would instantly stop, that the noise of our steps might not cause him to lose a single one of those distant tones which charmed him. He was vexed with me because I did not experience the same impressions. The effect produced upon him was so great that his voice trembled with emotion, and he said to me, 'That recalls the first years which I passed at Brienne. I was then happy.' I have been *twenty times* witness to the singular effect which the sound of a bell had upon Napoleon."

On another occasion he remarked, "What renders me most hostile to the establishment of the Catholic worship are the numerous festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labor in order to live. I shall consent to four holidays during the year, but to no more. If the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with that, they may take their departure." The loss of time appeared to him such a calamity, that he almost invariably appointed any indispensable celebration upon some day previously devoted to festivity.

The new pontiff was attached to Napoleon by the secret chain of mutual sympathy. They had met, as we have before remarked, during the wars of Italy. Pius VII., then the Bishop of Imola, was surprised and delighted in finding in the young Republican general, whose fame was filling Europe, a man of refinement, of exalted genius, of reflection, of serious character, of unblemished purity of life, and of delicate sensibilities, restraining the irreligious propensities of his soldiers, and respecting the temples of religion. With classic purity and eloquence he spoke the Italian language. The dignity and decorum of his manners, and his love of order, were strangely contrasted with the recklessness of the ferocious soldiers with whom he was surrounded. The impression thus produced upon the heart of the pontiff was never effaced. Justice and generosity are always politic. But he must indeed be influenced by an ignoble spirit who hence infers that every act of magnanimity is dictated by policy. A legate was sent by the Pope to Paris. "Let the holy father," said Napoleon, "put the utmost confidence in me. Let him cast himself into my arms, and I will be for the Church another Charlemagne."

Napoleon had collected for himself a library of well chosen books relating to the organization and the history of the Church, and to the relations of Church and state. He had ordered the Latin writings of Bossuet to be translated for him. These works he had devoured in those short intervals which he could glean from the cares of government. His genius enabled him at a glance to master the argument of an author, to detect any existing sophistry. His memory, almost miraculously retentive, and the philosophical cast of his mind, gave him at all times the perfect command of these treasures of knowledge. He astonished the world by the accuracy, extent, and variety of his information upon all points of religion.

It was his custom, when deeply interested in any subject, to discuss it with all persons from whom he could obtain information. With clear, decisive, and cogent arguments, he advocated his own views, and refuted the erroneous systems successively proposed to him. It was urged upon Napoleon that, if he must have a church, he should establish a French church, independent of that of Rome. The poetic element was too strong in the character of Napoleon for such a thought.

"What!" he exclaimed, "shall I, a warrior, wearing sword and spurs, and doing battle, attempt to become the head of a church, and to regulate Church discipline and doctrine. I wish to be the pacificator of France and of the world, and shall I become the originator of a new schism, a little more absurd and not less dangerous than the preceding ones. I must have a Pope, and a Pope who will approximate men's minds to each other instead of creating divisions; who will reunite them, and give them to the government sprung from the Revolution as a price for the protection that he shall have obtained from it. For this purpose I must have the true Pope, the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Pope, whose seat is at the Vatican. With the French armies and some deference, I shall always be sufficiently his master. When I shall raise up the altars again, when I shall protect the priests, when I shall feed them, and treat them as ministers of religion deserve to be treated in every country, he will do what I ask of him, through the interest he will have in the general tranquillity. He will calm men's minds, reunite them under his hand, and place them under mine. Short of this there is only a continuation and an aggravation of the desolating schism which is preying on us, and for me an immense and indelible ridicule."

The Pope's legate most strenuously urged some of the most arrogant and exclusive assumptions of the Papal Church.

"The French people must be allured back to religion," said Napoleon, "not shocked. To declare the Catholic religion *the religion of the state* is impossible. It is contrary to the ideas prevalent in France, and will never be admitted. In place of this declaration, we can only substitute the avowal of the fact *that the Catholic religion is the religion of the majority of Frenchmen*. But there must be perfect freedom of opinion. The amalgamation of wise and honest men of all parties is the principle of my government. I must apply that principle to the Church as well as to the state. It is the only way of putting an end to the troubles of France, and I shall persist in it undeviatingly."

The question of the re-establishment of Christianity was very earnestly

discussed in the Council of State. To the objections which were urged, Napoleon replied, "You are deceived. The clergy exists, and ever will exist. They will exist as long as the people are imbued with a religious spirit, and that disposition is permanent in the human heart. We have seen republics and democracies. History has many examples of such governments to exhibit, but none of a state without an established worship, without religion, and without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship and discipline the priests, than to leave both entirely emancipated from the control of the state? At present the clergy openly preach against the Republic, because they experience no benefit from it. Should we transport them? Unquestionably not! for what alone constitutes their authority in the wreck of their fortunes is the fidelity with which they adhere to the Church of their fathers, and that will be increased rather than diminished by all the sufferings they undergo. You may send into exile the English or the Austrians, for they are bound by no ties to our country; but the French, who have families here, and are guilty of no offense but an adherence to their religious opinions, must be treated differently. You can not extinguish their opinions. You must, therefore, attach them to the Republic. If the Protestant faith is proclaimed, one half the country will adopt that creed, and the other half remain Roman Catholic. We shall have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable divisions. We have nothing to take from the clergy, and as little to ask from them. The affair is entirely a political matter, and the line I have adopted appears the safest that could have been chosen."

The numbers were :	For.	Against.
Tribunate.....	78	7
Legislative body.....	228	21
	306	28*

Napoleon was overjoyed at the prospect not only of a general peace with Europe, but of religious peace in France. In all the rural districts, the inhabitants longed for their churches and their pastors, and for the rites of religion. In the time of the Directory, a famous wooden image of the Virgin had been taken from the church at Loretto, and was deposited in one of the museums of Paris as a curiosity. The sincere Catholics were deeply wounded and irritated by this act, which to them appeared so sacrilegious. Great joy was caused both in France and Italy when Napoleon sent a courier to the Pope restoring this statue, which was regarded with very peculiar veneration. The same ambassador carried the terms of agreement for peace with the Church. This religious treaty with Rome was called "The Concordat." The Pope, in secular power, was helpless. Napoleon could, at any moment, pour a resistless swarm of troops into his territories.

As the French ambassador left the Tuileries, he asked the First Consul for his instructions. "Treat the Pope," said Napoleon, magnanimously, "as if he had two hundred thousand soldiers." The difficulties in the way of an amicable arrangement were innumerable. The army of France was thoroughly infidel. Most of the leading generals and statesmen who surrounded Napoleon contemplated Christianity in every aspect with hatred and scorn. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, uninstructed by misfortune, was

* *Thibodeaux*, p. 210.

not disposed to abate in the least its arrogant demands, and was clamorous for concessions which even Napoleon had not power to confer. It required all the wisdom, forbearance, and tact of the First Consul to accomplish this reconciliation. Joseph Bonaparte, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere, urbane, sagacious, upright man, was Napoleon's *corps de reserve* in all diplomatic acts.

The preliminaries being finally adjusted, the Pope's legation met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and on the 15th of July, 1801, this great act was signed. Napoleon announced the event to the Council of State. He addressed them in a speech an hour and a half in length, and all were struck with the precision, the vigor, and the loftiness of his language. By universal consent, his speech was pronounced to be eloquent in the highest degree. But those philosophers, who regarded it as the great glory of the Revolution that all superstition, by which they meant all religion, was swept away, in sullen silence yielded to a power which they could not resist. The people, the millions of France, were with Napoleon.

The following liberal and noble sentiments were uttered in the proclamation by which Napoleon announced the Concordat to the French people: "An insane policy has sought, during the Revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard that consoling voice which calls the Christian to a better world. God himself seemed exiled from the face of nature. Ministers of the religion of peace, let a complete oblivion veil over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Let the young learn from your precepts that the God of peace is also the God of arms, and that he throws his shield over those who combat for the liberties of France. Citizens of the Protestant faith, the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country, and in respect for its laws; and, above all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion at once inculcates and commands."

To foreign nations, the spectacle of France thus voluntarily returning to the Christian faith was gratifying in the highest degree. It seemed to them the pledge of peace and the harbinger of tranquillity. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their joy at the auspicious event. The Emperor of Austria styled it "a service truly rendered to all Europe." The serious and devout in all lands considered the voluntary return of the French people to religion, from the impossibility of living without its precepts, as one of the most signal triumphs of the Christian faith.

On the 11th of April, 1802, the event was celebrated by a magnificent religious ceremony in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. No expense was spared to invest the festivity with the utmost splendor. Though many of the generals and the high authorities of the state were extremely reluctant to participate in the solemnities of the occasion, the power and the popularity of

the First Consul were so great that they dared not make any resistance. The Cathedral was crowded with splendor. The versatile populace, ever delighted with change and with shows, were overjoyed. General Rapp, however, positively refused to attend the ceremony. With the bluntness of a soldier, conscious that his well-known devotion to the First Consul would procure for him impunity, he said,

"I shall not attend. But if you do not make these priests your aids or your cooks, you may do with them as you please."

As Napoleon was making preparations to go to the Cathedral, Cambacères entered his apartment.

"Well," said the First Consul, rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, "we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?"

"Many persons," replied Cambacères, "propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing?"

"If any one," Napoleon firmly replied, "takes it into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard."

"But what if the grenadiers themselves," Cambacères rejoined, "should take to hissing like the rest?"

"As to that I have no fear," said Napoleon. "My old mustaches will go here to Nôtre Dame, just as at Cairo they would have gone to the mosque. They will remark how I do, and, seeing their general grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the watchword to each other, *Decency*."

"What did you think of the ceremony?" inquired Napoleon of General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded.

"It was a fine piece of mummary," he replied; "nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished to destroy that which you have now re-established."

Some of the priests, encouraged by this triumphant restoration of Christianity, began to assume not a little arrogance. A celebrated opera dancer died, not in the faith. The priest of St. Roche refused to receive the body into the church, or to celebrate over it the rites of interment. The next day Napoleon caused the following article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*:

"The curate of St. Roche, in a moment of hallucination, has refused the rites of burial to Mademoiselle Cameroi. One of his colleagues, a man of sense, received the procession into the church of St. Thomas, where the burial service was performed with the usual solemnities. The Archbishop of Paris has suspended the curate of St. Roche for three months, to give him time to recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies. Being thus recalled by meditation to a proper sense of his duties, he may learn that all these superstitious observances, the offspring of an age of credulity or of crazed imaginations, tend only to the discredit of true religion, and have been proscribed by the recent Concordat of the French Church."

The most strenuous exertions were made by the clergy to induce Napoleon publicly to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was thought that his high example would be very influential upon others. Napoleon nobly replied, "I have not sufficient faith in the ordinance to be benefited by its reception; and I have too much faith in it to allow me to be guilty of sacrilege. We are well as we are. Do not ask me to go farther."

You will never obtain what you wish. I will not become a hypocrite. Be content with what you have already gained."

It is difficult to describe the undisguised delight with which the peasants all over France again heard the ringing of the church bells upon the Sabbath morning, and witnessed the opening of the church doors, the assembling of the congregations with smiles and congratulations, and the repose of the Sabbath. Mr. Fox, in conversation with Napoleon after the peace of Amiens, ventured to blame him for not having authorized the marriage of priests in France. "I then had," said Napoleon, in his nervous eloquence, "need to pacify. It is with water, and not with oil, that you must extinguish theological volcanoes. I should have had less difficulty in establishing the Protestant religion in my empire."

The magistrates of Paris, grateful for the inestimable blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France, requested him to accept the project of a triumphal monument to be erected in his honor, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon gave the following reply :

"I view with grateful acknowledgments those sentiments which actuate the magistrates of the city of Paris. The idea of dedicating monumental trophies to those men who have rendered themselves useful to the community is a praiseworthy action in all nations. I accept the offer of the monument which you desire to dedicate to me. Let the spot be designated. But leave the labor of constructing it to future generations, should they think fit thus to sanction the estimate which you place upon my services." Beneath the dome of the Invalides may now be seen the estimate which France has placed on the services of Napoleon.

There was an indescribable fascination about the character of Napoleon which no other man ever possessed, and which all felt who entered his presence. Some military officers of high rank, on one occasion, in these days of his early power, agreed to go and remonstrate with him upon some subject which had given them offense. One of the party thus describes the interview :

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of him. I dislike the power to which he has risen. Yet I can not help confessing that there is something in him which seems to speak that he is born to command. We went into his apartment determined to declare our minds to him very freely, to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us there was a certain something, a degree of fascination, which disarmed us in a moment ; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining, with the utmost clearness and precision, the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted. Without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably that we had not a word to say in reply. We left him, having done nothing else but listen to him instead of expostulating with him, and fully convinced, at least for the moment, that he was in the right and we were in the wrong."

The merchants of Rouen experienced a similar fascination when they

called to remonstrate against some commercial relations which Napoleon had introduced. They were so entirely disarmed by his frankness, his sincerity, and were so deeply impressed by the extent and the depth of his views, that they retired, saying, "The First Consul understands our interests far better than we do ourselves."

"The man," says Lady Morgan, "who, at the head of a vast empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerrard, *vertu* with Denon, and literature and science with any one who would listen to him, was certainly out of the roll of common men."

Napoleon now exerted all his energies for the elevation of France. He sought out and encouraged talent wherever it could be found. No merit escaped his princely munificence. Authors, artists, men of science were loaded with honors and emoluments. He devoted most earnest attention to the education of youth. The navy, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and all mechanic arts, secured his assiduous care. He labored to the utmost, and with a moral courage above all praise, to discountenance whatever was loose in morals, or enervating or unmanly in amusements or taste.

The theatre was the most popular source of entertainment in France. He frowned upon all frivolous and immodest performances, and encouraged those only which were moral, grave, and dignified. In the grandeur of tragedy alone he took pleasure. In his private deportment he exhibited the example of a moral, simple, and toilsome life. Among the forty millions of France, there was not to be found a more temperate and laborious man. When nights of labor succeeded days of toil, his only stimulus was lemonade. He loved his own family and friends, and was loved by them with a fervor which soared into the regions of devotion. Never before did mortal man secure such love. Thousands were ready at any moment to lay down their lives through their affection for him. And that mysterious charm was so strong that it has survived his death. Thousands now live who would brave death in any form from love for Napoleon.*

* "If Napoleon had not distinguished himself as a soldier, he would have done so as an author, poet, orator, or mathematician, somehow or other; for he was potent with both tongue and pen as well as sword. His conversation was highly instructive, and he was one of the most eloquent men of modern times. His orders of the day, proclamations, bulletins, speeches, addresses, and answers to addresses—all his writings, from his first appearance in Italy to his last will and testament at St. Helena—many of his sudden sayings, his maxims, sarcasms, witticisms, and unpremeditated observations, breathe an abrupt, vivifying, concentrated, and peculiar spirit, poetical and imaginative, logical and argumentative, fervid and forcible.

"Napoleon was a free talker, never wrapped up in mysterious taciturnity, or disclosed by oracular intimations. Yet he was a listener too, which is a rare talent, and could keep his decision suspended till he heard all that might be said on all sides. Deliberations lasted mostly five or six hours a day, which is longer than an American judicial, much longer than a legislative daily session. Not only would the Emperor, all that time, take his part in the council, but often keep some of the counselors to dine with him, during and after dinner renewing the subject, and analyzing it in every way. In those grave, sometimes technical and complicated questions, the astonishing versatility of his genius, and extent of his attainments for civil as well as military government, the quickness and clearness with which he seized the very point in question in matters he had not been educated to, and might well have been uninformed of, his superior knowledge of men and things, were wonderfully apparent."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 154, *Second Series*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

Peace in France—Trials of Josephine—State of Morals—Josephine's Plans for Hortense—Louis Bonaparte—Italian Republic—Congress at Lyons—Incessant Activity of Napoleon—Solicitude of England—Schools—Origin of the Decoration of the Legion of Honor—Election as First Consul for Life—Reproof to Lucien and Eliza—Review—Renewal of Difficulties with England.

FRANCE was now at peace with all the world. It was universally admitted that Napoleon was the great pacificator. He was the idol of France. The masses of the people of Europe every where regarded him as their advocate and friend, the enemy of aristocratic usurpation, and the great champion of equality. The people of France no longer demanded *liberty*. Weary years of woe had taught them gladly to relinquish the boon. They only desired a ruler who would take care of them, govern them, protect them from the power of allied despotism, and give them equal rights. Though Napoleon had now but the title of First Consul, and France was nominally a republic, he was, in reality, the most powerful monarch in Europe. His throne was established in the hearts of nearly forty millions of people. His word was law.

It will be remembered that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary grandeur to which her husband had attained, with intense solicitude. She saw that more than ordinary regal power had passed into his hands, and she was not a stranger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his name and glory. She knew that many were intimating to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of state. One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine entered softly by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him, with a burst of tenderness,

"I entreat you, my love, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him."

Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

Josephine was at times almost delirious in apprehension of the awful calamity which threatened her. She knew the intensity of her husband's love. She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition. She could not be blind to the apparent importance, as a matter of state policy, that Napoleon should possess an heir. She also was fully aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and sundered almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Madame de Staël, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation, under the influence of these views, would condemn her for selfishly refusing assent to

an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial. Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation.

Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the subject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that even in such an exigence as this, the path which the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and of peace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterward, "and in marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful, brilliant, and amiable, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's aids, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however, had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said one day to Bourrienne,

"My two brothers-in-law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing. He has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in-law."

These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He replied, "Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is brave. He is as good as the others. He is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marriage, Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return, her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that, could she succeed in uniting Hortense with Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte; the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nine-

teen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble, and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon, then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old Royalist families might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured, by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the sensitive young man. All ambition died within him. He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of state. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavored to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacity. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favors upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolatry, and he could not, without pain, think of union with another. Indeed, a more uncongenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their tastes similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and power of Napoleon. All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life, and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendor, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride.

Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high positions of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to his lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent *fête* was given in honor of this marriage, at which all the splendors of the ancient royalty were revived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, as President of the French Republic, succeeded Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

Napoleon had organized in the heart of Italy a republic containing about five millions of inhabitants. This republic could by no means maintain itself against the monarchies of Europe, unaided by France. Napoleon, surrounded by hostile kings, deemed it essential to the safety of France to secure in Italy a nation of congenial sympathies and interests, with whom he could form the alliance of cordial friendship. The Italians, all inexperienced in self-government, regarding Napoleon as their benefactor and their sole supporter, looked to him for a constitution. Three of the most influential men of the Cisalpine Republic were sent as delegates to Paris, to consult with the First Consul upon the organization of their government. Under the direction of Napoleon a constitution was drafted, which, considering the character of the Italian people, and the hostile monarchical influences which surrounded them, was most highly liberal. A President and Vice-President were to be chosen for ten years. There was to be a Senate of eight members and a House of Representatives of seventy-five members. These were

all to be selected from a body composed of 300 landed proprietors, 200 merchants, and 200 of the clergy and prominent literary men. Thus all the important interests of the state were represented.

In Italy, as in all the other countries of Europe at that time, there were three prominent parties. The Loyalists sought the restoration of monarchy and the exclusive privileges of kings and nobles. The moderate Republicans wished to establish a firm government, which would enforce order, and confer upon all equal rights. The Jacobins wished to break down all distinctions, divide property, and to govern by the blind energies of the mob. Italy had long been held in subjection by the spiritual terrors of the priests and by the bayonets of the Austrians. Ages of bondage had enervated the people, and there were no Italian statesmen capable of taking the helm of government in such a turbulent sea of troubles. Napoleon resolved to have himself proposed as President, and then, reserving to himself the supreme direction, to delegate the details of affairs to distinguished Italians, until they should, in some degree, be trained to duties so new to them.

"This plan," says Thiers, "was not, on his part, the inspiration of ambition, but rather of great good sense. His views on this occasion were unquestionably both pure and exalted." But nothing can more strikingly show the almost miraculous energies of Napoleon's mind, and his perfect self-reliance, than the readiness with which, in addition to the cares of the empire of France, he assumed the responsibility of organizing and developing another nation of five millions of inhabitants. This was in 1802. Napoleon was then but thirty-three years of age.

To have surrendered those Italians, who had rallied around the armies of France in their hour of need, again to Austrian domination, would have been an act of treachery. To have abandoned them, in their inexperience, to the Jacobin mob on the one hand, and to Royalist intrigues on the other, would have insured the ruin of the Republic. But by leaving the details of government to be administered by Italians, and at the same time sustaining the constitution by his own powerful hand, there was a probability that the republic might attain prosperity and independence. As the press of business rendered it extremely difficult for Napoleon to leave France, a plan was formed for a vast congress of the Italians to be assembled in Lyons, about half way between Paris and Milan, for the imposing adoption of the republican constitution.

Four hundred and fifty-two deputies were elected to cross the frozen Alps in the month of December. The extraordinary watchfulness and foresight of the First Consul had prepared every thing for them on the way. In Lyons sumptuous preparations were made for their entertainment. Magnificent halls were decorated in the highest style of earthly splendor for the solemnities of the occasion. The army of Egypt, which had recently landed, bronzed by an African sun, was gorgeously attired, to add to the magnificence of the spectacle. The Lyonesse youth, exultant with pride, were formed into an imposing body of cavalry.

On the 11th of January, 1802, Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, arrived in Lyons. The whole population of the adjoining country had assembled along the road, anxiously watching for his passage. At night immense

fires illumined his path, blazing upon every hill-side and in every valley. One continuous shout of "Live Bonaparte!" rolled along with the carriage from Paris to Lyons. It was late in the evening when Napoleon arrived in Lyons. The brilliant city flamed with the splendor of noon-day. The carriage of the First Consul passed under a triumphal arch, surmounted by a sleeping lion, the emblem of France, and Napoleon took up his residence in the Hotel de Ville, which, in most princely sumptuousness, had been decorated for his reception. The Italians adored Napoleon. They felt personally ennobled by his renown, for they considered him their countryman. The Italian language was his native tongue, and he spoke it with the most perfect fluency and elegance. The moment that the name of Napoleon was suggested to the deputies as President of the Republic, it was received with shouts of enthusiastic acclamation.



REVIEW AT LYONS.

A deputation was immediately sent to the First Consul to express the unanimous and cordial wish of the Convention that he would accept the

office. While these things were transpiring, Napoleon, ever intensely occupied, was inspecting his veteran soldiers of Italy and of Egypt in a public review. The elements seemed to conspire to invest the occasion with splendor. The day was cloudless, the sun brilliant, the sky serene, the air invigorating. All the inhabitants of Lyons and the populace of the adjacent country thronged the streets. No pen can describe the transports with which the hero was received, as he rode along the lines of these veterans, whom he had so often led to victory. The soldiers shouted in a phrensy of enthusiasm. Old men, and young men, and boys caught the shout, and it reverberated along the streets in one continuous roar. Matrons and maidens, waving banners and handkerchiefs, wept in excess of emotion. Bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows to carpet his path, and every conceivable demonstration was made of the most enthusiastic love.

Napoleon himself was deeply moved by the scene. Some of the old grenadiers, whom he recognized, he called out of the ranks, kindly talked with them, inquiring respecting their wounds and their wants. He addressed several of the officers, whom he had seen in many encounters, shook hands with them, and a delirium of excitement pervaded all minds. Upon his return to the Hotel de Ville, he met the deputation of the Convention. They presented him the address, urging upon him the acceptance of the Presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon received the address, intimated his acceptance, and promised, on the following day, to meet the Convention.

The next morning dawned brightly upon the city. A large church, embellished with richest drapery, was prepared for the solemnities of the occasion. Napoleon entered the church, took his seat upon an elevated platform, surrounded by his family, the French ministers, and a large number of distinguished generals and statesmen. He addressed the assembly in the Italian language with as much ease of manner, elegance of expression, and fluency of utterance as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of the powers of oratory. He announced his acceptance of the dignity with which they would invest him, and uttered his views respecting the measures which should be adopted to secure the prosperity of the *Italian Republic*, as the new state was henceforth to be called. Repeated bursts of applause interrupted his address, and at its close one continuous shout of acclamation testified the assent and the delight of the assembled multitude. Napoleon remained at Lyons twenty days, occupied apparently, every moment, with the vast affairs which then engrossed his attention. And yet he found time to write daily to Paris, urging forward the majestic enterprises of the new government in France. The following brief extracts from this free and confidential correspondence afford an interesting glimpse of the motives which actuated Napoleon at this time, and of the great objects of his ambition.

“I am proceeding slowly in my operations. I pass the whole of my mornings in giving audience to the deputations of the neighboring departments. The improvement in the happiness of France is obvious. During the past two years the population of Lyons has increased more than 20,000 souls. All the manufacturers tell me that their works are in a state of high activity. All minds seem to be full of energy; not that energy which overturns

empires, but that which re-establishes them, and conducts them to prosperity and riches.

"I beg of you particularly to see that the unruly members whom we have in the constituted authorities are every one of them removed. The wish of the nation is that the government shall not be obstructed in its endeavors to act for the public good, and that the head of Medusa shall no longer show itself either in our tribunes or in our assemblies. The conduct of Siéyes on this occasion completely proves that, having contributed to the destruction of all the constitutions since '91, he wishes now to try his hand against the present. He ought to burn a wax candle to Our Lady for having got out of the scrape so fortunately and in so unexpected a manner. But the older I grow, the more I perceive that each man must fulfill his destiny. I recommend you to ascertain whether the provisions for St. Domingo have actually been sent off. I take it for granted that you have taken proper measures for demolishing the Châtelet. If the Minister of Marine should stand in need of the frigates of the King of Naples, he may make use of them. General Jourdan gives me a satisfactory account of the state of Piedmont.

"I wish that Citizen Royer be sent to the 16th military division to examine into the accounts of the paymaster. I also wish some individual, like Citizen Royer, to perform the same duty for the 13th and 14th divisions. It is complained that the receivers keep the money as long as they can, and that the paymasters postpone payment as long as possible. The paymasters and the receivers are the greatest nuisance in the state.

"Yesterday I visited several factories. I was pleased with the industry and severe economy which pervaded those establishments. Should the wintry weather continue severe, I do not think that the \$25,000 a month, which the Minister of the Interior grants for the purposes of charity, will be sufficient. It will be necessary to add five thousand dollars for the distribution of wood, and also to light fires in the churches and other large buildings to give warmth to a great number of people."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 31st of January. In the mean time, there had been a new election of members of the Tribunal and of the legislative body. All those who had manifested any opposition to the measures of Napoleon in the re-establishment of Christianity and in the adoption of the new civil code were left out, and their places supplied by those who approved of the measures of the First Consul. Napoleon could now act unembarrassed. In every quarter there was submission. All the officers of the state, immediately upon his return, sought an audience, and, in that pomp of language which his majestic deeds and character inspired, presented to him their congratulations. He was already a sovereign, in possession of regal power such as no other monarch in Europe enjoyed.

Upon one object all the energies of his mighty mind were concentrated. France was his estate, his diadem, his all. The glory of France was his glory, the happiness of France his happiness, the riches of France his wealth. Never did a father, with more untiring self-denial and toil, labor for his family, than did Napoleon, through days of exertion and nights of sleeplessness, devote every energy of body and soul to the greatness of France. He loved not ease, he loved not personal indulgence, he loved not sensual gratifica-

tion. The elevation of France to prosperity, wealth, and power was a limitless ambition. The almost supernatural success which had thus far attended his exertions did but magnify his desires and stimulate his hopes. He had no wish to elevate France upon the ruins of other nations. But he wished to make France the pattern of all excellence, the illustrious leader at the head of all nations, guiding them to intelligence, to opulence, and to happiness. Such, at this time, was the towering ambition of Napoleon, the most noble and comprehensive which was ever embraced by the conception of man.

Of course, such ambition was not consistent with the equality of other nations, for he determined that France should be the first. But he manifested no disposition to destroy the happiness of others; he only wished to give such an impulse to humanity in France, by the culture of mind, by purity of morals, by domestic industry, by foreign commerce, by great national works, as to place France in the advance upon the race-course of greatness.

In this race France had but one antagonist—England. France had nearly forty millions of inhabitants. The island of Great Britain contained but about fifteen millions. But England, with her colonies, girdled the globe, and, with her fleets, commanded all seas.

“France,” said Napoleon, “must also have her colonies and her fleets.”

“If we permit that,” the statesmen of England rejoined, “we may become a secondary power, and may thus be at the mercy of France.”

It was undeniably so. Shall history be blind to such fatality as this? Is man, in the hour of triumphant ambition, so moderate that we can be willing that he should attain power which places us at his mercy? England was omnipotent upon the seas. She became arrogant and abused that power, and made herself offensive to all nations. Napoleon developed no special meekness of character to indicate that he would be, in the pride of strength which no nation could resist, more moderate and conciliating. Candor can not censure England for being unwilling to yield her high position—to surrender her supremacy on the seas—to become a secondary power—to allow France to become her master. And who can censure France for seeking the establishment of colonies, the extension of commerce, friendly alliance with other nations, and the creation of fleets to protect her from aggression upon the ocean as well as upon the land?

Napoleon himself, with that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, though at times exasperated by the hostility which he now encountered, yet often spoke in terms of respect of the influences which animated his foes. It is to be regretted that his antagonists so seldom reciprocated this magnanimity. There was, in this sanguinary conflict, most certainly a right and a wrong. But it is not easy for man accurately to adjust the balance. God alone can award the issue. The mind is saddened as it wanders amid the labyrinths of conscientiousness and of passion, of pure motives and of impure ambition. This is, indeed, a fallen world. The drama of nations is a tragedy. Melancholy is the lot of man.

England daily witnessed, with increasing alarm, the rapid and enormous strides which France was making. The energy of the First Consul seemed superhuman. His acts indicated the most profound sagacity, the most far-

reaching foresight. To-day the news reaches London that Napoleon has been elected President of the Italian Republic. Thus, in an hour, five millions of people are added to his empire! To-morrow it is announced that he is establishing a colony at Elba—that a vast expedition is sailing for St. Domingo, to re-organize the colony there. England is bewildered. Again it is proclaimed that Napoleon has purchased Louisiana of Spain, and is preparing to fill the fertile valley of the Mississippi with colonists. In the meantime, all France is in a state of activity. Factories, roads, bridges, canals, fortifications, are every where springing into existence. The sound of the ship-hammer reverberates in all the harbors of France, and every month witnesses the increase of the French fleet. The mass of the English people contemplate with admiration this development of energy. The statesmen of England contemplate it with dread.

For some months Napoleon, in the midst of all his other cares, had been maturing a vast system of public instruction for the youth of France. He drew up, with his own hand, the plan for their schools, and proposed the course of study. It is a little singular that, with his strong scientific predilections, he should have assigned the first rank to classical studies. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from his professed admiration of the heroes of antiquity. His own mind was thoroughly stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman story. All these schools were formed upon a military model, for, situated as France was in the midst of monarchies at heart hostile, he deemed it necessary that the nation should be universally trained to bear arms. Religious instruction was to be communicated in all these schools by chaplains, military instruction by old officers who had left the army, and classical and scientific instruction by the most learned men Europe could furnish.

The First Consul also devoted special attention to female schools. "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration," said he, "as good mothers." To attract the youth of France to these schools, one million of dollars was appropriated for over six thousand gratuitous exhibitions for the pupils. Ten schools of law were established, nine schools of medicine, and an institution for the mechanical arts, called the "School of Bridges and Roads," the first model of those schools of art which continue in France until the present day, and which are deemed invaluable. There were no exclusive privileges in these institutions; a system of perfect equality pervaded them. The pupils of all classes were placed upon a level, with an unobstructed arena before them. "This is only a commencement," said Napoleon; "by-and-by we shall do more and better."

Another project which Napoleon now introduced was vehemently opposed—the establishment of the Legion of Honor. One of the leading principles of the Revolution was the entire overthrow of all titles of distinction. Every man, high or low, was to be addressed simply as *Citizen*. Napoleon wished to introduce a system of rewards which should stimulate to heroic deeds, and ennoble those who had deserved well of humanity. Innumerable foreigners of distinction had thronged France since the peace. He had observed with what eagerness the populace had followed these foreigners, gazing with delight upon their gay decorations. The court-yard of the Tuileries was ever

crowded when these illustrious strangers arrived and departed. Napoleon, in his council, where he was always eloquent and powerful, thus urged his views :

“Look at these vanities which genius pretends so much to disdain. The populace is not of that opinion. It loves these many-colored ribbons as it loves religious pomp. The democrat philosopher calls it vanity. Vanity let it be ; but that vanity is a weakness common to the whole human race, and great virtues may be made to spring from it. With these so much despised baubles heroes are made. There must be worship for the religious sentiment ; there must be visible distinctions for the noble sentiment of glory. Nations should not strive to be singular any more than individuals. The affectation of acting differently from the rest of the world is an affectation which is reprovèd by all persons of sense and modesty. Ribbons are in use in all countries. Let them be in use in France. It will be one more friendly relation established with Europe. Our neighbors give them only to the man of noble birth. I will give them to the man of merit—to the one who shall have served best in the army or in the state, or who shall have produced the finest works.”

It was objected that the institution of the Legion of Honor was a return to the aristocracy which the Revolution had abolished. “What is there aristocratic,” Napoleon exclaimed, “in a distinction purely personal, and merely for life, bestowed on the man who has displayed merit, whether civil or military—bestowed on him alone, bestowed for his life only, and not passing to his children. Such a distinction is the reverse of aristocratic. It is the essence of aristocracy that its titles are transmitted from the man who has earned them to the son who possesses no merit. The ancient regime, so battered by the ram of the Revolution, is more entire than is believed. All the emigrants hold each other by the hand ; the Vendéens are secretly enrolled ; the priests, at heart, are not very friendly to us. With the words ‘legitimate king,’ thousands might be roused to arms. It is needful that the men who have taken part in the Revolution should have a bond of union, and cease to depend on the first accident which might strike one single head. For ten years we have only been making ruins ; we must now found an edifice. Depend upon it, the struggle is not over with Europe. Be assured that struggle will begin again.”

It was then urged by some that the Legion of Honor should be confined entirely to military merit. “By no means,” said Napoleon. “Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone. All sorts of merit are brothers. The courage of the president of the Convention resisting the populace, should be compared with the courage of Kleber mounting to the assault of Acre. It is right that civil virtues should have their reward as well as military virtues. Those who oppose this course reason like barbarians. It is the religion of brute force they commend to us. Intelligence has its rights before those of force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing. In barbarous ages, the man of stoutest sinews was the chieftain ; now, the general is the most intelligent of the brave.

“At Cairo, the Egyptians could not comprehend how it was that Kleber, with his majestic form, was not commander-in-chief. When Mourad Bey

had carefully observed our tactics, he could comprehend how it was that I, and no other, ought to be the general of an army so conducted. You reason like the Egyptians when you attempt to confine rewards to military valor. The soldiers reason better than you. Go to their bivouacs; listen to them. Do you imagine that it is the tallest of their officers, and the most imposing by his stature, for whom they feel the highest regard? Do you imagine even that the bravest stands first in their esteem? No doubt they would despise the man whose courage they suspected; but they rank above the merely brave man him whom they consider the most intelligent.

“As for myself, do you suppose that it is solely because I am reputed a great general that I rule France? No! It is because the qualities of a statesman and magistrate are attributed to me. France will never tolerate the government of the sword. Those who think so are strangely mistaken. It would require an abject servitude of fifty years before that could be the case. France is too noble, too intelligent a country to submit to material power. Let us honor intelligence, virtue, the civil qualities; in short, let us bestow upon them, in all professions, the like reward.”

The true spirit of republicanism is certainly equality of rights, not of attainments and honors; the abolition of hereditary distinctions and privileges, not of those which are founded upon merit. The badge of the Legion of Honor was to be conferred upon all who, by genius, self-denial, and toil, had won renown. The prizes were open to the humblest peasant in the land. Still, the popular hostility to any institution which bore a resemblance to the aristocracy of the ancient nobility was so strong, that, though a majority voted in favor of the measure, there was a strong opposition. Napoleon was surprised. He said to Bourrienne,

“You are right. Prejudices are still against me. I ought to have waited. There was no occasion for haste in bringing it forward. But the thing is done; and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not yet gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You will see that extraordinary results will arise from it.”

The order was to consist of six thousand members. It was constituted in four ranks: grand officers, commanders, officers, and private legionaries. The badge was simply a red ribbon in the button-hole. To the first rank there was allotted an annual salary of \$1000; to the second, \$400; to the third, \$200; to the fourth, \$50. The private soldier, the retired scholar, and the skillful artist were thus decorated with the same badge of distinction which figured upon the breasts of generals, nobles, and monarchs. That this institution was peculiarly adapted to the state of France, is evident from the fact that it has survived all the revolutions of subsequent years. “Though of such recent origin,” says Thiers, “it is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries; to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism, of knowledge, of merit of every kind—so much have its honors been coveted by the *grande*es and the princes of Europe the most proud of their origin.”*

* The oath administered to those who received the cross of the Legion of Honor was as follows: “I swear, on my honor, to devote myself to the service of the Republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defense of its government, its laws, and the property by them con-

The popularity of Napoleon was now unbounded. A very general and earnest disposition was expressed to confer upon the First Consul a magnificent testimonial of the national gratitude—a testimonial worthy of the illustrious man who was to receive it, and of the powerful nation by which it was to be bestowed. The President of the Tribunal thus addressed that body :

“Among all nations, public honors have been decreed to men who, by splendid actions, have honored their country, and saved it from great dangers. What man ever had stronger claims to the national gratitude than General Bonaparte ? His valor and genius have saved the French people from the excesses of anarchy and from the miseries of war ; and France is too great, too magnanimous, to leave such benefits without reward.”

A deputation was immediately chosen to confer with Napoleon upon the subject of the tribute of gratitude and affection which he should receive. Surrounded by his colleagues and the principal officers of the state, he received them the next day in the Tuileries. With seriousness and modesty he listened to the high eulogium upon his achievements which was pronounced, and then replied :

“I receive with sincere gratitude the wish expressed by the Tribunate. I desire no other glory than that of having completely performed the task imposed upon me. I aspire to no other reward than the affection of my fellow-citizens. I shall be happy if they are thoroughly convinced that the



RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

evils which they may experience will always be to me the severest of misfortunes ; that life is dear to me solely for the services which I am able to render to my country ; that death itself will have no bitterness for me, if my last looks can see the happiness of the Republic as firmly secured as is its glory.”

separated ; to oppose, by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all acts tending to re-establish the feudal system, or to revive the titles and distinctions belonging to it ; finally, to contribute, to the utmost of my power, to the maintenance of liberty and equality.” After the establishment of the Empire, the oath was slightly changed to meet the new order of things.

But how was Napoleon to be rewarded? That was the great and difficult question. Was wealth to be conferred upon him? For wealth he cared nothing. Millions had been at his disposal, and he had emptied them all into the treasury of France. Ease, luxury, self-indulgence had no charms for him. Were monuments to be reared to his honor, titles to be lavished upon his name? Napoleon regarded these but as means for the accomplishment of ends. In themselves they were nothing. The only one thing which he desired was *power*—power to work out vast results for others, and thus to secure for himself renown which should be pure and imperishable.

But how could the *power* of Napoleon be increased? He was already almost absolute. Whatever he willed, he accomplished. Senators, legislators, and tribunes all co-operated in giving energy to his plans. It will be remembered that Napoleon was elected First Consul for ten years. It seemed that there was absolutely nothing which could be done, gratifying to the First Consul, but to prolong the term of his consulship, by either adding to it another period of ten years, or by continuing it during his life. "What does he wish?" was the universal inquiry. Every possible means were tried, but in vain, to obtain a single word from his lips significant of his desires.

One of the senators went to Cambacères and said, "What would be gratifying to General Bonaparte? Does he wish to be king? Only let him say so, and we are ready to vote for the re-establishment of royalty. Most willingly will we do it for him, for he is worthy of that station."

But the First Consul shut himself up in impenetrable reserve. Even his most intimate friends could catch no glimpse of his secret wishes. At last the question was plainly and earnestly put to him.

With great apparent humility, he replied, "I have not fixed my mind upon any thing. Any testimony of the public confidence will be sufficient for me, and will fill me with satisfaction."

The question was then discussed whether to add ten years to his consulship, or to make him First Consul for life. Cambacères knew well the boundless ambition of Napoleon, and was fully conscious that any limited period of power would not be in accordance with his plans. He ventured to say to him,

"You are wrong not to explain yourself. Your enemies—for, notwithstanding your services, you have some left even in the Senate—will abuse your reserve."

Napoleon calmly replied, "Let them alone. The majority of the Senate is always ready to do more than it is asked. They will go further than you imagine."

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1802, the resolution was adopted of prolonging the powers of the First Consul for *ten years*. Napoleon was probably surprised and disappointed. He, however, decided to return a grateful answer, and to say that not from the Senate, but from the suffrages of the people alone, could he accept a prolongation of that power to which their voices had elevated him. The following answer was transmitted to the Senate the next morning:

"The honorable proof of your esteem, given in your deliberation of the 8th, will remain forever engraven on my heart. In the three years which

have just elapsed, fortune has smiled upon the Republic. But fortune is fickle. How many men whom she has loaded with favors have lived a few years too long. The interest of my glory and that of my happiness would seem to have marked the term of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed; but the glory and the happiness of the citizen ought to be silent when the interest of the state and the public partiality call him. You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I will make it, if the wishes of the people command what your suffrage authorizes."

Napoleon immediately left Paris for his country seat at Malmaison. This beautiful chateau was about twelve miles from the metropolis. Josephine had purchased the peaceful rural retreat at Napoleon's request, during his



MALMAISON.

first Italian campaign. Subsequently, large sums had been expended in enlarging and improving the grounds, and it was ever the favorite residence of both Napoleon and Josephine. Cambacères called an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State. After much deliberation, it was resolved, by an

immense majority, that the following proposition should be submitted to the people: "Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be First Consul for life?" It was then resolved to submit a second question: "Shall the First Consul have the power of appointing his successor?" This was, indeed, re-establishing monarchy under a republican name.

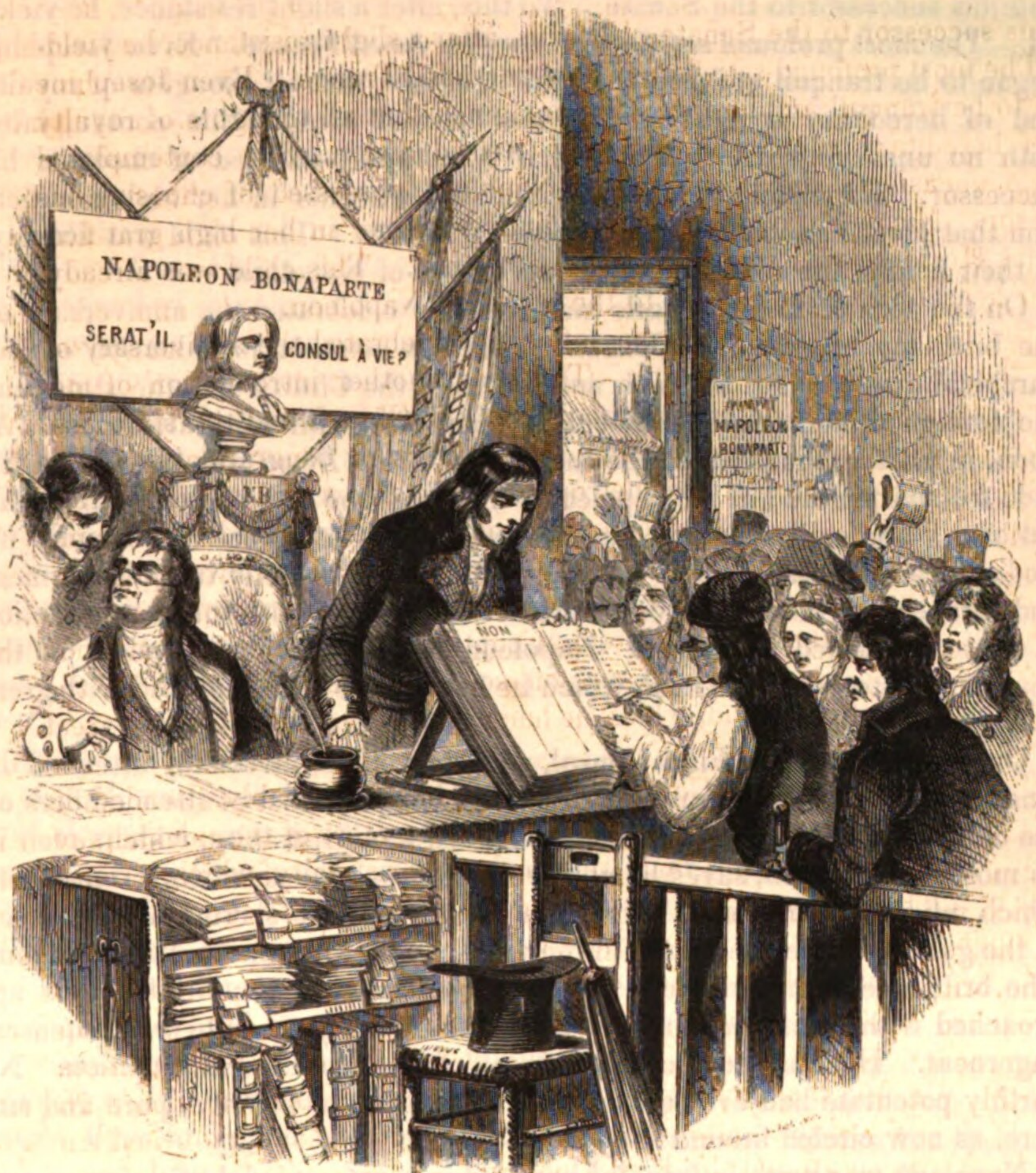
Cambacères immediately repaired to Malmaison to submit these resolutions to Napoleon. To the amazement of all, he immediately and firmly rejected the second question. Energetically he said,

"Whom would you have me appoint my successor? My brothers? But will France, which has consented to be governed by me, consent to be governed by Joseph or Lucien? Shall I nominate you consul, Cambacères? You? Dare you undertake such a task? And then the will of Louis XIV. was not respected; is it likely that mine would be? A dead man, let him be who he will, is nobody." In opposition to all urgency, he ordered the second question to be erased, and the first only to be submitted to the people. It is impossible to divine the motive which influenced Napoleon in this most unexpected decision. Some have supposed that even then he had in view the Empire and the hereditary monarchy, and that he wished to leave a chasm in the organization of the government as a reason for future change. Others have supposed that he dreaded the rivalries which would arise among his brothers and his nephews from his having at his disposal so resplendent a gift as the Empire of France. But the historian treads upon dangerous ground when he begins to judge of motives. That which Napoleon actually *did* was moderate and noble in the highest degree. He declined the power of appointing his successor, and submitted his election to the suffrages of the people. A majority of 3,568,885 voted for the consulate for life, and only eight thousand and a few hundreds against it. Never before or since was an earthly government established by such unanimity. Never had a monarch a more indisputable title to his throne.

Upon this occasion La Fayette added to his vote these qualifying words: "I can not vote for such a magistracy until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte." In a private conversation with the First Consul, he added, "A free government, and you at its head—that comprehends all my desires." Napoleon remarked, "In theory, La Fayette is perhaps right. But what is theory? A mere dream when applied to the masses of mankind. He thinks he is still in the United States—as if the French were Americans. He has no conception of what is required for this country."

A day was fixed for a grand diplomatic festival, when Napoleon should receive the congratulations of the constituted authorities and of the foreign ambassadors. The soldiers, in brilliant uniform, formed a double line from the Tuileries to the Luxembourg. The First Consul was seated in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses. A cortège of gorgeous splendor accompanied him. All Paris thronged the streets through which he passed, and the most enthusiastic applause rent the heavens. To the congratulatory address of the Senate, Napoleon replied:

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation wishes that mine should be wholly consecrated to France. I obey its will. Through



ELECTION OF CONSUL FOR LIFE.

my efforts, by your assistance, citizen senators, by the aid of the authorities, and by the confidence and support of this mighty people, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be rendered secure against the caprices of fate and the uncertainty of futurity. The most virtuous of nations will be the most happy, as it deserves to be; and its felicity will contribute to the general happiness of all Europe. Proud, then, of being thus called, by the command of that Power from which every thing emanates, to bring back order, justice, and equality to the earth, when my last hour approaches, I shall yield myself up with resignation, and without any solicitude respecting the opinions of future generations."

On the following day, the new articles modifying the Constitution in accordance with the change in the consulship were submitted to the Council of State. The First Consul presided, and, with his accustomed vigor and perspicuity, explained the reasons of each article, as he recounted them one by one. The articles contained the provision that Napoleon should nomi-

nate his successor to the Senate. To this, after a slight resistance, he yielded. The most profound satisfaction now pervaded France. Even Josephine began to be tranquil and happy. She imagined that all thoughts of royalty and of hereditary succession had now passed away. She contemplated with no uneasiness the power which Napoleon possessed of choosing his successor. Napoleon sympathized cordially with her in her high gratification that Hortense was soon to become a mother. This child was already, in their hearts, the selected heir to the power of Napoleon.

On the 15th of August, Paris magnificently celebrated the anniversary of the birth-day of the First Consul. This was another introduction of monarchical usages. All the high authorities of the Church and the state, and the foreign diplomatic bodies, called upon him with congratulations. At noon, in all the churches of the metropolis, a *Te Deum* was sung, in gratitude to God for the gift of Napoleon. At night the city blazed with illuminations. The splendors and the etiquette of royalty were now rapidly introduced, and the same fickle populace, who had so recently trampled princes and thrones into blood and ruin, were now captivated with the reintroduction of these discarded splendors. Napoleon soon established himself in the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, which he had caused to be repaired with great magnificence.

On the Sabbath, the First Consul, with Josephine, invariably attended divine service. Their example was soon followed by most of the members of the court, and the nation as a body returned to Christianity, which, even in its most corrupt form, saves humanity from those abysses of degradation into which infidelity plunges it. Immediately after divine service he conversed in the gallery of the chateau with the visitors who were then waiting for him. The brilliance of his intellect, and his high renown, caused him to be approached with emotions of awe. His words were listened to with intensest eagerness. He was the exclusive object of observation and attention. No earthly potentate had ever attained such a degree of homage, pure and sincere, as now circled around the First Consul.

Napoleon was very desirous of having his court a model of decorum and of morals. Lucien owned a beautiful mansion near Neuilly. Upon one occasion he invited Napoleon, and all the inmates of Malmaison, to attend some private theatricals at his dwelling. Lucien and Eliza were the performers in a piece called *Alzire*. The ardor of their declamation, the freedom of their gestures, and, above all, the indelicacy of the costume which they assumed, displeased Napoleon exceedingly. As soon as the play was over, he exclaimed,

"It is a scandal. I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." As soon as Lucien entered the saloon, having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon addressed him before the whole company, and requested him in future to desist from all such representations. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

One day at this time, Bourrienne, going from Malmaison to Ruel, lost a beautiful watch. He proclaimed his loss by means of the bellman at Ruel.

An hour after, as he was sitting down to dinner, a peasant boy brought him the watch, which he had found on the road. Napoleon heard of the occurrence. Immediately he instituted inquiries respecting the young man and the family. Hearing a good report of them, he gave the three brothers employment, and amply rewarded the honest lad. "Kindness," says Bourrienne, "was a very prominent trait in the character of Napoleon."

If we now take a brief review of what Napoleon had accomplished since his return from Egypt, it must be admitted that the records of the world are to be searched in vain for a similar recital. No mortal man before ever accomplished so much, or accomplished it so well in so short a time.

Let us for a moment return to his landing at Frejus on the 8th of October, 1799, until he was chosen First Consul for life, in August, 1802, a period of not quite three years. Proceeding to Paris almost alone, he overthrew the Directory and seized the supreme power, restored order into the administration of government, established a new and very efficient system for the collection of taxes, raised public credit, and supplied the wants of the suffering army. By great energy and humanity he immediately terminated the horrors of that unnatural war which had for years been desolating La Vendée. Condescending to the attitude of a suppliant, he implored of Europe peace.

Europe chose war. By a majestic conception of military combinations, he sent Moreau with a vast army to the Rhine; stimulated Massena to the most desperate strife at Genoa; and then, creating as by magic an army from materials which excited but the ridicule of his foes, he climbed, with artillery and horse, and all the munitions of war, the icy pinnacles of the Alps, and fell like an avalanche upon his foes on the plain of Marengo. With far inferior numbers, he snatched the victory from the victors; and in the exultant hour of the most signal conquest, wrote again from the field of blood imploring peace. His foes, humbled and at his mercy, gladly availed themselves of his clemency, and promised to treat. Perfidiously, they only sought time to regain their strength. He then sent Moreau to Hohenlinden, and beneath the walls of Vienna extorted peace from Continental Europe.

England still prosecuted the war. The First Consul, by his genius, won the heart of Paul of Russia, secured the affection of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and formed a league of all Europe against the Mistress of the Seas. While engaged in this work, he paid the creditors of the state, established the Bank of France, overwhelmed the highway robbers with utter destruction, and restored security in all the provinces; cut magnificent communications over the Alps, founded hospitals on their summits, surrounded exposed cities with fortifications, opened canals, constructed bridges, created magnificent roads, and commenced the compilation of that civil code which will remain an ever-during monument of his labors and his genius. In opposition to the remonstrances of his best friends, he re-established Christianity, and with it proclaimed perfect liberty of conscience. Public works were every where established to encourage industry. Schools and colleges were founded. Merit of every kind was stimulated by abundant rewards.

Vast improvements were made in Paris, and the streets cleaned and irri-

gated. In the midst of all these cares, he was defending France against the assaults of the most powerful nation on the globe; and he was preparing, as his last resort, a vast army, to carry the war into the heart of England. Notwithstanding the most atrocious libels with which England was filled against him, his fame shone resplendent through them all, and he was popular with the English people. Many of the most illustrious of the English statesmen advocated his cause. His gigantic adversary, William Pitt, vanquished by the genius of Napoleon, was compelled to retire from the ministry, and the world was at peace.

The difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments which were encountered in these enterprises were infinite. Napoleon says, with that magnanimity which history should recognize and applaud, "We are told that all the First Consul had to look to was to do justice. But to whom was he to do justice? To the proprietors whom the Revolution had violently despoiled of their properties, for this only, that they had been faithful to their legitimate sovereign, and to the principle of honor which they had inherited from their ancestors, or to those new proprietors who had purchased these domains, adventuring their money on the faith of laws flowing from an illegitimate authority? Was he to do justice to those Royalist soldiers, mutilated in the fields of Germany, La Vendée, and Quiberon, arrayed under the white standard of the Bourbons, in the firm belief that they were serving the cause of their king against a usurping tyranny, or to the million of citizens who, forming around the frontiers a wall of brass, had so often saved their country from the inveterate hostility of its enemies, and had borne to so transcendent a height the glory of the French eagle? Was he to do justice to that clergy, the model and the example of every Christian virtue, stripped of its birthright, the reward of fifteen hundred years of benevolence, or to the recent acquirers, who had converted the convents into work-shops, the churches into warehouses, and had turned to profane uses all that had been deemed most holy for ages?"

"At this period," says Thiers, "Napoleon appeared so moderate after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few among the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, and the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good in the way he did—so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The wise and sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the savior of France, said, nevertheless, one day, in a tone of deep feeling, to Cambacères, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'"

"Napoleon," says the Duke of Gaëta, "on his arrival at power, had one question of immense importance to resolve: for a long time it engrossed his meditations: *Would it be possible to maintain a republican form of government?*

“The result of that system, thus far, had not been successful with us. The remembrance of the excesses of the Revolution was recent. We were threatened with the renewal of those excesses, with aggravated violence, at the moment in which the fortune of France placed her in the hands of the only man capable of rescuing her from anarchy. But could he hope to control, for any length of time, by the ascendancy of his genius, those passions which threatened incessantly the overthrow of all order, if he maintained a political organization which favored their deadly influence?

“It is true that this organization has succeeded in the United States. But how great the difference between our situation, moral and physical, and that of a country entirely new, sparsely settled, and of manners generally austere, and which, besides, separated by the ocean from the continent of Europe, excites no fear among those powers that they shall experience any danger from the example of that which passes so far from themselves. But how could they look with tranquillity upon a similar example in a neighboring country, so powerful as France in position and territory? Was not all Europe, in fact, coalesced against the infant republic; and was not France at the point of being crushed in the terrible strife when the national will placed the direction of affairs in the hands of Napoleon?

“These considerations seem to render more than doubtful the possibility of maintaining the new order of things produced by the Revolution. Obstacles of a similar nature would unquestionably oppose the establishment of a monarchy under an illustrious captain elevated from the multitude. It would be equally necessary to prepare for a vigorous resistance to the attacks, more or less prolonged, of the ancient European dynasties. These attacks would never yield but to the power of victories.

“Nevertheless, in approaching as near as possible to the governmental forms of England, a system sanctioned by time, Napoleon flattered himself to be able, with less difficulty, to preserve for the nation the enjoyment of the principal advantages that France had acquired at so high a price, in replacing her under political forms to which she had long been accustomed, and, on the other hand, to diminish, perhaps, the hostility of the European powers to a new government, whose system would thus, at least, more nearly resemble that which existed among themselves.”

These opinions, recorded by the Duke of Gaëta, will undoubtedly be cherished by most thinking men who impartially reflect upon the then condition of France. That Napoleon *sincerely* adopted them there can be no room for doubt. That they were entertained cordially by the great mass of the French people, is beyond all intelligent denial.

CHAPTER XXV.

RUPTURE OF THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

Congratulations sent to Napoleon—Dissatisfaction of the English Government—Peltier, the Bourbon Pamphleteer—The Algerines—Violation of the Treaty of Amiens by England—Remonstrances of Fox—Indignation of Napoleon—Defenseless Condition of France—Interview with Lord Whitworth—England commences the War—Testimony of Ingersoll—of Thiers—of Hazlitt—of Scott—of Alison—of Lockhart—Remarks of Napoleon.

THE elevation of Napoleon to the supreme power for life was regarded by most of the states of Continental Europe with satisfaction, as tending to diminish the dreaded influences of republicanism, and to assimilate France with the surrounding monarchies. Even in England, the prime minister, Mr. Addington, assured the French ambassador of the cordial approbation of the British government of an event destined to consolidate order and power in France. The King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, sent him their friendly congratulations. Even Catharine, the haughty Queen of Naples, mother of the Empress of Austria, being then at Vienna, in ardent expression of her gratification to the French ambassador, said, "General Bonaparte is a great man. He has done me much injury, but that shall not prevent me from acknowledging his genius. By checking disorder in France he has rendered a service to all of Europe. He has attained the government of his country because he is most worthy of it. I hold him out every day as a pattern to the young princes of the imperial family. I exhort them to study that extraordinary personage, to learn from him how to direct nations, how to make the yoke of authority endurable by means of genius and glory."

"It is clear," said Napoleon, "that if we wish for good faith or for permanency in our treaties of peace, it is necessary that the governments which surround us should adopt our forms, or that our institutions should become more in harmony with theirs. There must always exist a hostile spirit between the old monarchies and a new republic. Here you see the root of European discord."

The Duke of Gaëta, to whom Napoleon made this remark, observes, "The First Consul could not more favorably express the end toward which he was disposed to direct his measures (the re-establishment of a monarchy), and the motives which influenced him in that decision. It was, in his opinion, the only means of obtaining a solid and an abiding peace."

But difficulties were rapidly rising between England and France. The English were much disappointed in not finding that sale of their manufactures which they had anticipated. The cotton and iron manufactures were the richest branches of industry in England. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the development of the manufacturing resources of France, encouraged those manufactures by the almost absolute prohibition of the rival articles. William Pitt and his partisans, still retaining immense influence, regarded

with extreme jealousy the rapid strides which Napoleon was making to power, and incessantly declaimed in the journals against the ambition of France. Most of the Royalist emigrants who had refused to acknowledge the new government, and were still devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, had taken refuge in London.

They had been the allies with England in the long war against France. The English government could not refrain from sympathizing with them in their sufferings. It would have been ungenerous not to have done so. The emigrants were many of them supported by pensions paid them by England. At the same time, they were constantly plotting conspiracies against the life of Napoleon, and sending assassins to shoot him. "I will yet teach those Bourbons," said Napoleon, in a moment of indignation, "that I am not a man to be shot at like a dog." Napoleon complained bitterly that his enemies, then attempting his assassination, were in the pay of the British government. Almost daily the plots of these emigrants were brought to light by the vigilance of the French police.

A Bourbon pamphleteer, named Peltier, circulated widely through England the most atrocious libels against the First Consul, his wife, her children, his brothers and sisters. They were charged with the most low, degrading, and revolting vices. These accusations were circulated widely through England and America. They produced a profound impression. They were believed. Many were interested in the circulation of these reports, wishing to destroy the popularity of Napoleon, and to prepare the populace of England for the renewal of the war. Napoleon remonstrated against such infamous representations of his character being allowed in England. But he was informed that the British press was free; that there was no resource but to prosecute for libel in the British courts; and that it was the part of true greatness to treat such slanders with contempt. But Napoleon felt that such false charges were exasperating nations, were paving the way to deluge Europe again in war, and that causes tending to such woes were too potent to be despised.

The Algerines were now sweeping with their piratic crafts the Mediterranean, exacting tribute from all Christian powers. A French ship had been wrecked upon the coast, and the crew were made prisoners. Two French vessels and a Neapolitan ship had also been captured and taken to Algiers. The indignation of Napoleon was aroused. He sent an officer to the Dey with a letter, informing him that if the prisoners were not released and the captured vessels instantly restored, and a promise given to respect in future the flags of France and Italy, he would send a fleet and an army, and overwhelm him with ruin.

The Dey had heard of Napoleon's career in Egypt. He was thoroughly frightened, restored the ships and the prisoners, implored clemency, and with barbarian injustice doomed to death those who had captured the ships in obedience to his commands. Their lives were saved only through the intercession of the French minister. Napoleon then performed one of the most gracious acts of courtesy toward the Pope. The feeble monarch had no means of protecting his coasts from the pirates who still swarmed in those seas. Napoleon selected two fine brigs in the naval arsenal at Toulon, equipped

them with great elegance, armed them most effectively, filled them with naval stores, and conferring upon them the apostolical names of St. Peter and St. Paul, sent them as a present to the pontiff. With characteristic grandeur of action, he carried his attentions so far as to send a cutter to bring back the crews, that the papal treasury might be exposed to no expense. The venerable Pope, in the exuberance of his gratitude, insisted upon taking the French seamen to Rome. He treated them with every attention in his power; exhibited to them St. Peter's, and dazzled them with the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship. They returned to France loaded with presents, and exceedingly gratified with the kindness with which they had been received.

It was stipulated in the treaty of Amiens that both England and France should evacuate Egypt, and that England should surrender Malta to its ancient rulers. Malta, impregnable in its fortifications, commanded the Mediterranean, and was the key of Egypt. Napoleon had therefore, while he professed a willingness to relinquish all claim to the island himself, insisted upon it, as an essential point, that England should do the same. The question upon which the treaty hinged was the surrender of Malta to a neutral power. The treaty was signed. Napoleon promptly and scrupulously fulfilled his agreements. Several embarrassments, for which England was not responsible, delayed for a few months the evacuation of Malta. But now nearly a year had passed since the signing of the treaty. All obstacles were removed from the way of its entire fulfillment, and yet the troops of England remained both in Egypt and in Malta. The question was seriously discussed in Parliament and in the English journals, whether England were bound to fulfill her engagements, since France was growing so alarmingly powerful.

Generously and eloquently Fox exclaimed, "I am astonished at all I hear, particularly when I consider who they are that speak such words. Indeed, I am more grieved than any of the honorable friends and colleagues of Mr. Pitt at the growing greatness of France, which is daily extending her power in Europe and in America. That France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of the Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. By one of those sublime movements which history should recommend to imitation, and preserve in eternal memorial, she repelled her invaders. Though warmly attached to the cause of England, we have felt an involuntary movement of sympathy with that generous outburst of liberty, and we have no desire to conceal it. No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us—greater than we thought her at first—to break a solemn engagement, to retain Malta, for instance, would be an unworthy breach of faith which would compromise the honor of Britain. I am sure that if there were in Paris an assembly similar to that which is debating here, the British navy and its dominion over the seas would be talked of in the same terms as we talk in this house of the French armies, and their dominion over the land."

Napoleon sincerely wished for peace. He was constructing vast works to embellish and improve the empire. Thousands of workmen were employed in cutting magnificent roads across the Alps. He was watching, with intense interest, the growth of fortifications and the excavation of canals. He was in the possession of absolute power, was surrounded by universal admiration, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, was congratulating himself upon being the pacificator of Europe. He had disbanded his armies, and was consecrating all the resources of the nation to the stimulation of industry. He therefore left no means of forbearance and conciliation untried to avert the calamities of war.

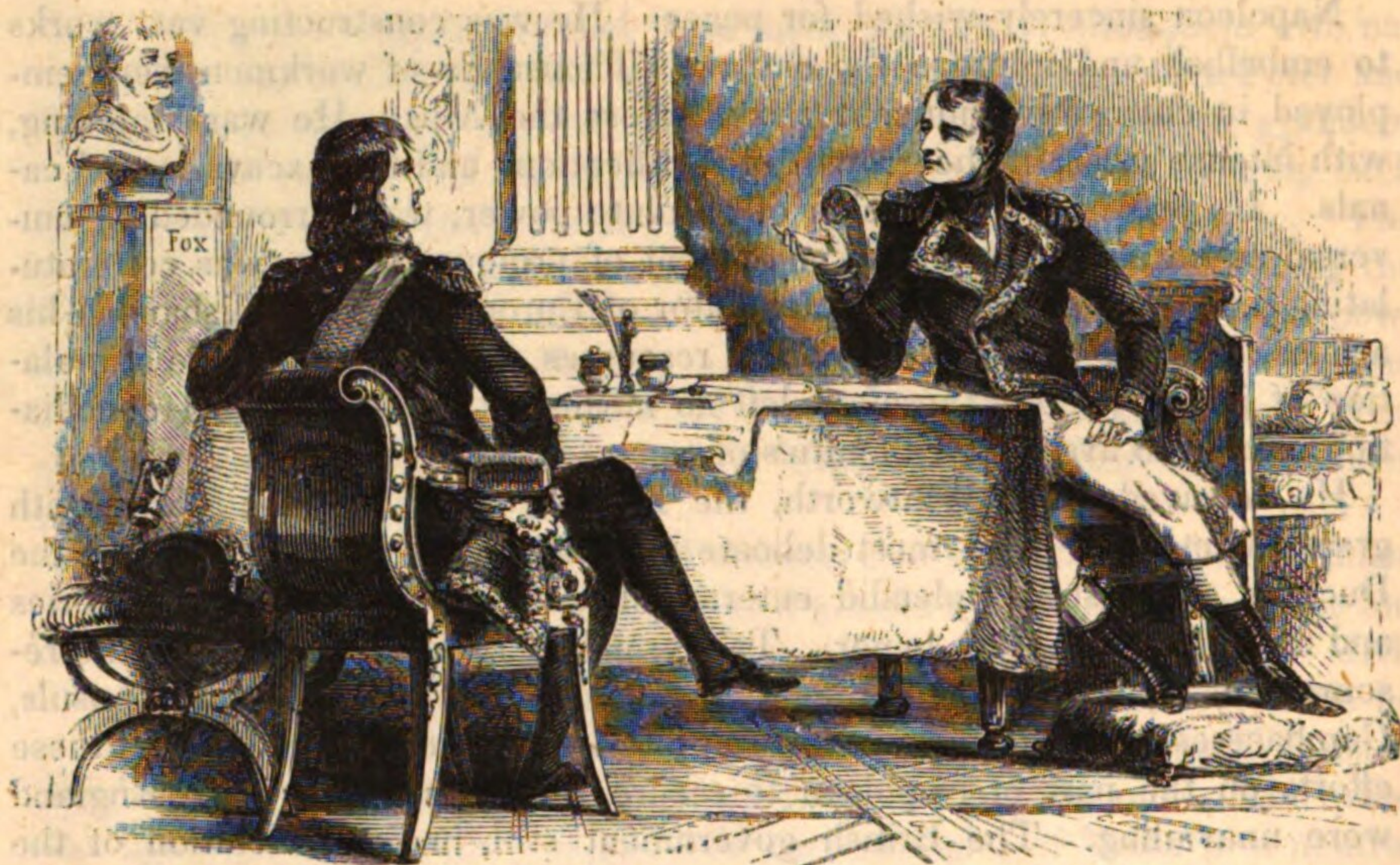
He received Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris, with great distinction. The most delicate attentions were paid to his lady, the Duchess of Dorset. Splendid entertainments were given at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud in their honor. Talleyrand consecrated to them all the resources of his courtly and elegant manners. The two associate consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, were also unwearied in attentions. Still, all these efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly relations with England were unavailing. The British government still, in open violation of the treaty, retained Malta. The honor of France was at stake in enforcing the sacredness of treaties. Malta was too important a post to be left in the hands of England. At last, England boldly demanded the evacuation of Holland by the French, and the entire surrender of Malta to the court of St. James. Napoleon was exceedingly indignant. He exclaimed, "The days of the Pompadours* and Du Barry† are over. The French wish sincerely for peace, but for a peace becoming honorable men." Napoleon resolved to have a personal interview himself with Lord Whitworth, and to explain to him, with all frankness, his sentiments and his resolves.

It was on the evening of the 18th of February, 1803, that Napoleon received Lord Whitworth in his cabinet in the Tuileries. A large writing-table occupied the middle of the room. Napoleon invited the ambassador to take a seat at one end of the table, and seated himself at the other. "I have wished," said he, "to converse with you in person, that I may fully convince you of my real opinions and intentions." Then, with that force of language and that perspicuity which no man ever excelled, he recapitulated his transactions with England from the beginning; that he had offered peace immediately upon his accession to the consulship; that peace had been refused; that eagerly he had renewed negotiations, as soon as he could with any propriety do so; and that he had made great concessions to secure the peace of Amiens.

"But my efforts," said he, "to live on good terms with England have met with no friendly response. The English newspapers breathe but animosity

* *Jeanne Antoinette, Marchioness of Pompadour*, mistress of Louis XV. She first attracted the king's notice when he was hunting in the forest of Senart. She finally obtained almost boundless power over the mind of the king, and many of the evils which oppressed France are attributed to the power which she possessed of filling the most important offices of the state with her favorites.

† *Marie Jeanne Gomar de Vaubernier, Countess of Barry*, the successor of the Marchioness of Pompadour in the guilty love of Louis XV. She acquired prodigious influence at court, and conferred the power and the revenues of the empire upon her favorites. During the Revolution she perished miserably upon the guillotine.



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH EMBASSADOR.

against me. The journals of the emigrants are allowed a license of abuse which is not justified by the British Constitution. Pensions are granted to Georges and his accomplices who are plotting my assassination. The emigrants, protected in England, are continually making excursions to France to stir up civil war. The Bourbon princes are received with the insignia of the ancient royalty. Agents are sent to Switzerland and Italy to raise up difficulties against France. Every wind which blows from England brings me but hatred and insult. Now we have come to a situation from which we must relieve ourselves. Will you or will you not execute the treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States within three months. In less than two months all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications, and the English troops are still in Malta and at Alexandria. It is useless to try to deceive me on this point. Will you have peace or will you have war? If you are for war, only say so; we will wage it unrelentingly. If you wish for peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta.

“The rock of Malta, on which so many fortifications have been erected, is, in a maritime point of view, an object of great importance; but, in my estimation, it has an importance infinitely greater, inasmuch as it implicates the honor of France. What would the world say if we were to allow a solemn treaty signed with us to be violated? It would doubt our energy. For my part, my resolution is fixed. I had rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre than in possession of Malta.

“If you doubt my desire to preserve peace, listen, and judge how far I am sincere. Though yet very young, I have obtained a power, a renown, to which it would be difficult to add. Do you imagine that I am solicitous to risk this power, this renown, in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find the way to Vienna. If I have a war

with you, I will take from you every ally upon the Continent. You will blockade us; but I will blockade you in my turn. You will make the Continent a prison for us, but I will make the seas a prison for you. However, to conclude the war, there must be more direct efficiency. There must be assembled 150,000 men and an immense flotilla. We must try to cross the Strait, and perhaps I shall bury in the depths of the sea my fortune, my glory, my life. It is an awful temerity, my lord, the invasion of England."

Here, to the amazement of Lord Whitworth, Napoleon enumerated frankly and powerfully all the perils of the enterprise; the enormous preparations it would be necessary to make of ships, men, and munitions of war; the difficulty of eluding the English fleet. "The chance that we shall perish," said he, "is vastly greater than the chance that we shall succeed. Yet this temerity, my lord, awful as it is, I am determined to hazard, if you force me to it. I will risk my army and my life. With me that great enterprise will have chances which it can not have with any other. See now if I ought, prosperous, powerful, and peaceful as I now am, to risk power, prosperity, and peace in such an enterprise. Judge if, when I say I am desirous of peace, I am not sincere.

"It is better for you, it is better for me, to keep within the limits of treaties. You must evacuate Malta. You must not harbor my assassins in England. Let me be abused, if you please, by the English journals, but not by those miserable emigrants who dishonor the protection you grant them, and whom the Alien Act permits you to expel from the country. Act cordially with me, and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. See what power we should exercise over the world if we could bring our two nations together. You have a navy which, with the incessant efforts of ten years, in the employment of all my resources, I should not be able to equal. But I have 500,000 men ready to march under my command whithersoever I choose to lead them. If you are masters of the seas, I am master of the land. Let us, then, think of uniting rather than of going to war, and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. France and England united can do every thing for the interests of humanity."

England, however, still refused, upon one pretense and another, to yield Malta; and both parties were growing more and more exasperated, and were gradually preparing for the renewal of hostilities. Napoleon, at times, gave very free utterance to his indignation.

"Malta," said he, "gives the dominion of the Mediterranean. Nobody will believe that I consent to surrender the Mediterranean to the English unless I fear their power. I thus lose the most important sea in the world, and the respect of Europe. I will fight to the last for the possession of the Mediterranean; and if I once get to Dover, it is all over with those tyrants of the seas. Besides, as we must fight, sooner or later, with a people to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, the sooner the better. I am young. The English are in the wrong, more so than they will ever be again. I had rather settle the matter at once. They shall not have Malta."

Still Napoleon assented to the proposal for negotiating with the English for the cession of some other island in the Mediterranean. "Let them obtain a port to put into," said he; "to that I have no objection. But I am

determined that they shall not have two Gibraltars in that sea—one at the entrance, and one at the middle.” To this proposition, however, England refused assent.

Napoleon then proposed that the island of Malta should be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Russia, leaving it with him in trust till the discussions between France and England were decided. It had so happened that the Emperor had just offered his mediation, if that could be available, to prevent a war. This the English government also declined, upon the plea that it did not think that Russia would be willing to accept the office thus imposed upon her. The English ambassador now received instructions to demand that France should cede Malta to England for ten years; and that England, by way of compensation, would recognize the Italian Republic. The ambassador was ordered to apply for his passports if these conditions were not accepted within seven days. To this insulting proposition France would not accede. The English minister demanded his passports and left France. Immediately the English fleet commenced its attack upon French merchant-ships, wherever they could be found; and the world was again deluged in war.

No fact in history can be more conclusively proved than that Napoleon was not responsible for the rupture of the peace of Amiens. As the settlement of this question is a matter of much moment, we will introduce some additional testimony.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, “At Amiens I sincerely thought that the fate of France and of Europe, and my own destiny, were permanently fixed. The English cabinet, however, again kindled the flame of war. England is alone responsible for all the miseries with which Europe has since been assailed. For my part, I intended to devote myself wholly to the internal interests of France. I am confident that I should have wrought miracles. I should have lost nothing in the scale of glory, and I should have gained much in the scale of happiness. I should then have achieved the moral conquest of Europe, which I was afterward on the point of accomplishing by the force of arms. Of how much glory was I thus deprived! My enemies always spoke of my love of war. But was I not constantly engaged in self-defense? After every victory I gained, did I not immediately make proposals for peace?”

“The truth is, I never was master of my own actions. I never was entirely myself. I might have conceived many plans, but I never had it in my power to execute any. I held the reins with a vigorous hand, but the fury of the waves was greater than any force I could exert in resisting them. I prudently yielded rather than incur the risk of sinking through stubborn opposition. I was never truly my own master, but was always controlled by circumstances. Thus, at the commencement of my rise, during the consulate, my sincere friends and warm partisans frequently asked me, with the best intentions, and as a guide for their own conduct, what point I was driving at. I always answered that I did not know. They were surprised—probably dissatisfied; and yet I spoke the truth. Subsequently, during the Empire, when there was less familiarity, many faces seemed to put the same question to me. I might still have given the same reply. In fact, I was not

master of my own actions, because I was not foolish enough to attempt to twist events into conformity with my system. On the contrary, I moulded my system according to the unforeseen succession of events. This often appeared like unsteadiness and inconsistency, and of this fault I was sometimes unjustly accused."

The Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll says, "The facts, as understood in Paris at the time, were, that England, mortified by the treaty of Amiens and French Republican progress, resolved on renewal of war, on which the re-establishment of Tory complete ascendancy depended, with restoration of Pitt as prime minister. Bonaparte was well aware of the British government's determination to renew hostilities, and desire of pretexts for the rupture."*

Thiers says, "After mature reflection, we can not condemn France for this renewal of the conflict between the two nations. The First Consul, on this occasion, conducted with perfect good faith. Unfortunately, a weak administration, desirous of preserving peace, but fearing the war party, alarmed at the noise which was made about Switzerland, committed the blunder of countermanding the evacuation of Malta. From that moment peace was irrevocably sacrificed; for the rich prize of Malta, once held forth to British ambition, could not possibly be refused to it afterward. The promptness and moderation of the French intervention in Switzerland having put an end to the grievance made out of it, the British cabinet would have been very glad to evacuate Malta, but durst not. The First Consul summoned it, in the language of justice and wounded pride, to execute the treaty of Amiens. Summons after summons led to the deplorable rupture which we have just recorded."†

William Hazlitt says, "Great Britain declared war against France the 18th of May, 1803. Period ever fatal and memorable! the commencement of another Iliad of woes, not to be forgotten while the world shall last! The former war had failed, and the object of this was to make another desperate effort to put down, by force of arms, at every risk, the example of a revolution which had overturned a hateful but long-established tyranny, and which had hitherto been successful over every attempt to crush it, by external or internal means.

"Of all the fictions that were made use of to cloak this crying iniquity, the pleas of justice and humanity were the most fallacious. No very great ceremony was employed on the present occasion, but rather a cavalier and peremptory tone was encouraged. Malta was merely a criminal pretext. The encroachments of France, and the extension of its influence since the conclusion of the treaty, were said to endanger our possessions in India, and to require Malta as an additional security. But had we not extended our conquests in India in the mean time? Or would this have been held a valid plea if the French had broken off the treaty on that ground? But we ourselves are always exceptions to the rules we impose magisterially upon others."‡

* *Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 203.

† For a full account of this transaction, see *Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, vol. i., p. 499.

‡ "In order to put ourselves into a situation to judge impartially in this case, and to see on which side the impediments to peace and amity lay, let us for a moment reverse the picture, and turn the

Sir Walter Scott says, "The English ministry lowered their claim of retaining Malta in perpetuity to the right of holding it for ten years. Bonaparte, on the other hand, would listen to no modification of the treaty of Amiens, but offered, as the guarantee afforded by the occupation of Neapolitan troops was objected to, that the garrison should consist of Russians or Austrians. To this proposal Britain would not accede. Lord Whitworth left Paris, and on the 18th of May, 1803, Britain declared war against France.

tables the other way. Let us suppose that, from the cessation of hostilities, a system of unqualified abuse and unsparing ribaldry had commenced on the other side of the water, against the English nation and government, and that his majesty, King George III., had been daily accused of the most shocking public and private vices, and his name coupled with epithets that can not be repeated; that the females of the royal family had been held up to opprobrium and contempt, as engaged in the grossest and most scandalous intrigues; that, on application being made to put a stop to the evil, the only redress that could be obtained was an appeal to a court of justice, where all the charges were insisted on with a double relish and acrimony, amid a shout of exultation and jubilee from the whole venal press.

"Let us suppose that the ruling monarch of this country had been, without the intermission of a day, taunted with the mention of his constitutional malady, and with his being the descendant of a petty German elector. Let us suppose the surviving branches of the Stuart family to be maintained in France at the public expense, and their pretensions to the throne of England sometimes broadly insinuated, never clearly disavowed, but kept in a doubtful state, to be brought forward at a moment's warning; that bands of organized rebels and assassins, in the pay of these princes, hovered constantly on the English coast to excite insurrection, and glided even into royal palaces; that they had several times attempted the life of the king, but that they were still in the same favor, and kept up a clandestine intercourse with the republican government.

"Let us suppose that remonstrances were made against these proceedings, which were received with official coldness and contempt; but let us suppose it to have been considered as a mark of want of zeal and devotion to the person and government of the First Consul for a Frenchman to visit England, or to be introduced at the English court; let us suppose every advance toward confidence or cordiality to be carefully shunned, every handle for recrimination or distrust to be eagerly seized upon; that the articles of the pretended treaty for peace were executed slowly, one by one; that the reluctance to conclude it evidently increased in proportion to the delays that had taken place; that at last, when the farce could be kept up no longer, it was suddenly put an end to by a flat refusal to execute one of the stipulations, and by forged rumors of preparations in the ports of England to invade France—who would have asked in that case on which side the bar to peace lay, or which government harbored a rooted and rancorous desire for the renewal of the war? But it may be said there was a difference between Napoleon Bonaparte and George III. Yes, it was on that difference that the whole question turned. It was the sense of degradation, and of the compromise of the kingly dignity in condescending to make peace, on a friendly and equal footing, with an individual who had risen from the people, and who had no power over them but from the services he had rendered them, that produced a repugnance, amounting to loathing, to a peace with the republic—that plunged us into all the horrors and calamities of war, and brought us back, in the end, to the arms and to the blessings of legitimate government! Persons who are fond of dwelling on the work of retribution might perhaps trace its finger here. The monarch survived the accomplishment of all his wishes, but without knowing that they had been accomplished. To those who long after passed that way, at whatever hour of the night, a light shone from one of the watch-towers of Windsor Castle: it was from the chamber of a king, old, blind, bereft of reason, with double darkness bound, of body and mind. Nor was that film ever removed, nor those eyes or that understanding restored, to hail the sacred triumph of kings over mankind; but the light streamed and streamed, indicating no dawn within, for long years after the celebration of that day which gladdened the hearts of monarchs and of menial nations, and through that second night of slavery which succeeded—the work of a single breast, which it had dearly accomplished in darkness, in self-oblivion, and in more than kingly solitude."—*Hazlitt's Napoleon*, vol. ii., p. 248–252.

Unquestionably there is the commencement of retribution even in this life. But prosperity is not always the test of Divine approval. Still, when our enemies meet with reverses, we are ever ready to cry out, "It is a judgment." When calamities befall our friends, we more devoutly exclaim, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Napoleon breathed his last upon the rock of St. Helena. George III. descended to the tomb through dreary years of blindness and insanity.

The bloody war which succeeded the short peace of Amiens originated, to use the words of the satirist, in high words, jealousies, and fears. *There was no special or determinate cause of quarrel, which could be removed by explanation, apology, or concession.*"

Mr. Lockhart remarks, "On the 18th of May, Great Britain declared war. Orders had previously been given for seizing French shipping wherever it could be found. It is said that two hundred vessels, containing property to the amount of three millions sterling (\$15,000,000), had been laid hold of accordingly *ere the proclamation of hostilities reached Paris*. Whether the custom of thus unceremoniously seizing private property under such circumstances be right or wrong, there can be no doubt that the custom had been long established, acted upon by England on all similar occasions, and of course considered, after the lapse of ages and the acquiescence of innumerable treaties, as part and parcel of the European system of warfare."

Sir Archibald Alison says, "Upon coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government manifested a feverish desire to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the transactions between the two countries are concerned, they are the aggressors."

In noble words, which will meet with a response in every generous heart, Napoleon said to his ministers, in view of this new outburst of war, "Since the English wish to force us to leap the ditch, we will leap it. They may take some of our frigates or our colonies, but I will carry terror into the streets of London. I give them warning that they will bewail the end of this war with tears of blood. The ministers have made the King of England tell a lie in the face of Europe. There were no armaments going on in France. There has been no negotiation. They have not transmitted to me a single note. Lord Whitworth could not help acknowledging it. And yet it is by the aid of such vile insinuations that a government seeks to excite the passions. For the last two months I have endured all sorts of insults from the English government. I have let them fill up the measure of their offenses. They have construed that into feebleness, and have redoubled their presumption to the point of making their ambassador say, '*Do so and so, or I shall depart in seven days.*' Is it thus that they address a great nation?"

"He was requested to write, and that his note would be laid before the eyes of government. '*No,*' was the reply; '*I have orders to communicate only verbally.*' Is not this an unheard of form of negotiating? Does it not show a marked determination to shuffle, equivocate, play at fast and loose as they please, and leave no proof against themselves? But if they falsify facts, what proof can be placed in their sincerity in other respects? They are deceived if they think to dictate laws to forty millions of people. They have been led to believe that I dreaded war lest it should shake my authority. I will raise two millions of men if it be necessary. The result of the first war has been to aggrandize France by the addition of Belgium and Piedmont. The result of this will be to consolidate our federative system still more firmly. The bond of union between two great nations can be no other than justice and the observation of treaties. The one toward which

they are violated can not, ought not to suffer it, under pain of degradation. Let her but once give way, and she is lost. It would be better for the French people to bend to the yoke, and erect the throne of the King of England in Paris, than to submit to the caprices and arbitrary pretensions of her government.

“One day they will demand the salute from our vessels, another they will forbid our navigators to pass beyond such a latitude. Already, even, they observe with jealousy that we are clearing out our harbors and re-establishing our marine. They complain of it; they demand guarantees. A short time ago the Vice-admiral Lesseignes touched at Malta. He had no ships with him. He found fifteen English ones there. They wanted him to fire a salute. Lesseignes refused. Some words passed. If he had yielded, I would have had him carried in procession on an ass, which is a mode of punishment more ignominious than the guillotine. I flatter myself that when our conduct shall be made known, there is not a corner of Europe in which it will not meet with approbation. When England consented to a peace, she thought that we should tear one another to pieces in the interior—that the generals would give France trouble. The English have done all they could, but their intrigues of every kind have been in vain. Every one has occupied himself only in repairing his losses. A little sooner or little later we must have had war. It is best to have it at once, before our maritime commerce is restored.”

When these events were communicated to the Legislative Body, M. Fontaine thus addressed them:

“France is ready to cover herself once more with those arms which have conquered Europe. It is not France which will declare war, but she will accept the challenge without fear, and will know how to maintain it with energy. Our country is become anew the centre of civilized Europe. England can no longer say that she is defending the indispensable principles of society, menaced to its foundations. It is we who may hold this language if war is rekindled. It is we who shall then have to avenge the right of nations and the cause of humanity, in repelling the unjust attacks of a government that negotiates to deceive, that asks for peace to prepare for war, and that signs treaties only to break them. If the signal is once given, France will rally, by a unanimous movement, around the hero she admires. All the parties whom he keeps in order near him will only dispute who shall manifest most zeal and courage. All feel the want of his genius, and acknowledge that he alone can sustain the weight and grandeur of our new destinies.”

The Duke of Gaëta, who was one of the most prominent members of Napoleon's council, in his very interesting memoirs, speaks of Napoleon's earnest and uninterrupted efforts to promote peace, and of the efforts of the Allies to represent him as provoking war. “It is thus,” says he, “that malevolence attempts to tarnish the reputation of Napoleon. No one can be ignorant that Napoleon's most earnest desire, upon his attainment of power, was to secure peace with England, and that he was invariably repulsed in all his advances. In the midst of negotiations which he hoped would lead to peace, Mr. Dundas, the English Secretary of State, informed Monsieur Otto, Commissary of the French Republic, that

“‘It was the decision of the King of England that the orders to capture and destroy the boats of the French fishermen, and to make their crews prisoners of war, should anew be put into execution.’

“As soon as the First Consul was informed of this, he ordered the French Commissioner to leave London, and to communicate, on his departure, the following note to the British government :

“‘The undersigned, having transmitted to his government the declaration of the British minister, which announces that the French fishermen are to be pursued and captured—a declaration in virtue of which many barks and fishing boats have already been taken, the First Consul has considered that, since this act of the British government, contrary to the usages of civilized nations, and also to the laws which govern them, even in times of war, must give to the actual war an aspect of bitterness and fury unparalleled, and also exasperate still more the two nations, and put at a still greater distance the period of peace, therefore the undersigned can no longer remain in a country where not only all disposition toward peace is abjured, but where even the laws and usages of war are violated and contemned. The undersigned has consequently received orders to leave England, where he finds a further residence entirely useless. *He is, at the same time, charged to declare that the French government, having had always for its first desire to contribute to a general peace, and for its maxim to mitigate, as far as possible, the calamities of war, can not consent, on its part, to render poor fishermen the victims of prolonged hostilities. It will, on the contrary, abstain from all reprisals, and it has ordered the armed ships of France to continue to leave all fishermen free and unmolested.*’”*

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, in the following proclamation, announced to France the rupture of the peace of Amiens.

“We are forced to make war, to repel an unjust aggression. We will do so with glory. If the King of England is resolved to keep Great Britain in a state of war till France shall recognize his right of executing or violating treaties at his pleasure, as well as the privilege of outraging the French government in official and private publications, without allowing us to complain, we must mourn for the fate of humanity. We assuredly wish to leave to our descendants the French name honored and without a stain. Whatever may be the circumstances, we shall, on all occasions, leave it to England to take the initiative in all proceedings of violence against the peace and independence of nations ; and she shall receive from us an example of that moderation which alone can afford any real security for social order and public happiness.”

Napoleon, at St. Helena, in speaking of the injustice of this unprovoked and wanton attack, remarked, “During the past four years I had reunited all the parties into which France had been divided before my accession to power. The list of emigrants was closed. I had at first marked, then erased, and finally granted an amnesty to all those who wished to return to their country. All their existing and unsold property had been restored, with the exception of the forests, of which the law assigned them the revenues. There no longer remained on that list any names except those of

* *Chroniques Contemporaines, par M. Gaudin, Duc de Gaëte, p. 126.*

persons immediately attached to the princes of the house of Bourbon, who did not wish to take advantage of the amnesty. Thousands upon thousands of the emigrants had returned, and been subjected to no other conditions than the oath of fidelity and obedience to the Republic. These laws effected great amelioration in public affairs. They, however, were accompanied by the inevitable inconvenience of imboldening, by their very mildness and indulgence, the foes of the consular government—the Royalist party and our foreign enemies.”

The English government, with insults, rejected Napoleon’s overtures for peace when he ascended the consular throne. At last, intimidated by the clamor of the English people, the government reluctantly made peace. But, watching for an opportunity to renew the war, the English government violated the most solemn stipulations of the treaty of Amiens, seized two hundred French vessels, containing fifteen millions of dollars, and commenced the annihilation of French commerce before her declaration of hostilities had time to reach Paris. Then, to defame the character of that great man who nobly roused his country to self-defense, she filled the world with the cry that Napoleon, through insatiate ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit, had provoked the war. This deed of infamy can not be painted in colors too black.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

Verdict of History—Power of England—Seizure of French Ships—Retaliatory Seizure of English Travelers—Preparations for the Invasion of England—Tour through Belgium—Plans for crossing the Straits of Dover—The young English Sailor—The Secretary—The Camp at Boulogne—Consternation of England—Testimony of Wellington—Plans for the Assassination of Bonaparte.

IMPARTIAL history, without a dissenting voice, must award the responsibility of the rupture of the peace of Amiens to the government of Great Britain. Napoleon had nothing to hope for from war, and every thing to fear. The only way in which he could even approach his formidable enemy was by crossing the sea and invading England. He acknowledged, and the world knew, that such an enterprise was an act of desperation. England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, and no naval power could stand before her ships. The voice of poetry was the voice of truth—

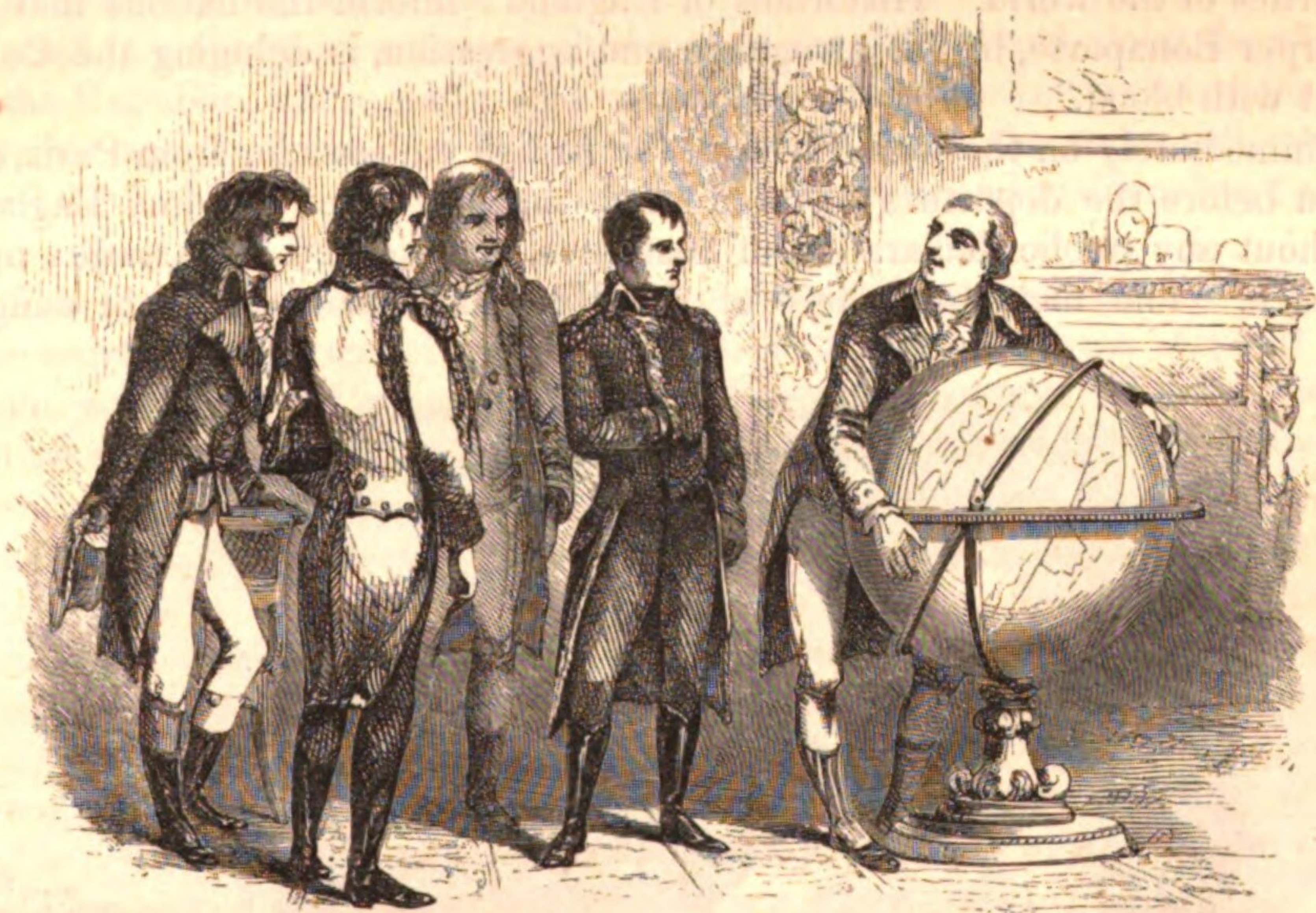
“Britannia needs no bulwarks to frown along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain-wave, her home is on the deep.”

England, with her invincible navy, could assail France in every quarter. She could sweep the merchant ships of the infant republic from the ocean, and appropriate to herself the commerce of all climes. Thus war proffered to England security and wealth. It promised the commercial ruin of a dreaded rival, whose rapid strides toward opulence and power had excited the most intense alarm. The temptation thus presented to the British cabinet to renew the war was powerful in the extreme. It required more virtue than ordinarily falls to the lot of cabinets to resist. Unhappily for suffering humanity, England yielded to the temptation. She refused to fulfill the

stipulations of a treaty solemnly ratified, retained possession of Malta in violation of her plighted faith, and renewed the assault upon France.

In a communication which Napoleon made to the legislative bodies just before the rupture, he said, "Two parties contend in England for the possession of power. One has concluded a peace. The other cherishes implacable hatred against France. Hence arises this fluctuation in councils and in measures, and this attitude, at one time pacific and again menacing. While this strife continues, there are measures which prudence demands of the government of the Republic. Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and will be, ready to defend our country and to avenge insult. Strange necessity, which wicked passions impose upon two nations, who should be, by the same interests and the same desires, devoted to peace! But let us hope for the best, and believe that we shall yet hear from the cabinet of England the counsels of wisdom and the voice of humanity."

When Mr. Fox was in Paris, he was one day, with Napoleon and several other gentlemen, in the gallery of the Louvre, looking at a magnificent globe, of unusual magnitude, which had been deposited in the museum. Some one remarked upon the very small space which the island of Great Britain seemed to occupy. "Yes," said Mr. Fox, as he approached the globe, and attempted to encircle it in his extended arms, "England is a small island, but with her power she girdles the world."



SCENE IN THE LOUVRE.

This was not an empty boast. Her possessions were every where. In Spain, in the Mediterranean, in the East Indies and West Indies, in Asia, Africa, and America, and over innumerable islands of the ocean, she extended her sceptre. Rome, in her proudest day of grandeur, never swayed such power. To Napoleon, consequently, it seemed but mere trifling for this England to complain that the infant republic of France, struggling against the hostile monarchies of Europe, was endangering the world by her ambition,

because she had obtained an influence in Piedmont, in the Cisalpine Republic, in the feeble Duchy of Parma, and had obtained the island of Elba for a colony. To the arguments and remonstrances of Napoleon England could make no reply but by the broadsides of her ships.

"You are seated," said England, "upon the throne of the exiled Bourbons."

"And your king," Napoleon replies, "is on the throne of the exiled Stuarts."

"But the First Consul of France is also President of the Cisalpine Republic," England rejoins.

"And the King of England," Napoleon adds, "is also Elector of Hanover."

"Your troops are in Switzerland," England continues.

"And yours," Napoleon replies, "are in Spain, having fortified themselves upon the rock of Gibraltar."

"You are ambitious, and trying to establish foreign colonies," England rejoins.

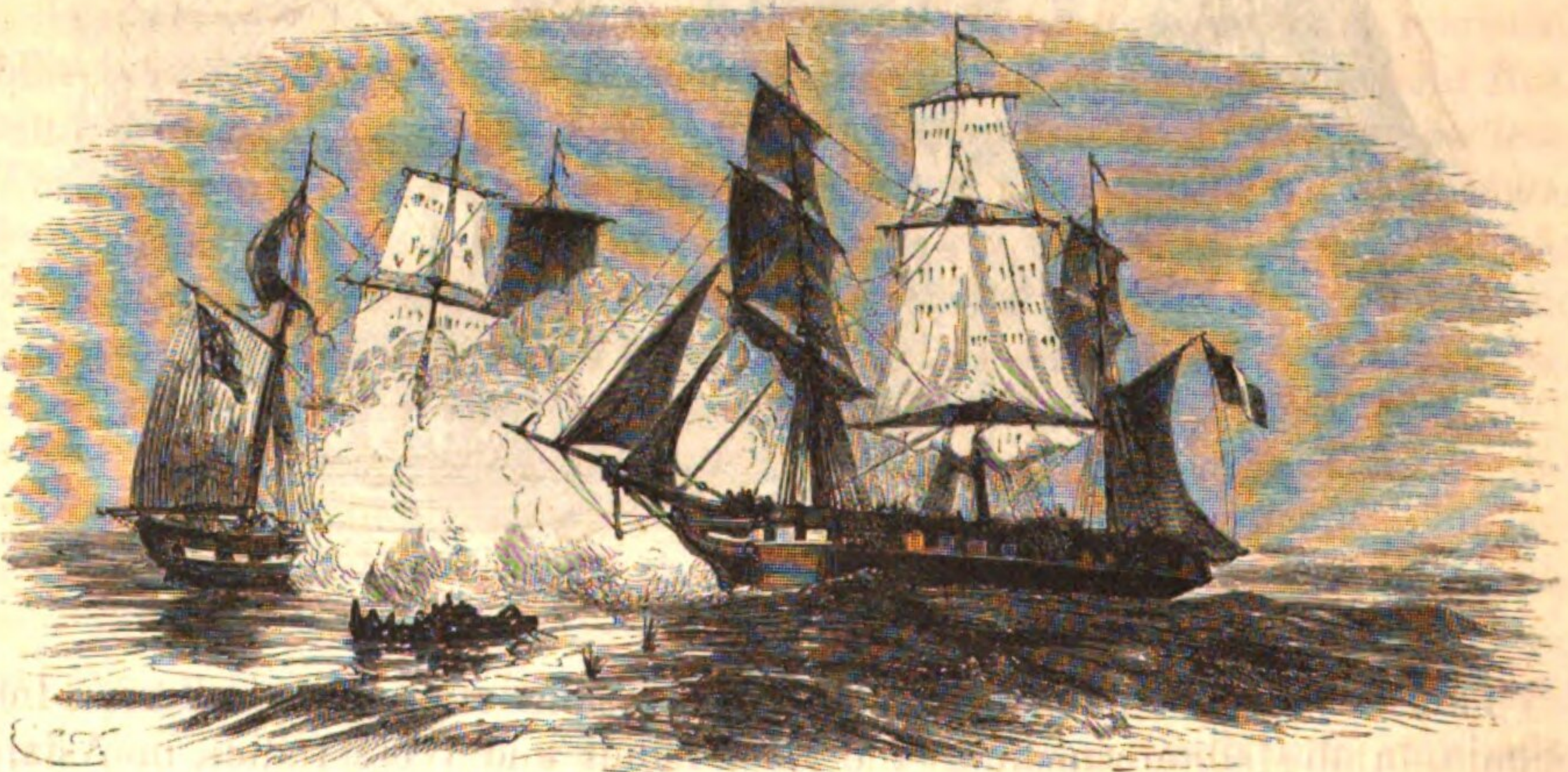
"But you," Napoleon replies, "have ten colonies where we have one."

"We *believe*," England says, "that you desire to appropriate to yourself Egypt."

"You *have*," Napoleon retorts, "appropriated to yourself India."

Indignantly England exclaims, "Nelson, bring on the fleet! Wellington, head the army! This man must be put down. His ambition endangers the liberties of the world. Historians of England! inform the nations that the usurper Bonaparte, by his arrogance and aggression, is deluging the Continent with blood."

Immediately on the withdrawal of the British ambassador from Paris, and even before the departure of the French minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities, commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspecting of danger,



SEA COMBAT.

freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbors of England, and wherever they could be found, by the vigilant and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and

captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed.

The indignation of the First Consul was thoroughly aroused. The retaliating blow he struck, though merited, yet terrible, was characteristic of the man. At midnight he summoned to his presence the Minister of Police, and ordered the arrest of every Englishman in France between the ages of eighteen and sixty. These were all to be detained as hostages for the prisoners England had captured upon the seas. The tidings of this decree rolled a billow of woe over the peaceful homes of England; for there were thousands of travelers upon the Continent, unapprehensive of danger, supposing that war would be declared before hostilities would be resumed. These were the first-fruits of that terrific conflict into which the world again was plunged.

No tongue can tell the anguish thus caused in thousands of homes. Most of the travelers were gentlemen of culture and refinement—husbands, fathers, sons, brothers—who were visiting the Continent for pleasure. During twelve weary years these hapless men lingered in exile. Many died and mouldered to the dust in France. Children grew to manhood, strangers to their imprisoned fathers, knowing not even whether they were living or dead. Wives and daughters, in desolated homes, through lingering years of suspense and agony, sank in despair into the grave. The hulks of England were also filled with the husbands and fathers of France, and beggary and starvation reigned in a thousand cottages, clustered in the valleys and along the shores of the Republic, where peace and contentment might have dwelt but for this horrible and iniquitous strife. As in all such cases, the woes fell mainly upon the innocent—upon those homes where matrons and maidens wept away years of agony.

The imagination is appalled in contemplating this melancholy addition to the ordinary miseries of war. William Pitt, whose genius inspired this strife, was a man of gigantic intellect, of gigantic energy. But he was an entire stranger to all those kindly sensibilities which add lustre to human nature. He was neither a father nor a husband, and no emotions of gentleness, of tenderness, of affection, ever ruffled the calm, cold, icy surface of his soul.

The order to seize all the English in France was thus announced in the *Moniteur*: “The government of the Republic, having heard read, by the Minister of Marine and Colonies, a dispatch from the maritime prefect at Brest, announcing that two English frigates had taken two merchant vessels in the Bay of Audrieu, without any previous declaration of war, and in manifest violation of the law of nations:

“All the English, from the ages of eighteen to sixty, or holding any commission from his Britannic majesty, who are at present in France, shall immediately be constituted prisoners of war, to answer for those citizens of the Republic who may have been arrested and made prisoners by the vessels or subjects of his Britannic majesty previous to any declaration of hostilities.

(Signed) “BONAPARTE.”

Napoleon treated the captives whom he had taken with great humanity, holding as prisoners of war only those who were in the military service,

while the rest were detained in fortified places on their parole, with much personal liberty. The English held the French prisoners in floating hulks, crowded together in a state of inconceivable suffering. Napoleon at times felt that, for the protection of the French captives in England, he ought to retaliate, by visiting similar inflictions upon the English prisoners in France. It was not an easy question for a humane man to settle. But instinctive kindness prevailed, and Napoleon spared the unhappy victims who were in his power. The cabinet of St. James remonstrated energetically against Napoleon's capture of peaceful travelers upon the land.

Napoleon replied, "You have seized unsuspecting voyagers upon the sea."

England rejoined, "It is customary to capture every thing we can find upon the ocean belonging to an enemy, and therefore it is right."

Napoleon answered, "I will make it customary to do the same thing upon the land, and then that also will be right."

There the argument ended. But the poor captives were still pining away in the hulks of England, or wandering in sorrow around the fortresses of France. Napoleon proposed to exchange the travelers he had taken upon the land for the voyagers the English had taken upon the sea; but the cabinet of St. James, asserting that such an exchange would sanction the validity of their capture, refused the humane proposal, and heartlessly left the captives of the two nations to their terrible fate. Napoleon assured the detained of his sympathy, but informed them that their destiny was entirely in the hands of their own government, and to that alone they must appeal.

"Your ministers," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "made a great outcry about the English travelers whom I detained in France, although they themselves had set the example by seizing upon all the French vessels, and persons on board of them, upon whom they could lay their hands, either in their harbors or at sea, before the declaration of war, and before I had detained the English in France. I said then, if you detain my travelers at sea, where you can do what you like, I will detain yours on the land, where I am equally powerful. But after this I offered to release all the English I had seized in France before the declaration of war, provided you would, in like manner, release the French and their property which you had seized on board the ships. This your ministers refused. Your ministers never publish *all the truth* unless when they can not avoid it, or when they know that it will come to the knowledge of the public through other channels. In other cases they turn, disguise, or suppress every thing, as best answers their views."

Such is war, even when conducted by two nations as enlightened and humane as England and France. Such is that horrible system of retaliation which war necessarily engenders. This system of reprisals, visiting upon the innocent the crimes of the guilty, is the fruit which ever ripens when war buds and blossoms. Napoleon had received a terrific blow. With instinctive and stupendous power he returned it. Both nations were now exasperated to the highest degree. The most extraordinary vigor was infused into the deadly strife. The power and the genius of France was concentrated in the ruler whom the almost unanimous voice of France had elevated to the supreme power. Consequently, the war assumed the aspect of an assault upon an individual man. France was quite unprepared for this sudden

resumption of hostilities. Napoleon had needed all the resources of the state for his great works of internal improvement. Large numbers of troops had been disbanded, and the army was on a peace establishment.

All France was, however, roused by the sleepless energy of Napoleon. The Electorate of Hanover was one of the European possessions of the King of England. Ten days had not elapsed, after the first broadside from the British ships had been heard, ere a French army of twenty thousand men invaded Hanover, captured its army of 16,000 troops, with 400 pieces of cannon, 30,000 muskets, and 3500 superb horses, and took entire possession of the province. The King of England was deeply agitated when he received the tidings of this sudden loss of his patrimonial dominions.

The First Consul immediately sent new offers of peace to England, stating that in the conquest of Hanover "he had only in view to obtain pledges for the evacuation of Malta, and to secure the execution of the treaty of Amiens." The British minister coldly replied that his sovereign would appeal for aid to the German empire.

"If a general peace is ever concluded," said Napoleon often, "then only shall I be able to show myself such as I am, and become the moderator of Europe. France is enabled, by her high civilization, and the absence of all aristocracy, to moderate the extreme demands of the two principles which divide the world by placing herself between them; thus preventing a general conflagration, of which none of us can see the end or guess the issue. For this I want ten years of peace, and the English oligarchy will not allow it."

Napoleon was forced into war by the English. The allied monarchs of Europe were roused to combine against him. This compelled France to become a camp, and forced Napoleon to assume the dictatorship. The width of the Atlantic Ocean alone has saved the United States from the assaults of a similar combination.

It had ever been one of Napoleon's favorite projects to multiply colonies, that he might promote the maritime prosperity of France. With this object in view, he purchased Louisiana of Spain. It was his intention to cherish, with the utmost care, upon the fertile banks of the Mississippi, a French colony. This territory, so valuable to France, was now at the mercy of England, and would be immediately captured. Without loss of time, Napoleon sold it to the United States. It was a severe sacrifice for him to make, but cruel necessity demanded it.

The French were every where exposed to the ravages of the British navy. Blow after blow fell upon France with fearful vigor, as her cities were bombarded, her colonies captured, and her commerce annihilated. The superiority of the English upon the sea was so decisive, that wherever the British flag appeared, victory was almost invariably her own. But England was inapproachable. Guarded by her navy, she reposed in her beautiful island in peace, while she rained down destruction upon her foes in all quarters of the globe. "It is an awful temerity, my lord," said Napoleon to the British ambassador, "to attempt the invasion of England."

But desperate as Napoleon acknowledged the undertaking to be, there was nothing else which he could even attempt. And he embarked in this

enterprise with energy so extraordinary, with foresight so penetrating, with sagacity so conspicuous, that the world looked upon his majestic movements with amazement, and all England was aroused to a sense of fearful peril. The most gigantic preparations were immediately made upon the shores of the Channel for the invasion of England. An army of three hundred thousand men, as by magic, sprung into being. All France was aroused to activity. Two thousand gun-boats were speedily built and collected at Boulogne, to convey across the narrow strait a hundred and fifty thousand troops,



THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon. All the foundries of France were in full blast, constructing mortars, howitzers, and artillery of the largest calibre. Every province of the Republic was aroused and inspired by the almost superhuman energies of the First Consul.

He attended to the minutest particulars of all the arrangements. While believing that destiny controls all things, he seemed to leave nothing for destiny to control. Every possible contingency was foreseen and guarded against. The national enthusiasm was so great, the conviction was so unanimous that there remained for France no alternative but by force to repel aggression, that Napoleon proudly formed a legion of the Vendéean Royalists, all composed, both officers and soldiers, of those who but

a few months before had been fighting against the Republic. It was a sublime assertion of his confidence in the attachment of united France.

To meet the enormous expenses which this new war involved, it was necessary to impose a heavy tax upon the people. This was not only borne cheerfully, but from all parts of the Republic rich presents flowed into the treasury, tokens of the affection of France for the First Consul, and of the deep conviction of the community of the righteousness of the cause in which they were engaged. One of the departments of the state built and equipped a frigate, and sent it to Boulogne as a free gift. The impulse was electric. All over France the whole people rose, and vied with each other in their offerings of good-will. Small towns gave flat-bottomed boats, larger towns frigates, and the more important cities ships of the line. Paris gave a ship of 120 guns, Lyons one of 100, Bordeaux an 84, and Marseilles a 74. Even the Italian Republic, as a token of its gratitude, sent one million dollars to build two ships: one to be called the President, and the other the Italian Republic. All the mercantile houses and public bodies made liberal presents. The Senate gave for its donation a ship of 120 guns. These free gifts amounted to over ten millions of dollars.

Napoleon established himself at Boulogne, where he spent much of his

time, carefully studying the features of the coast, the varying phenomena of the sea, and organizing in all its parts the desperate enterprise he contemplated. The most rigid economy, by Napoleon's sleepless vigilance, was infused into every contract, and the strictest order pervaded the national finances. It was impossible that strife so deadly should rage between England and France, and not involve the rest of the Continent. Under these circumstances, Alexander of Russia entered a remonstrance against again enkindling the horrid flames of war throughout Europe, and offered his mediation.

Napoleon promptly replied, "I am ready to refer the question to the arbitration of the Emperor Alexander, and will pledge myself by a bond to submit to the award, whatever it may be."

England declined the pacific offer. The *cabinet* of Russia then made some proposals for the termination of hostilities.

Napoleon replied, "I am still ready to accept the personal arbitration of the Czar himself, for that monarch's regard to his reputation will render him just. But I am not willing to submit to a negotiation conducted by the Russian *cabinet* in a manner not at all friendly to France." He concluded with the following characteristic words: "The First Consul has done every thing to preserve peace. His efforts have been vain. He could not refrain from seeing that war was the decree of destiny. He will make war, and he will not flinch before a proud nation capable for twenty years of making all the powers of the earth bow before it."

Napoleon now resolved to visit Belgium and the departments of the Rhine. Josephine accompanied him. He was hailed with transport wherever he appeared, and royal honors were showered upon him. Every where his presence drew forth manifestations of attachment to his person, hatred for the English, and zeal to combat the determined foes of France. But, wherever Napoleon went, his scrutinizing attention was directed to the dock-yards, the magazines, the supplies, and the various resources and capabilities of the country. Every hour was an hour of toil, for toil seemed to be his only pleasure. From this brief tour Napoleon returned to Boulogne.

The Straits of Calais, which Napoleon contemplated crossing, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of the British navy filling the Channel, is about thirty miles in width. There were four contingencies which seemed to render the project not impossible. In summer there are frequent calms in the Channel of forty-eight hours' duration. During this calm the English ships of the line would be compelled to lie motionless. The flat-bottomed boats of Napoleon, impelled by strong rowers, might then pass even in sight of the enemy's squadron. In the winter there were frequently dense fogs, unaccompanied by any wind. Favored by the obscurity and the calm, a passage might then be practicable. There was still a third chance, more favorable than either. There were not unfrequently tempests so violent that the English squadron would be compelled to leave the Channel and stand out to sea. Seizing the moment when the tempest subsided, the French flotilla might perhaps cross the Straits before the squadron could return. A fourth chance offered. It was, by skillful combinations to concentrate suddenly in the Channel a strong French squadron, and to push the flotilla across under the protection of its guns. For three years Napoleon consecrated his untir-

ing energies to the perfection of all the mechanism of this herculean enterprise.

Yet no one was more fully alive than himself to the tremendous hazards to be encountered. It is impossible now to tell what would have been the result of a conflict between the English squadron and those innumerable gun-boats, manned by one hundred and fifty thousand men, surrounding in swarms every ship-of-the-line, piercing them in every direction with their guns, and sweeping their decks with a storm of bullets, while in their turn they were run down by the large ships dashing in full sail through their midst, sinking some in their crushing onset, and blowing others out of the water with their tremendous broadsides. "By sacrificing 100 gun-boats and 10,000 men," said Admiral Decrés, a man disposed to magnify difficulties, "it is not improbable that we may repel the assault of the enemy's squadron, and cross the Straits."

"One loses," said Napoleon, "that number in battle every day. And what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?"

The amount of business now resting upon the mind of Napoleon seems incredible. He was personally attending to all the complicated diplomacy of Europe. Spain was professing friendship and alliance, and yet treacherously engaged in acts of hostility. Charles IV., perhaps the most contemptible monarch who ever wore a crown, was then upon the throne of Spain. His wife was a shameless libertine. Her paramour, Godoy, called the Prince of Peace, a weak-minded, conceited, worn-out debauchee, governed the degraded empire. Napoleon remonstrated against the perfidy of Spain, and the wrongs France was receiving at her hands. The miserable Godoy returned an answer, mean-spirited, hypocritical, and sycophantic. Napoleon sternly shook his head, and ominously exclaimed, "All this will yet end in a clap of thunder."

In the midst of these scenes, Napoleon was continually displaying those generous and magnanimous traits of character which won the enthusiastic love of all who knew him. On one occasion a young English sailor had escaped from imprisonment in the interior of France, and had succeeded in reaching the coast near Boulogne. Secretly he had constructed a little skiff of the branches and the bark of trees, as fragile as the ark of bulrushes. Upon this frail float, which would scarcely buoy up his body, he was about to venture out upon the stormy Channel, with the chance of being picked up by some English cruiser. Napoleon, informed of the desperate project of the young man, who was arrested in the attempt, was struck with admiration in view of the fearless enterprise, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

"Did you really intend," inquired Napoleon, "to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?"

"If you will but grant me permission," said the young man, "I will embark immediately."

"You must doubtless, then, have some mistress to revisit, since you are so desirous to return to your country?"

"I wish," replied the noble sailor, "to see my mother. She is aged, poor, and infirm."

The heart of Napoleon was touched. "You shall see her," he energetically replied; "and present to her from me this purse of gold. She must be no common mother who can have trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son."

He immediately gave orders that the young sailor should be furnished with every comfort, and sent in a cruiser, with a flag of truce, to the first British vessel that could be found. When one thinks of the moral sublimity of the meeting of the English and French ships under these circumstances, with the white flag of humanity and peace fluttering in the breeze, one can not but mourn with more intensity over the horrid barbarity and brutality of savage war. Perhaps in the next interview between these two ships they fought for hours, hurling bullets and balls through the quivering nerves, and lacerated sinews, and mangled frames of brothers, husbands, and fathers.

Napoleon's labors at this time in the cabinet were so enormous, dictating to his agents in all parts of France, and to his ambassadors all over Europe, that he kept three secretaries constantly employed. One of these young men, who was lodged and boarded in the palace, received a salary of 1200 dollars a year. Unfortunately, however, he had become deeply involved in debt, and was incessantly harassed by the importunities of his creditors. Knowing Napoleon's strong disapprobation of all irregularities, he feared utter ruin should the knowledge of the facts reach his ears. One morning, after having passed a sleepless night, he rose at the early hour of five, and sought refuge from his distraction in commencing work in the cabinet. But Napoleon, who had already been at work for some time, in passing the door of the cabinet to go to his bath, heard the young man humming a tune.

Opening the door, he looked in upon his young secretary, and said, with a smile of satisfaction, "What! so early at your desk! Why, this is very exemplary. We ought to be well satisfied with such service. What salary have you?"

"Twelve hundred dollars, sire," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Napoleon; "that, for one of your age, is very handsome. And, in addition, I think you have your board and lodging?"

"I have, sire."

"Well, I do not wonder that you sing. You must be a very happy man."

"Alas! sire," he replied, "I ought to be, but I am not."

"And why not?"

"Because, sire," he replied, "I have too many *English* tormenting me. I have also an aged father, who is almost blind, and a sister who is not yet married, dependent upon me for support."

"But, sir," Napoleon rejoined, "in supporting your father and your sister, you do only that which every good son should do. But what have you to do with the *English*?"

"They are those," the young man answered, "who have loaned me money, which I am not able to repay. All those who are in debt call their creditors the *English*."

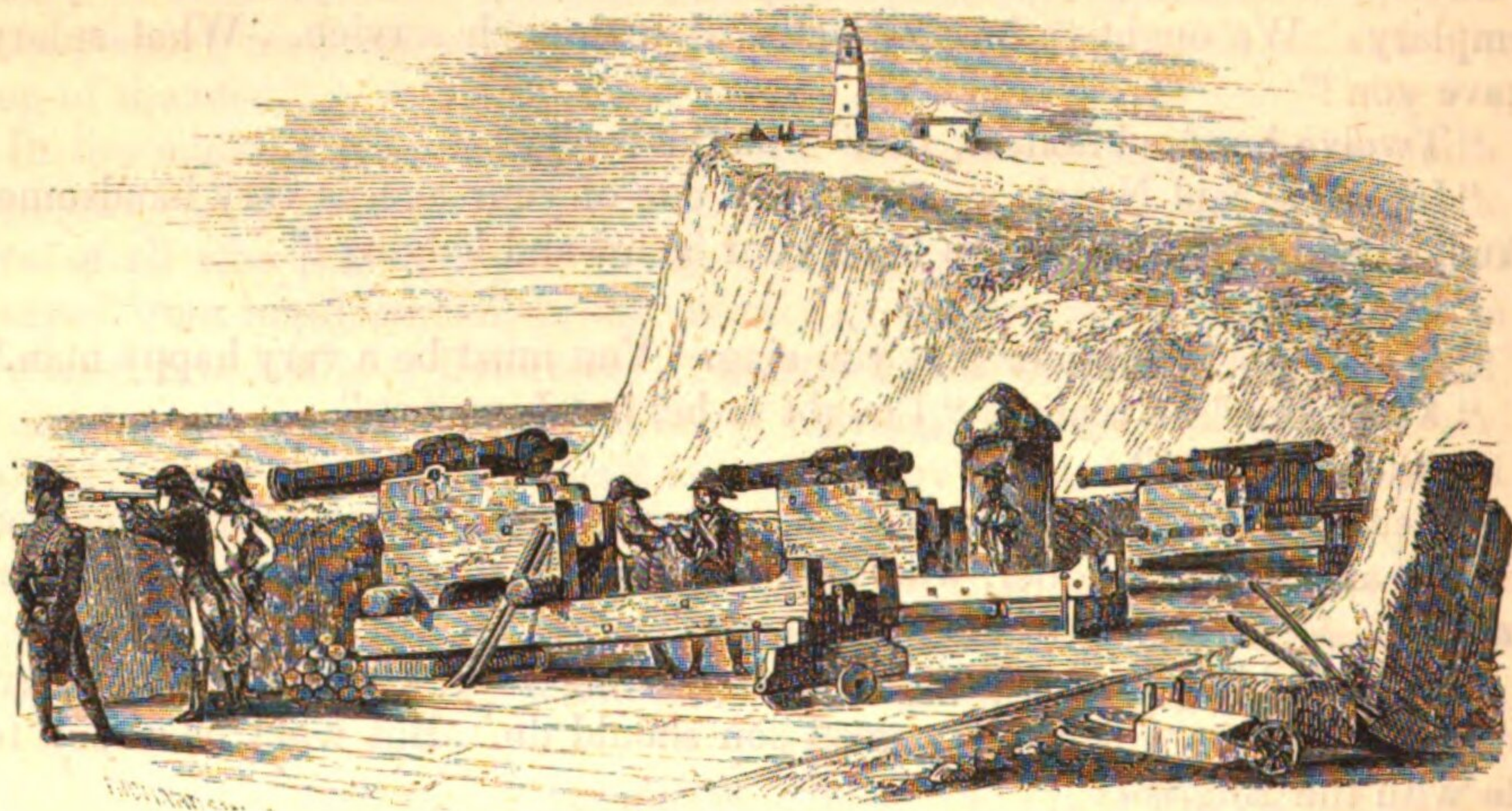
"Enough! enough! I understand you. You are in debt, then? And how is it that with such a salary you run into debt? I wish to have no man about my person who has recourse to the gold of the *English*. From this

hour you will receive your dismissal. Adieu, sir!" Saying this, Napoleon left the room and returned to his chamber. The young man was stupefied with despair.

But a few moments elapsed when an aid entered and gave him a note, saying, "It is from Napoleon." Trembling with agitation, and not doubting that it confirmed his dismissal, he opened it and read,

"I have wished to dismiss you from my cabinet, for you deserve it; but I have thought of your aged and blind father, and of your young sister, and, for their sake, I pardon you. And, since they are the ones who must most suffer from your misconduct, I send you, with leave of absence for one day only, the sum of two thousand dollars. With this sum disembarass yourself immediately of all the *English* who trouble you, and hereafter conduct yourself in such a manner as not to fall into their power. Should you fail in this, I shall give you leave of absence without permission to return."

Upon the bleak cliff of Boulogne, swept by the storm and the rain, Napoleon had a little hut erected for himself. Often, leaving the palace of St. Cloud by night, after having spent a toilsome day in the cares of state, he passed with the utmost rapidity over the intervening space of 180 miles. Arriving about the middle of the next day, apparently unconscious of fatigue, he examined every thing before he allowed himself a moment of sleep. The English exerted all their energies to impede the progress of the majestic enterprise. Their cruisers, incessantly hovering around, kept up an almost uninterrupted fire upon the works. Their shells, passing over the cliff, exploded in the harbor and in the crowded camps. The laborers, inspired by the presence of Napoleon, continued proudly their toil, singing as they worked, while the balls of the English were flying around them.



NAPOLEON'S HUT AT BOULOGNE.

For their protection, Napoleon finally constructed large batteries, which would throw twenty-four pound shot three miles, and thus kept the English ships at that distance. It would, however, require a volume to describe the magnitude of the works constructed at Boulogne. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the health and the comfort of the soldiers.

They were all well paid, warmly clothed, fed with an abundance of nutritious food, and their camp, divided into quarters traversed by long streets, presented the cheerful aspect of a neat, thriving, well-ordered city. The soldiers, thus protected, enjoyed perfect health, and, full of confidence in the enterprise for which they were preparing, hailed their beloved leader with the most enthusiastic acclamations whenever he appeared.

Spacious as were the quays erected at Boulogne, it was not possible to range all the vessels alongside. They were consequently placed nine deep, the first one only touching the quays. A horse, with a band passing round him, was raised by means of a pulley, transmitted nine times from yard to yard, as he was borne aloft in the air, and in about two minutes was deposited in the ninth vessel. By constant repetition, the embarkation and disembarkation was accomplished with almost inconceivable promptness and precision. In all weather, in summer and winter, unless it blew a gale, the boats went out to maneuver in the presence of the enemy. The exercise of landing from the boats along the cliff was almost daily performed. The men first swept the shore by a steady fire of artillery from the boats, and then, approaching the beach, landed men, horses, and cannon. There was not an accident which could happen in landing on an enemy's coast, except the fire from hostile batteries, which was not thus provided against, and often braved. In all these exciting scenes the First Consul was every where present. The soldiers saw him now on horseback upon the cliff, gazing proudly upon their heroic exertions; again he was galloping over the hard, smooth sands of the beach, and again on board one of the gun-boats, going out to try her powers in a skirmish with one of the British cruisers.

Frequently he persisted in braving serious danger, and at one time, when visiting the anchorage in a violent gale, the boat was swamped near the shore. The sailors threw themselves into the sea, and bore him safely through the billows to the land. It is not strange that those who had seen the kings of France squandering the revenues of the realm to minister to their own voluptuousness and debauchery, should have regarded Napoleon as belonging to a different race. One day, when the atmosphere was peculiarly clear, Napoleon, upon the cliffs of Boulogne, saw dimly in the distant horizon the outline of the English shore. Roused by the sight, he wrote thus to Cambacères: "From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen this day the coast of England, as one sees the heights of Calvary from the Tuileries. We could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try."

Napoleon, though one of the most bold of men in his conceptions, was also the most cautious and prudent in their execution. He had made, in his own mind, arrangements, unrevealed to any one, suddenly to concentrate in the Channel the whole French squadron, which, in the harbors of Toulon, Ferrol, and La Rochelle, had been thoroughly equipped, to act in unexpected concert with the vast flotilla. "Eight hours of night," said he, "favorable for us, will now decide the fate of the world."

England, surprised at the magnitude of these preparations, began to be seriously alarmed. She had imagined her ocean-engirdled isle to be in a state of perfect security. Now she learned that within thirty miles of her

coast an army of one hundred and fifty thousand most highly-disciplined troops was assembled, that more than two thousand gun-boats were prepared to transport this host, with ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon, across the Channel, and that Napoleon, who had already proved himself to be the greatest military genius of any age, was to head this army on its march to London. The idea of one hundred and fifty thousand men, led by Bonaparte, was enough even to make the most powerful nation shudder. The British naval officers almost unanimously expressed the opinion that it was impossible to be secure against a descent on the English coast by the French, under favor of a fog, a calm, or a long winter's night. The debates in Parliament as to the means of resisting the danger were anxious and stormy. A vote was passed authorizing the ministers to summon all Englishmen, between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five, to arms. In every country town, the whole population were seen, every morning, exercising for war. The aged king, George III., reviewed these raw troops, accompanied by the exiled Bourbon princes, who wished to recover, by the force of the arms of foreigners, that throne from which they had been ejected by the will of the people.

From the Isle of Wight to the mouth of the Thames, a system of signals was arranged to give the alarm. Upon the slightest intimation of danger, beacon-fires were to blaze at night on every headland. Carriages were constructed for the rapid conveyance of troops to any threatened point. Mothers and maidens in beautiful, happy England, placed their heads upon their pillows in terror, for the bloodhounds of war were unleashed, and England had unleashed them. She suffered bitterly for the crime; she suffers still, in that enormous burden of taxes which the ensuing years of war and woe have bequeathed to her children.

There was ample cause for this alarm. Napoleon, justly exasperated, had determined to bring the war to a crisis. He was making arrangements for the invasion on a scale such as the world had never witnessed before. It was, indeed, necessary to defend the coast of England. The Duke of Wellington stated in 1847, "I have examined and reconnoitered, over and over again, the whole coast from the North Foreland to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth, and I say that, excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, at any time of tide, with any wind, and in any weather, and from which such a body of infantry, so thrown on shore, would not find, within the distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country. In that space of coast, there are not less than seven small harbors, or mouths of rivers, and without defense, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibre, and establish himself and his communications with France."*

Under these circumstances, the British government lent its most efficient aid to those royal conspirators in London who were plotting the assassination of Napoleon. They were supplied with funds by the British ministry, and the ships of Great Britain were at their service to land them on the French coast. The infamous George Cadoudal, already implicated in the horrible

* *North British Review*, No. xxxvi.

butchery of the infernal machine, was still living in London with the French refugees in a state of opulence from the money furnished by the British government. The Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X.; his son, the Duke de Berri; their kinsman, the father of the Duke d'Enghien, and many other persons, prominent in the Bourbon interests, were intimately associated with this brawny assassin in the attempts, by any means, fair or foul, to crush the man who had ventured to recognize the suffrages of the nation as a fair title to the chief magistracy of France. The English government supplied these conspirators liberally with money, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, respecting the details of their plans.

The Duke d'Enghien, son of the Duke of Bourbon, was a bold soldier, about thirty-four years of age. He had stationed himself at Ettenheim, a village in the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden, a short distance over the Rhine. At this place, he was distant but nineteen miles from Strasbourg, the frontier city of France in that direction. At several outposts in the neighbouring states there were English ministers or agents ready to co-operate in the various endeavors for the overthrow of Napoleon. Drake was at Munich, Spencer Smith at Stuttgard, Taylor at Cassel, Wickham at Berne, Rumboldt at Hamburg. These agents of the British government were amply provided with funds to aid the emigrants, who, under English pay, were hanging on the French borders, seeking in any way the destruction of the First Consul.

Innumerable conspiracies were formed by these desperate men for the assassination of Napoleon. More than thirty were detected by the vigilant police. Napoleon, at last, became exceedingly exasperated. He felt that England was ignominiously supplying those with funds whom she knew to be aiming at his assassination. He was indignant that the Bourbon princes should assume that he, elected to the chief magistracy of France by the unanimous voice of the nation, was to be treated as an outlaw, to be hunted down by assassins. "My blood," he exclaimed bitterly, "is not ditch water. I will one day teach those Bourbons a lesson which they will not soon forget."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BOURBON CONSPIRACY.

Conspiracies in London—Countenanced by the British Ministers—Jealousy of Moreau—Plan of the Conspirators—Moreau and Pichegru—Clemency of Napoleon—Evidence against the Duke d'Enghien—Arrest of the Duke—His Trial—Condemnation—Execution—Trial of Moreau—His Exile—Testimony of Joseph Bonaparte—Remarks from *Encyclopædia Americana*—Extravagant Denunciation of Lamartine.

A CONSPIRACY was now organized in London by Count d'Artois, and others of the French emigrants, upon a gigantic scale. Count de Lisle, sometimes also called Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., was then residing at Warsaw. The plot was communicated to him, but he repulsed it. The plan involved the expenditure of millions, which were furnished by the British government. Mr. Hammond, under Secretary of State at London, and

the English ministers at Hesse, at Stuttgard, and at Batavia, all upon the confines of France, were in intimate communication with the disaffected in France, endeavoring to excite civil war. Three prominent French emigrants, the Princes of Condé, grandfather, son, and grandson, were then in the service and pay of Great Britain, with arms in their hands against their country, and ready to obey any call for active service. The grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, was in the Duchy of Baden, awaiting, on the banks of the Rhine, the signal for his march into France, and attracted to the village of Ettenheim by his attachment for a young lady there, a Princess de Rohan.

The plan of the conspirators was this: A band of a hundred resolute men, headed by the daring and indomitable George Cadoudal, were to be introduced stealthily into France, to waylay Napoleon when passing to Malmaison, disperse his guard, consisting of some ten outriders, and kill him upon the spot. The conspirators flattered themselves that this would not be considered assassination, but a battle. Having thus disposed of the First Consul, the next question was, how, in the midst of the confusion that would ensue, to regain for the Bourbons and their partisans their lost power. To do this, it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the army.

"In reply to some arguments," says O'Meara, "which I offered to convince him that the English ministry were ignorant of that part of Pichegru's plot which embraced assassination," Napoleon replied,

"I do not suppose that any of the English ministers actually said to Georges or Pichegru, 'You must kill the First Consul.' But they well knew that such formed the chief, and, indeed, the only hope of success. And yet they, knowing this, furnished them with money, and provided ships to land them in France, which, to all intents and purposes, renders them accomplices. If they had been tried by an English jury, they would have been condemned as such. Lord — took great pains to persuade the foreign courts that they were ignorant of the project of assassination, and wrote several letters, in which he acknowledged that the English had landed men for the purpose of overturning the French government, but denied the other. However, he made a very lame business of it, and none of the Continental governments gave any credit to his assertion. It was naturally condemned, as, on the ground of retaliation, none of the sovereigns were safe. Fox had some conversation with me on the subject. He, too, like you, denied that the ministry were privy to the scheme of assassination, but finally, after hearing what I had to say, he condemned the whole transaction.'"

In nothing is the infirmity of our nature more conspicuous, than in the petty jealousies which so often rankle in the bosoms of great men. General Moreau had looked with an envious eye upon the gigantic strides of General Bonaparte to power. His wife, a weak, vain, envious woman, could not endure the thought that General Moreau should be only the second man in the empire, and she exerted all her influence over her vacillating and unstable husband to convince him that the conqueror of Hohenlinden was entitled to the highest gifts France had to confer.

One day, by accident, she was detained a few moments in the antechamber of Josephine. Her indignation was extreme. General Moreau was in a mood of mind to yield to the influence of these reproaches. As an indication

of his displeasure, he allowed himself to repel the favors which the First Consul showered upon him. He at last was guilty of the impropriety of refusing to attend the First Consul at a review. In consequence, he was omitted in an invitation to a banquet which Napoleon gave on the anniversary of the Republic. Thus coldness increased to hostility. Moreau, with bitter feelings, withdrew to his estate of Grosbois, where, in the enjoyment of opulence, he watched with an evil eye the movements of one whom he had the vanity to think his rival.

Under these circumstances, it was not thought difficult to win over Moreau, and, through him, the army. Then, at the very moment when Napoleon had been butchered on his drive to Malmaison, the Loyalists all over France were to rise; the emigrant Bourbons, with arms and money, supplied by England, in their hands, were to rush over the frontier; the British navy and army were to be ready with their powerful co-operation; and the Bourbon dynasty was to be re-established. Such was this infamous conspiracy of the Bourbons.

But in this plan there was a serious difficulty. Moreau prided himself upon being a very decided Republican, and had denounced even the consulate for life, as tending to the establishment of royalty. Still, it was hoped that the jealousy of his disposition would induce him to engage in any plot for the overthrow of the First Consul. General Pichegru, a man illustrious in rank and talent, a warm advocate of the Bourbons, and alike influential with Monarchists and Republicans, had escaped from the wilds of Sinamary, where he had been banished by the Directory, and was then residing in London. Pichegru was drawn into the conspiracy, and employed to confer with Moreau. Matters being thus arranged, Cadoudal, with a band of bold and desperate men, armed to the teeth, and with an ample supply of funds, which had been obtained from the English treasury, set out from London for Paris.

Upon the coast of Normandy, upon the side of a precipitous craggy cliff, ever washed by the ocean, there was a secret passage, formed by a cleft in the rock, known only to smugglers. Through the cleft, one or two hundred feet in depth, a rope-ladder could be let down to the surface of the sea. The smugglers thus scaled the precipice, bearing heavy burdens upon their shoulders. Cadoudal had found out this path, and easily purchased its use. To facilitate communication with Paris, a chain of lodging-places had been established in solitary farm-houses and in the castles of Loyalist nobles, so that the conspirators could pass from the cliff of Biville to Paris without exposure to the public roads or to any inn. Captain Wright, an officer in the English navy, a bold and skillful seaman, took the conspirators on board his vessel, and secretly landed them at the foot of this cliff. Cautiously, Cadoudal, with some of his trusty followers, crept along from shelter to shelter until he reached the suburbs of Paris.

From his lurking place he dispatched emissaries, bought by his abundance of gold, to different parts of France, to prepare the Royalists to rise. Much to his disappointment, he found Napoleon almost universally popular, and the Loyalists themselves settling down in contentment under his efficient government. Even the priests were attached to the First Consul, for he

had rescued them from the most unrelenting persecution. In the course of two months of incessant exertions, Cadoudal was able to collect but thirty men, who, by liberal pay, were willing to run the risk of trying to restore the Bourbons. While Cadoudal was thus employed with the Royalists, Pichegru and his agents were sounding Moreau and the Republicans. General Lajolais, a former officer of Moreau, was easily gained over. He drew from Moreau a confession of his wounded feelings, and of his desire to see the consular government overthrown in almost any way. Lajolais did not reveal to the illustrious general the details of the conspiracy, but hastening to London by the circuitous route of Hamburg, to avoid detection, told his credulous employers that Moreau was ready to take any part in the enterprise.

At the conferences now held in London by this band of conspirators, plotting assassination, the Count d'Artois had the criminal folly to preside—the future monarch of France guiding the deliberations of a band of assassins. When Lajolais reported that Moreau was ready to join Pichegru the moment he should appear, Charles, then Count d'Artois, exclaimed with delight, “Ah! let but our two generals agree together, and I shall speedily be restored to France!” It was arranged that Pichegru, Rivière, and one of the Polignacs, with others of the conspirators, should immediately join George Cadoudal, and, as soon as every thing was ripe, Charles and his son, the Duke of Berri, were to land in France, and take their share in the infamous project. Pichegru and his party embarked on board the vessel of Captain Wright, and were landed, in the darkness of the night, beneath the cliff of Biville. These illustrious assassins climbed the smugglers' rope, and skulking from lurking-place to lurking-place, joined the desperado, George Cadoudal, in the suburbs of Paris. Moreau made an appointment to meet Pichegru by night upon the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

It was a dark and cold night, in the month of January, 1804, when these two illustrious generals, the conqueror of Holland and the hero of Hohenlinden, approached, and, by a preconcerted signal, recognized each other. Years had elapsed since they had stood side by side as soldiers in the army of the Rhine. Both were embarrassed, for neither of these once honorable men were accustomed to deeds of darkness. They had hardly exchanged salutations, when George Cadoudal appeared, he having planned the meeting, and being determined to know its result. Moreau, disgusted with the idea of having any association with such a man, was angry in being subjected to such an interview, and, appointing another meeting with Pichegru at his own house, abruptly retired. They soon met, and had a long and serious conference.

Moreau was perfectly willing to conspire for the overthrow of the consular government, but insisted that the supreme power should be placed in his own hands, and not in the hands of the Bourbons. Pichegru was grievously disappointed at the result of this interview. He remarked to the confidant who conducted him to Moreau's house, and thence back to his retreat,

“And this man, too, has ambition, and wishes to take his turn in governing France. Poor creature! he could not govern her for four-and-twenty hours.”

When Cadoudal was informed of the result of the interview, he impetuously exclaimed, "If we must needs have any usurper, I should infinitely prefer Napoleon to this brainless and heartless Moreau!" The conspirators were now almost in a state of despair. They found, to their surprise, in entire contradiction to the views which had been so confidently proclaimed in England, that Napoleon was admired and beloved by nearly all the French nation, and that it was impossible to organize even a respectable party in opposition to him.

Various circumstances now led the First Consul to suspect that some serious plot was in progress. The three English ministers at Hesse, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, were found actively employed in endeavoring to foment intrigues in France. The minister at Bavaria, Mr. Drake, had, as he supposed, bribed a Frenchman to act as his spy. This Frenchman carried all Drake's letters to Napoleon, and received from the First Consul drafts of the answers to be returned. In this curious correspondence, Drake remarks in one of his letters,

"All plots against the First Consul must be forwarded; for it is a matter of right little consequence by whom the animal be stricken down, provided you are all in the hunt."

Napoleon caused these letters to be deposited in the Senate, and to be exhibited to the diplomatists of all nations, who chose to see them. Some spies had also been arrested by the police, and condemned to be shot. One, on his way to execution, declared that he had important information to give. He was one of the band of George Cadoudal, and confessed the whole plot. Other conspirators were soon arrested. Among them, M. Lozier, a man of education and polished manners, declared that Moreau had sent to the Royalist conspirators in London one of his officers, offering to head a movement in behalf of the Bourbons, and to influence the army to co-operate in that movement. When the conspirators, relying upon this promise, had reached Paris, he continued, Moreau took a different turn, and demanded that he himself should be made the successor of the First Consul.

When the first intimation of Moreau's guilt was communicated to Napoleon, it was with difficulty that he could credit it. The First Consul immediately convened a secret council of his ministers. They met in the Tuileries at night. Moreau was a formidable opponent even for Napoleon to attack. He was enthusiastically admired by the army, and his numerous and powerful friends would aver that he was the victim of the jealousy of the First Consul. It was suggested by some of the council that it would be good policy not to touch Moreau. Napoleon remarked,

"They will say that I am afraid of Moreau. That shall not be said. I have been one of the most merciful of men; but, if necessary, I will be one of the most terrible. I will strike Moreau as I would strike any one else, as he has entered into a conspiracy, odious alike for its objects and for the connections which it presumes."

It was decided that Moreau should be immediately arrested. Cambacères, a profound lawyer, declared that the ordinary tribunals were not sufficient to meet this case, and urged that Moreau should be tried by a court-martial composed of the most eminent military officers, a course which

would have been in entire accordance with existing laws. Napoleon opposed the proposition.

"It would be said," he remarked, "that I had punished Moreau, by causing him, under the form of law, to be condemned by my own partisans."

Early in the morning Moreau was arrested and conducted to the Temple. Excitement spread rapidly through Paris. The friends of Moreau declared that there was no conspiracy; that neither George Cadoudal nor Pichegru were in France; that the whole story was an entire fabrication, to enable the First Consul to get rid of a dangerous rival. Napoleon was extremely sensitive respecting his reputation. It was the great object of his ambition to enthrone himself in the hearts of the French people as a great benefactor. He was deeply wounded by these cruel taunts.

"It is indeed hard," said he, "to be exposed to plots the most atrocious, and then to be accused of being the inventor of those plots; to be charged with jealousy, when the vilest jealousy pursues me; to be accused of attempts upon the life of another, when the most desperate attacks are aimed at my own."

All the enthusiasm of his impetuous nature was now aroused to drag the whole plot to light in defense of his honor. He was extremely indignant against the Royalists. He had not overturned the throne of the Bourbons. He had found it overturned, France in anarchy, and the Royalists in exile and beggary. He had been the generous benefactor of these Royalists, and had done every thing in his power to render them service. In defiance of deeply-rooted popular prejudices, and in opposition to the remonstrances of his friends, he had recalled the exiled emigrants, restored to them as far as possible their confiscated estates, conferred upon them important trusts, and had even lavished upon them so many favors as to have drawn upon himself the accusation of meditating the restoration of the Bourbons. In return for such services, they were endeavoring to blow him up with infernal machines, and to butcher him on the highway.

As for Moreau, he regarded him simply with pity, and wished only to place upon his head the burden of a pardon. The most energetic measures were now adopted to search out the conspirators in their lurking-places. Every day new arrests were made. Two of the conspirators made full confessions. They declared that the highest nobles of the Bourbon court were involved in the plot, and that a distinguished Bourbon prince was near at hand, ready to place himself at the head of the Royalists as soon as Napoleon should be slain.

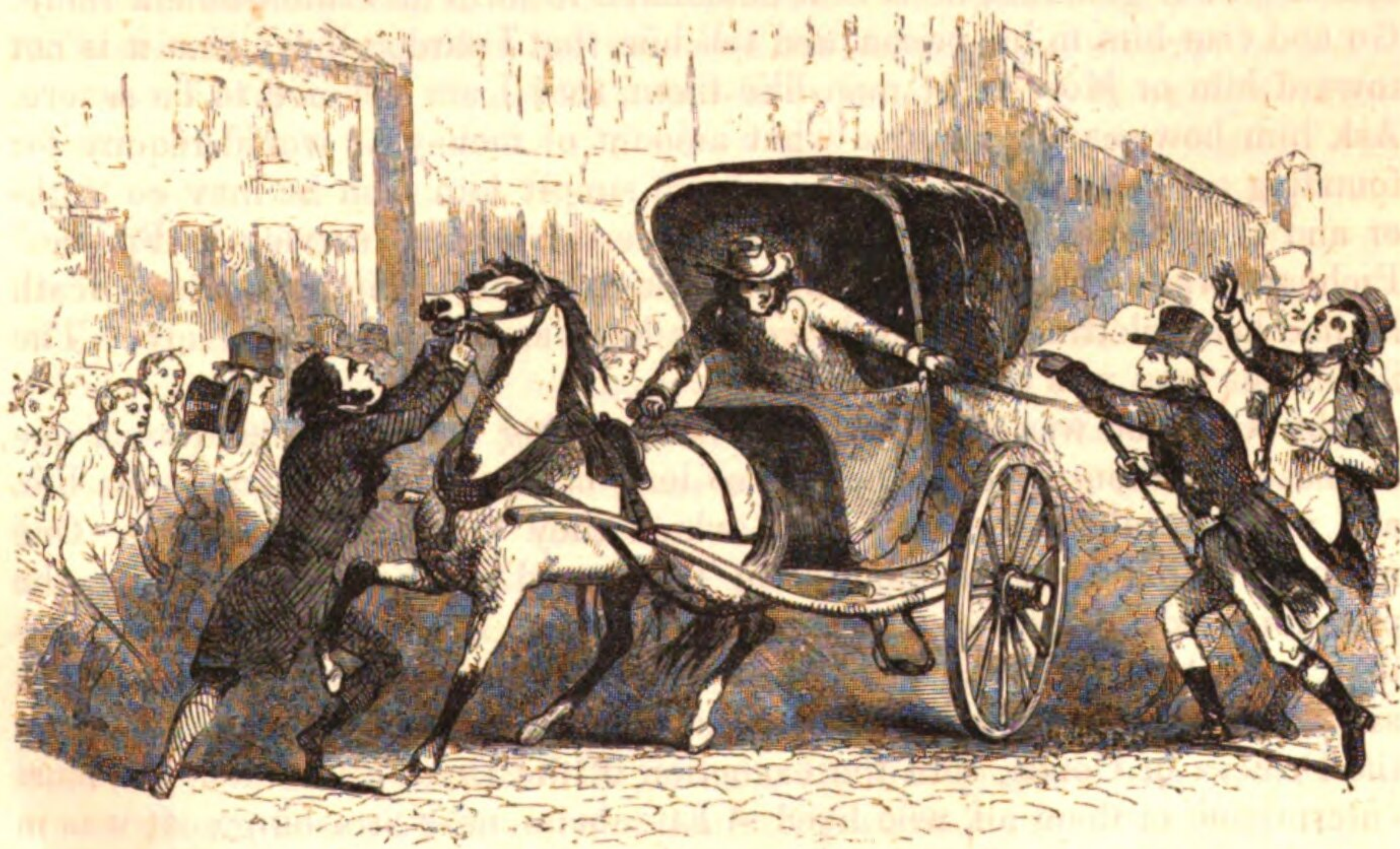
The First Consul, exasperated to the highest degree, exclaimed, "These Bourbons fancy that they may shed my blood like that of some wild animal, and yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and the errors to which he is urged by a stupid jealousy, but I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal."

Fresh arrests were still daily made, and the confessions of the prisoners all established the point that there was a young prince who occasionally appeared in their councils, who was treated with the greatest consideration, and

who was to head the movement. Still Cadoudal, Pichegru, and other prominent leaders of the conspiracy eluded detection. As there was ample evidence that these men were in Paris, a law was passed in the Legislative Assembly, without opposition, that any person who should shelter them should be punished by death, and that whosoever should be aware of their hiding-place, and yet fail to expose them, should be punished with six years' imprisonment.

A strict guard was also placed for several days at the gates of Paris, allowing no one to leave, and with orders to shoot any person who should attempt to scale the wall. Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the other prominent conspirators were now in a state of terrible perplexity. They wandered by night from house to house, often paying one or two thousand dollars for the shelter of a few hours. One evening, Pichegru, in a state of despair, seized a pistol, and was about to shoot himself through the head, when he was prevented by a friend. On another occasion, with the boldness of desperation, he went to the house of M. Marbois, one of the ministers of Napoleon, and implored shelter. Marbois knew the noble character of the master whom he served. With grief, but without hesitancy, he allowed his old companion the temporary shelter of his roof, and did not betray him. He subsequently informed the First Consul of what he had done. Napoleon, with characteristic magnanimity, replied to this avowal in a letter expressive of his high admiration of his generosity in affording shelter under such circumstances to one who, though an outlaw, had been his friend.

At length Pichegru was betrayed. He was asleep at night. His sword and loaded pistols were by his side, ready for desperate defense. The gendarmes cautiously entered his room and sprang upon his bed. He was a powerful man, and he struggled with herculean but unavailing efforts. He was, however, speedily overpowered, bound, and conducted to the Temple. Soon after, George Cadoudal was arrested. He was in a cabriolet. A po-



ARREST OF CADOU DAL.

lice officer seized the bridle of the horse. Cadoudal drew a pistol and shot him dead upon the spot. He then leaped from the cabriolet, and severely wounded another officer who attempted to seize him. He made the utmost efforts to escape on foot, under cover of the darkness of the night, but, surrounded by the crowd, he was soon captured. This desperado appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed before his examiners. There were upon his person a dagger, pistols, and twelve thousand dollars in gold and in bank notes. Boldly he avowed his object of attacking the First Consul, and proudly declared that he was acting in co-operation with the Bourbon princes.

The certainty of the conspiracy was now established, and the Senate transmitted a letter of congratulation to the First Consul upon his escape. In his reply, Napoleon remarked, "I have long since renounced the hope of enjoying the pleasures of private life. All my days are occupied in fulfilling the duties which my fate and the will of the French people have imposed upon me. Heaven will watch over France and defeat the plots of the wicked. The citizens may be without alarm; my life will last as long as it will be useful to the nation. But I wish the French people to understand, that existence without their confidence and affection would afford me no consolation, and would, as regards them, have no beneficial objects."

Napoleon sincerely pitied Moreau and Pichegru, and wished to save them from the ignominious death they merited. He sent a messenger to Moreau, assuring him that a frank confession should secure his pardon and restoration to favor. But it was far more easy for Napoleon to forgive than for the proud Moreau to accept his forgiveness. With profound sympathy, Napoleon contemplated the position of Pichegru. As he thought of this illustrious general, condemned and executed like a felon, he exclaimed to M. Real,

"What an end for the conqueror of Holland! But the men of the Revolution must not thus destroy each other. I have long thought of forming a colony at Cayenne. Pichegru was exiled thither, and knows the place well; and of all our generals, he is best calculated to form an establishment there. Go and visit him in his prison, and tell him that I pardon him; that it is not toward him or Moreau, or men like them, that I am inclined to be severe. Ask him how many men, and what amount of money he would require for founding a colony in Cayenne, and I will supply him, that he may go thither and re-establish his reputation in rendering a great service to France." Pichegru was so much affected by this magnanimity of the man whose death he had been plotting, that he bowed his head and wept convulsively. The illustrious man was conquered.

But Napoleon was much annoyed in not being able to lay hold upon one of those Bourbon princes who had so long been conspiring against his life, and inciting others to perils from which they themselves escaped. One morning, in his study, he inquired of Talleyrand and Fouché respecting the place of residence of the various members of the Bourbon family. He was told, in reply, that Louis XVIII. and the Duke d'Angoulême lived in Warsaw; the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Berri in London, where also were the Princes of Condé, with the exception of the Duke d'Enghien, the most enterprising of them all, who lived at Ettenheim, near Strasburg. It was in this vicinity that the British ministers Taylor, Smith, and Drake had been

busying themselves in fomenting intrigues. The idea instantly flashed into the mind of the First Consul that the Duke d'Enghien was thus lurking near the frontier of France to take part in the conspiracy. He immediately sent an officer to Ettenheim to make inquiries respecting the prince. The officer returned with the report that the Duke d'Enghien was living there with a Princess of Rohan, to whom he was warmly attached. He was often absent from Ettenheim, and occasionally went in disguise to Strasburg. He was in the pay of the British government, a soldier against his own country, and had received orders from the British cabinet to repair to the banks of the Rhine, to be ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity which might be presented to invade France. This was an act of high treason.

Napoleon immediately surmised that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. His frequent absences from Ettenheim were naturally associated with his frequent interviews with the conspirators. It also so happened that there was an officer in the suite of the prince who was treated with much consideration. This was the Marquis of Thumery. The officer who had been sent from Paris, incognito, to investigate the matter, misled by the German pronunciation of the name, very honestly reported that General Dumouriez was in the retinue of the duke.

This fatal report reached Paris on the 10th of March. That same morning a deposition had been made by one of the accomplices of Georges that there was a conspiracy; that a prince was at its head; that this prince, if he had not already come, would soon arrive. This deposition was laid before the First Consul at the same time with the report of the officer of gendarmerie from Ettenheim. The coincidence struck the mind of the First Consul with great force. He no longer entertained a doubt that this prince was the Duke d'Enghien. The supposed presence of General Dumouriez in his suite added almost demonstrative confirmation to this decision. It was certain that the prince alluded to could not have come from London, since the cliff at Biville had been so narrowly watched. The whole plot seemed now, to Napoleon, as clear as day. As soon as the assassins had struck him down, a mangled corpse, the Count d'Artois was to enter France through Normandy, with Pichegru; the Duke d'Enghien was to enter through Alsace, with Dumouriez; and thus the Bourbon princes, aided by foreign armies, were to re-establish the Bourbon throne by the assassination of the First Consul, and on the ruins of the Republic. This was, in fact, the design of the conspirators. The Duke d'Enghien was waiting for his orders to march; but it subsequently appeared that he had not taken any part in the plan for the assassination of Napoleon. He was guilty of high treason, but he was not an accomplice with murderers. He was a traitor, but he was not an assassin. Yet, treasonable as was his enterprise, the heart refuses with severity to condemn. We almost sympathize in his attempts to regain, even by the aid of foreign arms, the throne of his exiled family. Napoleon was no stranger to the appeals of generosity. He felt for the exiled Bourbons, and ever manifested a disposition to do every thing in his power to alleviate their bitter lot. Had he not been fully convinced that the Duke d'Enghien was plotting his assassination, he would not have consented even to his arrest.

Very judiciously Thiers remarks, "The First Consul's mind, usually so

strong and clear, could not resist so many appearances so well calculated to mislead. He was convinced. It is necessary to have witnessed minds under the bias of an inquiry of this sort, and more especially when passion, of whatever kind, disposes them to belief in what they suspect, to be able to understand how ready such minds are to jump at conclusions, and to learn how very precious are those delays and forms of law which save men from those conclusions so quickly drawn from some merely accidental circumstances.”*

A council was immediately called to decide what should be done. The ministers were divided in opinion. Some urged sending a secret force to arrest the duke, with all his papers and accomplices, and bring them to Paris. Cambacères, apprehensive of the effect that such a violation of the German territory might produce in Europe, opposed the measure. Napoleon replied to him kindly, but firmly, “I know your motive for speaking thus—your devotion to me. I thank you for it. But I will not allow myself to be put to death without resistance. I will make those people tremble, and teach them to keep quiet for the time to come.”

Orders were immediately given for three hundred dragoons to repair to the banks of the Rhine, cross the river, dash forward to Ettenheim, surround the town, arrest the prince and all his retinue, and convey them to Strasburg. As soon as the arrest was made, Colonel Caulaincourt was directed to hasten to the Grand Duke of Baden with an apology from the First Consul for violating his territory, stating that the gathering of the hostile emigrants so near the frontiers of France authorized the French government to protect itself, and that the necessity for prompt and immediate action rendered it impossible to adopt more tardy measures. The Duke of Baden expressed his satisfaction with the apology.

On the 15th of March, 1804, the detachment of dragoons set out, and proceeded with such rapidity as to surround the town before the duke could receive any notice of their approach. He was arrested in his bed, and hurried, but partially clothed, into a carriage, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Strasburg. He was from thence taken to the Castle of Vincennes, in the vicinity of Paris. A military commission was formed, composed of the colonels of the garrison, with General Hullin as President. The prince was brought before the commission.

He was calm and haughty, for he had no apprehension of the fate which awaited him. He was accused of high treason, in having sought to excite civil war, and in bearing arms against France. To arraign him upon this charge was to condemn him, for of this crime he was clearly guilty. Though he denied all knowledge of the plot in question, boldly and rather defiantly he avowed that he had borne arms against France, and that he was on the banks of the Rhine for the purpose of serving against her again.

“I esteem,” said he, “General Bonaparte as a great man, but, being myself a prince of the house of Bourbon, I have vowed against him eternal hatred. A Condé,” he added, “can never re-enter France but with arms in his hands. My birth, my opinions, render me forever the enemy of your government.”

* *Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, vol. i., p. 562.



ARREST OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

By the laws of the Republic, for a Frenchman to serve against France was a capital offense. Napoleon, however, would not have enforced this law in the case of the duke, had he not fully believed that he was implicated in the conspiracy, and that it was necessary, to secure himself from assassination, that he should strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons. The prince implored permission to see the First Consul. The court refused this request, which, if granted, would undoubtedly have saved his life. Napoleon also commissioned M. Réal to proceed to Vincennes and examine the prisoner. Had M. Réal arrived in season to see the duke, he would have made a report of facts which would have rescued the prince from his tragical fate; but, exhausted by the fatigue of several days and nights, he had retired to rest, and had given directions to his servants to permit him to sleep undisturbed.*

The order of the First Consul was consequently not placed in his hands until five o'clock in the morning. It was then too late. The court sorrowfully pronounced sentence of death. By torchlight the unfortunate prince was led down the winding staircase which led into a fosse of the chateau. There he saw, through the gray mist of the morning, a file of soldiers drawn up for his execution. Calmly he cut off a lock of his hair, and, taking his watch from his pocket, requested an officer to solicit *Josephine* to present

* "Put on trial according to the secret and summary method of court-martial, the prince, denying all part in any plan of assassination, not only confessed, but rather vauntingly acknowledged that he had borne arms against the French Republic; and also, that he had been several times in Strasburg, though he denied that it was for any treasonable purpose. His guilt thus established, and that guilt high treason, a special law of the Republic rendering it a capital offense for a French emigrant to return to France, and the general law against treason, by bearing arms against its government, both violated, by the prisoner's confession, the court-martial had no option but to find him guilty and sentence him to death. According to American ideas of treason and of individuality, such a suffering prince was no martyr."—*Charles J. Ingersoll*.

those tokens of his love to the Princess de Rohan. Turning to the soldiers, he said, "I die for my king and for France;" and, giving the command to fire, he fell, pierced by seven balls.



EXECUTION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

There are many indications that Napoleon subsequently deplored the tragical fate of the prince. It subsequently appeared that the mysterious stranger, to whom the prisoners so often alluded, was Pichegru. When this fact was communicated to Napoleon, he was deeply moved, and, musing long and painfully, gave utterance to an exclamation of grief that he had consented to the seizure of the unhappy prince.

He, however, took the whole responsibility of his execution upon himself. In his testament at St. Helena, he wrote, "I arrested the Duke d'Enghien

because that measure was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois maintained, on his own admission, sixty assassins. In similar circumstances I would do the same."

The spirit is saddened in recording these terrible deeds of violence and of blood. It was a period of anarchy, of revolution, of conspiracies, of war. Fleets were bombarding cities, and tens of thousands were falling in a day upon a single field of battle. Human life was considered of but little value. Bloody retaliations and reprisals were sanctified by the laws of contending nations. Surrounded by those influences, nurtured from infancy in the midst of them, provoked beyond endurance by the aristocratic arrogance which regarded the elected sovereign of France as a usurper beyond the pale of law, it is only surprising that Napoleon could have passed through a career so wonderful, and so full of temptations, with a character so seldom sullied by blemishes of despotic injustice.

This execution of a prince of the blood royal sent a thrill of indignation through all the courts of Europe. The French ambassadors were treated, in many instances, with coldness amounting to insult. The Emperor Alexander sent a remonstrance to the First Consul. He thus provoked a terrible reply from the man who could hurl a sentence like a bomb-shell. The young monarch of Russia was seated upon the bloodstained throne from which the daggers of assassins had removed his father. And yet not one of these assassins had been punished.

With crushing irony, Napoleon remarked, "France has acted as Russia, under similar circumstances, would have done; for had she been informed that the assassins of Paul were assembled at a day's march from her frontiers, would she not, at all hazards, have seized upon them there?" This was not one of these soft answers which turn away wrath: it stung Alexander to the quick.

Absorbed by these cares, Napoleon had but little time to think of the imprisoned conspirators awaiting their trial. Pichegru, hearing no further mention of the First Consul's proposal, and informed of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, gave himself up for lost. His proud spirit could not endure the thought of a public trial and an ignominious punishment. One night, after having read a treatise of Seneca upon suicide, he laid aside his book, and by means of his silk cravat and a wooden peg, which he used as a tourniquet, he strangled himself. His keepers found him in the morning dead upon his bed.

The trial of the other conspirators soon came on. Moreau, respecting whom great interest was excited, as one of the most illustrious of the Republican generals, was sentenced to two years imprisonment. Napoleon immediately pardoned him, and granted him permission to retire to America. As that unfortunate general wished to dispose of his estate, Napoleon gave orders for it to be purchased at the highest price. He also paid the expenses of his journey to Barcelona, preparatory to his embarkation for the New World. George Cadoudal, Polignac, Rivière, and several others, were condemned to death. There was something in the firm and determined energy of George Cadoudal which singularly interested the mind of the First Consul. He wished to save him.

"There is one man," said Napoleon, "among the conspirators whom I regret—that is George Cadoudal. His mind is of the right stamp. In my hands he would have done great things. I appreciate all the firmness of his character, and I would have given it a right direction. I made Réal say to him, that if he would attach himself to me, I would not only pardon him, but give him a regiment. What do I say? I would have made him one of my aides-de-camp. Such a step would have excited a great clamor, but I should not have cared for it. Cadoudal refused every thing. He is a bar of iron. What can I now do? He must undergo his fate, for such a man is too dangerous in a party. It is a necessity of my situation."

The evening before his execution, Cadoudal desired the jailer to bring him a bottle of excellent wine. Upon tasting the contents of the bottle brought, and finding it of an inferior quality, he complained, stating that it was not such wine as he desired. The jailer brutally replied, "It is good enough for such a miscreant as you." Cadoudal, with perfect deliberation and composure, corked up the bottle, and, with his herculean arm, hurled it at the head of the jailer with an aim so well directed that he fell lifeless at his feet. The next day, with several of the conspirators, he was executed.

Josephine, who was ever to Napoleon a ministering angel of mercy, was visited by the wife of Polignac, who, with tears of anguish, entreated Josephine's intercession in behalf of her condemned husband. Her tender heart was deeply moved by a wife's delirious agony, and she hastened to plead for the life of the conspirator. Napoleon, endeavoring to conceal the struggle of his heart beneath a severe exterior, replied,

"Josephine, you still interest yourself for my enemies. They are all of them as imprudent as they are guilty. If I do not teach them a lesson they will begin again, and will be the cause of new victims."

Thus repulsed, Josephine, almost in despair, retired. But she knew that Napoleon was soon to pass through one of the galleries of the chateau. Calling Madame Polignac, she hastened with her to the gallery, and they both threw themselves in tears before Napoleon. He, for a moment, glanced sternly at Josephine, as if to reproach her for the trial to which she had exposed him. But his yielding heart could not withstand this appeal. Taking the hand of Madame Polignac, he said,

"I am surprised in finding, in a plot against my life, Armand Polignac, the companion of my boyhood at the military school. I will, however, grant his pardon to the tears of his wife. I only hope that this act of weakness on my part may not encourage fresh acts of imprudence. Those princes, madame, are most deeply culpable who thus compromise the lives of their faithful servants without partaking their perils."

General Lajolais had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense. Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose



MADAME POLIGNAC INTERCEDING FOR HER HUSBAND.

him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned ; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Pardon, sire ! pardon for my father !"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, "I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition ? Leave me, miss !" So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused

with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful upturned face, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Miss Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die." Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ah, miss, but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the state. I can do nothing for you!"

"Alas, sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it: but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said,

"Well, my child! yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the prison of the Conciergerie with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice, "Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother."

Six others of the conspirators also soon received a pardon. Such was the termination of the Bourbon conspiracy for the assassination of Napoleon.

Upon this subject the "Encyclopædia Americana" remarks, with much candor:

"It is known to every impartial investigator that Napoleon was far from being of a cruel disposition; that he was never deaf to prayers for mercy, if the great interests of France allowed him to listen to them. He pardoned most of the persons implicated in the conspiracy of Georges; he pardoned the prince of Hatzfield; he offered pardon even to Staps, the young assassin at Schönbrun; in short, proofs enough exist to show that his disposition was the opposite of cruel. The narratives of several persons concerned in the duke's death tend also to exculpate the First Consul. Savary, duke of Rovigo, informs us in his *Memoires* that the Consul heard, through him, of the execution of the prince with amazement, and greatly regretted it. The Count Réal, Counselor of State, then prefect of Paris, and therefore charged with the police of that city, declares the same. He has asserted in the

United States, where he has lived a long time, in presence of Joseph Bonaparte, count de Survilliers, Mr. Duponceau, General Lallemand, Captain Sary, and others, that Napoleon did not know of the execution of the duke until after it had taken place, and that he learned it with amazement from Savary's mouth, and that the Consul had intended to set the prince at liberty."

This agrees with the following statement, which we have from the most authentic source. Joseph, the brother of the Consul, found him, after this catastrophe, much affected, and highly indignant at those persons whom he accused of having occasioned this catastrophe. He regretted much that he had lost so fine an opportunity of doing an act of mercy. Even long after, in conversation with his brother, he frequently alluded to this sad event, and, with his usual vivacity, observed,

"It would have been noble to pardon a prince who, in plotting against me, had done what his position demanded of him. He was young," continued Napoleon; "my favors would have attached him to me; he would have become better acquainted with the state of France, and would have ended by entering my service. It would have been gratifying to have had the descendant of the great Condé for aid-de-camp." This view is corroborated by Napoleon's own assertions, in Las Casas' Memorial, vol. vii., p. 437. The declarations of Napoleon himself, in his will, however, are at variance with this view of the subject. He there says, "I ordered the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and executed, because it was necessary for the safety, the welfare, and the honor of the French nation. Under the same circumstances I should act in the same way; the death of the Duke d'Enghien is to be imputed to those who plotted in London against the life of the First Consul, and who intended to bring the Duke de Berri by Biville, and the Duke d'Enghien by Strasburg, into France."

Savary, who was himself a witness of the regrets of the Consul on account of the death of the duke, gives the following explanation of this inconsistency: that Napoleon preferred, even on his death-bed, to take the charge of the duke's death upon himself, rather than to allow his power to be doubted; and that he acted thus from regard to the dignity of a sovereign, who, if he enjoys the credit of the good which is done in his name, would act unworthily in throwing the blame of the evil done in his name upon others. He says, "When the Emperor uses the words '*Le Duc d'Enghien est mort, parceque je l'ai voulu*,' his meaning amounts only to this: 'When I reigned, no one dared conceive the thought of disposing of the life or liberty of any one. It might have been possible to impose upon me, but never for a moment to encroach upon my power.'"

"It is certain that, in the critical situation in which he found himself, walking upon volcanoes, still active and ever ready for eruption, he could not have suffered it to be believed that such an act could be committed without his consent. A belief in his power was of the utmost importance to the peace and order of France. The welfare of France required that he should take upon himself the responsibility of every act done in his name.

"Bignon says that, in a note written by Napoleon himself, not yet published, there is the following passage respecting the Duke d'Enghien: 'If guilty, the commission was right to sentence him to death; if innocent, they

ought to have acquitted him, because no order whatever can justify a judge in violating his conscience.' ”

The following statements from the “American Quarterly Review” of September, 1830, also throw much light upon this very important subject: “We have it in our power, from high authority, that of a person not now in this country, to state, what the Duke of Rovigo was not aware of, the reason why the Duke d’Enghien suffered death without the knowledge or sanction of the First Consul. The prisoner, in extremity, asked to see the First Consul, which was not permitted; but the judge advocate, Dantancourt, humanely suggested to him to write a letter, which was done, and the letter sent to Réal. During that eventful night the First Consul had been called up five times, on the arrival of as many messengers, with insignificant dispatches. So often disturbed, he gave orders not to be called again unless for a very serious occasion. M. Réal sent the Duke d’Enghien’s letter to Malmaison by a private horseman of the gendarmerie, who, uninformed as to its contents, gave no intimation that it required immediate attention. It was laid on a table, where it had remained unnoticed till after the First Consul had deliberately risen, and made his toilet as usual, without the least notion of its contents. In the mean while—indeed, before he got out of bed—the ill-starred writer of that neglected letter was shot. The interview between the First Consul and Réal, which immediately followed that between the First Consul and Savary, disclosed the deplorable cause, as Savary’s tidings had revealed the catastrophe. Réal’s reception was that of a man who had been guilty of unpardonable negligence. He will, no doubt, at some proper time, submit his account to the world. But he knows that the Duke d’Enghien was not sacrificed to a tyrant’s passions, policy, or fears; that the general agitation and very natural misunderstanding which his family and friends had occasioned throughout the capital and the council, the over-zealous, perhaps treacherous advice of some, the over-active, precipitate dispatch of others, and one of those misadventures which are so common in the affairs of this world, are the causes to which this disaster is owing. Once done, however, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, never to recant, or apologize, or recede was one of Bonaparte’s imperious maxims. He felt the full force of the French proverb, ‘that whoever excuses, accuses himself,’ and nothing would induce him to disown a deed done under his orders, though they were violated to his infinite injury and mortification, in almost every stage of the proceeding. Both accounts are correct; at all events, both exculpate Napoleon from the haste of the process.

“We can give assurance, on authority which can not mistake or be mistaken (if wrong, it must be intentionally so, and we have been deceived ourselves, which we can not believe), that the idea of the death of the Duke d’Enghien never crossed the First Consul’s mind till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. Whatever the precipitation of some of his ministers or the intrigues of others may have designed; however his own ideas may have been surprised, his measures hurried, and the result enchained, it is certain, unless we are grossly misinformed (and if we are, it is designedly), that the sudden, violent, and impolitic death of the victim of various untoward circumstances

was as unexpected and as unwelcome to him at whose door it is laid as an unpardonable crime, as to any one living. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial."

Joseph Bonaparte, immediately after the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, called upon his brother Napoleon. He thus records the interview. Joseph, alluding to some past events, had said, "Who would then have thought that you would be one day called on to pronounce, as a judge, the destiny of a grandson of the Prince of Condé? At these words," continues Joseph, "I saw Napoleon's countenance change, and a tear start, for my brother Napoleon's nature was good and kind, though he often took as much pains to appear stern as others do to appear gentle. Leaning on my arm, 'What events,' said he, 'and what misfortunes in that family! But who knows whether, out of this arrest, may not spring good for the family, for the country, and for me? for out of it I will find means to show what I really am. I am strong enough not to fear the Bourbons. I am great enough, I think, for them not to suppose that I will degrade myself to the miserable part of Monk. They tell me that the Duke d'Enghien is even disposed to anticipate my favorable sentiments by writing to me; but whether he does or does not, he shall find in me none but favorable dispositions; a wish to pardon him—not merely the wish, but the will. I, who am here to conciliate, I like to imagine to myself the romance of reconciliation, and I smile at the possibility of extending a friendly hand to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. You would like to see, one day, a descendant of the great Condé among your brother's aides-de-camp. For my part, I should be delighted, I assure you; and my heart is filled with good and generous sentiments toward him.'"

Such then are the established facts. The Duke d'Enghien was guilty of high treason. He was in the pay of England, with arms in his hands, fighting against his own country. He was lingering on the frontier, ready to march with invading armies into France. Yet Napoleon was generously disposed to overlook this crime of high treason, in reference to the peculiar political misfortunes of the family of the duke. But the Bourbons had entered into an atrocious conspiracy for the assassination of the First Consul. The evidence seemed overwhelming that the duke was actively engaged in this conspiracy. Napoleon resolved to bring him to trial, still magnanimously intending to pardon the unhappy man. He thought that such an act of clemency would prove his kind feelings toward the rejected Bourbons, and that he had no disposition to aggravate their misfortunes. The duke was arrested, accused of the crime of high treason, tried, found guilty beyond all possibility of doubt, condemned, and, by an untoward accident, executed before Napoleon had an opportunity to interpose the contemplated pardon. The duke fell before the majesty of a just law. Napoleon regretted his death; he regretted it doubly when he learned that, though the duke, by his own defiant confession, was guilty of high treason, still, that he probably was not involved with the conspirators in plotting assassination. But he proudly refused to make any apology to the Bourbon clamor. He would not attempt to mitigate unjust obloquy by criminating the officers of the law. With that spirit of self-respect to which none can refuse their homage, he assumed the whole responsibility of the act.

Upon the basis of such facts, Lamartine, echoing the sentiments of aristocratic Europe, exclaims, "The First Consul had said, '*Tis well!*' But conscience, equity, and humanity protest alike against this satisfaction of a murderer who applauds himself. He claimed the crime to himself alone in his revelations at St. Helena. Let him, then, keep it all to himself! He has mowed down millions of men by the hands of war, and mad humanity, partial against itself for what it calls glory, has pardoned him. He has slain one alone cruelly, like a coward, in the dark, by the consciences of prevaricating judges, and by the balls of mercenary executioners, without risking his own breast—not as a warrior, but even as a murderer. Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon him this spilling of blood. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalides, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out of one single block of granite, harmonizing with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand, the sentinels of ages, around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on his sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered, by the light of a lantern, at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shown, at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim, '*It is there!*' With a cry of indignation, they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim, and an implacable resentment against the assassin!"

"This resentment is a vengeance for the past, but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity afterward to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour, the victim has all eternity!"*

This legal execution of one convicted of high treason the Allies have audaciously stigmatized as murder and assassination. Had European aristocracy crushed Republicanism in America as in France, Washington would also have been called the murderer and assassin of André. He was so called, till the success of this great republic overwhelmed the ridiculous accusation

* "When Peltier was acquitted, in defiance of Consul Bonaparte's efforts to convict him, of libels promoting his assassination, I was in London, where the French Bourbon princes and their abettors, almost without concealment, '*by divine right,*' urged that atrocity. At the same time, I was hard by there when Colonel Despard and several others, convicted of treason, were executed, according to the terrific English method of that punishment. The proof of Despard's treason was slight, that of Enghien's unquestionable. Not a sigh, scarce a sympathy, followed Colonel Despard's mangled corpse to the grave, while myriads of bosoms soon swelled with indignation at the death of the Duke d'Enghien."—*History of the Second War in the United States, by Charles J. Ingersoll.*

Treason against the Emperor Napoleon was considered a virtue which merited reward; treason against King George III. was a crime which merited death by torture.

with contempt. Our sympathies cluster around D'Enghien and André, yet they both were guilty and merited their doom. Washington would gladly have pardoned André could he have done so without periling the cause of American freedom, and Napoleon grieved deeply that an untoward accident deprived him of the opportunity of extending a pardon to the Duke d'Enghien.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

Desire for the Empire—Decree of the Senate—Address of Cambacères—Reply of Napoleon—Fête at Boulogne—Naval Battle—Letter to the Pope—His Reception at Paris—Religious Sanction of the Marriage of Napoleon and Josephine—Coronation—The Empire.

THE conspiracy of the French princes for the assassination of Napoleon roused Republican France to increased efforts to consolidate the new government. The execution of the Duke d'Enghien, a prince of the blood royal, exasperated the feudal monarchs of Europe, and inspired them with additional hostility against the supremacy of the people. The Royalists considered Napoleon, with his almost superhuman energy, as the only obstacle to their projects. They were ready, at every hazard, to strike him down. The people of France, profoundly admiring the wisdom and efficiency of his government, were grateful for the harmony which he had restored to the Republic, and for the abounding prosperity with which, by his labors, it had been crowned.

Immediately, in the legislative bodies, in the streets of Paris, through all the principal towns in the departments, and in the camps distributed along the coasts, all tongues were busy in pleading that the crown should be placed upon that brow on whose safety reposed the destinies of France. It was declared that experience had abundantly proved that republicanism was not adapted to the genius of the French people; that the object of the Revolution was accomplished in reforming abuses, in abolishing the old feudal system, and in limiting the royal authority; and that now the dignity and the safety of France required that Napoleon should be invested with regal power, that he might thus be on a level with surrounding monarchs.

Never was the impulsive character of the French people more conspicuous than on this occasion. Fouché, in the ardor of his zeal, was the first to approach Napoleon with an expression of the universal desire. In reiterated interviews, he represented the necessity of putting an end to the anxieties of France by returning to that monarchical form of government which might appease the hostility of the surrounding nations, which would invest the person of Napoleon with new sacredness, and which would consolidate the work of the Revolution. A blaze of enthusiasm flamed over all France at the idea of investing the First Consul, the friend and the idol of the people, with imperial dignity. Addresses were now poured in upon Napoleon without number, imploring him to accept the crown of France. The First Consul sent for Lebrun and Cambacères, to confer with them upon the subject. Frank-

ly he avowed that he wished to ascend the throne, stating that it was manifest to every one that France desired a king; that every day she was receding farther from the wild excesses of the Revolution; that the adoption of the forms of monarchy would be an act of conciliation to the rest of Europe, and would enable him, with less opposition from abroad, to promote the popular interests of France.

Napoleon, with his accustomed prudence, immediately sent to most of the governments of Europe to ascertain if the change would be acceptable to them. France was at war with England, consequently the consent of that power was out of the question. The hostile attitude which Russia had recently assumed rendered it a point of dignity not to address her. Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the minor powers were consulted. As it was now generally esteemed impossible, throughout Europe, that the Bourbons could be restored, all the courts experienced much satisfaction at the idea of having the Republic abolished in France. The King of Prussia wrote, with his own hand, to his minister in Paris in the following cordial terms:

"I unhesitatingly authorize you to seize the earliest possible opportunity to make known to M. Talleyrand that, after having seen the supreme power conferred for life upon the First Consul, I should see, with still greater interest, the public order, established by his wisdom and his great actions, consolidated by the hereditary establishment of his family, and that I should not hesitate to acknowledge it."

This letter, written but about a fortnight after the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, seems to indicate that, however deeply that event might have been deplored by the courts of Europe, the exasperating circumstances which led to the reprisal were fully appreciated. The Emperor Francis of Austria promptly assured Napoleon of his readiness to recognize that change in the government of France which could not but be acceptable to the surrounding monarchies. This was the general sentiment throughout all of the courts of Europe.

Bourrienne, in conversation with Napoleon, one day remarked that he thought it would be impossible for Napoleon to get himself acknowledged Emperor by the old reigning families of Europe. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them."

The Senate of France, by unanimous acclamation, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte should be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the French Republic." The Senate, in its enthusiasm, resolved to go in a body to St. Cloud, to present the decree to the First Consul, and to salute him as Emperor. It was the 18th of May, 1804. The fields were green, the trees in full foliage, and the bland atmosphere of the most lovely of spring mornings exhilarated all spirits. A long procession of carriages, escorted by a brilliant guard of cavalry, conveyed the senators to the rural palace of St. Cloud. Napoleon, with that perfect tranquillity of spirit which seemed never to forsake him, was ready to receive them. Josephine stood by his side, flushed with agitation, trembling in anticipation of the future, yet gratified at the new honor about to be conferred upon her husband. Cambacères, the

President of the Senate, bowing profoundly before his former colleague, now his new sovereign, thus addressed him :

“Sire,—Four years ago the affection and the gratitude of the French people intrusted the reins of government to your majesty, and the constitution of the state had already left to you the choice of a successor. The more imposing title which is now decreed to you, therefore, is but a tribute that the nation pays to its own dignity, and to the necessity it experiences of offering you new proofs of its daily increasing respect and attachment. How, indeed, can the French people reflect, without enthusiasm, upon the happiness it has experienced since Providence prompted it to throw itself into your arms ? Our armies were vanquished, the finances in disorder, public credit was annihilated ; the remnants of our ancient splendor were disputed by factions ; the ideas of religion, and even of morality, were obscured. Your majesty appeared ; you recalled victory to our standards ; you restored order and economy in the public expenditure. The nation, encouraged by the use you made of them, took confidence in its own resources. Your wisdom calmed down the fury of parties ; religion saw her altars raised again. Finally—and that is, doubtless, the greatest of the miracles worked by your genius—that people, whom civil ferments had rendered indocile to all restraints, and inimical to all authority, have been, by you, taught to cherish and respect a power exercised only for its repose and glory.”

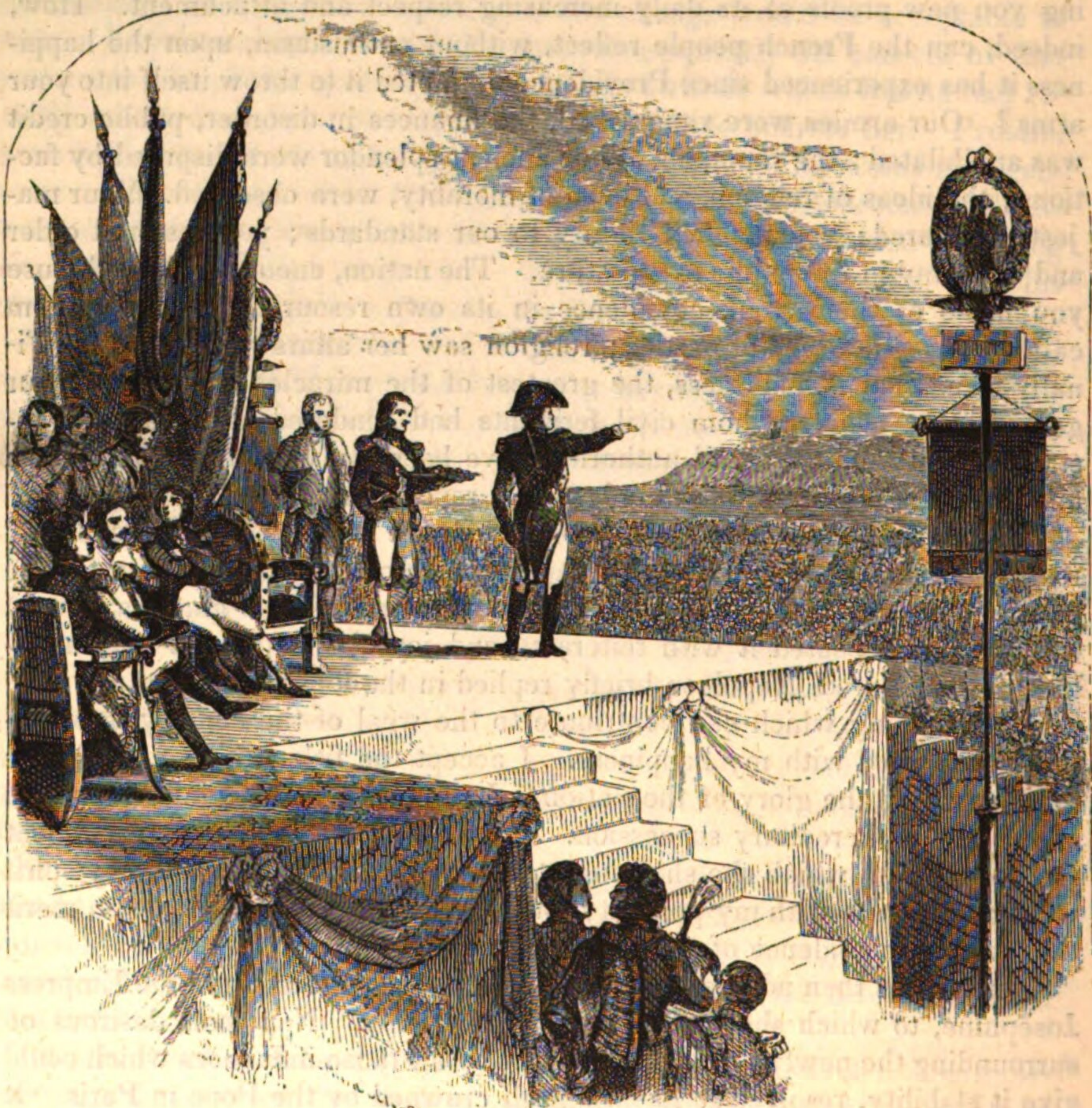
The moment these words were concluded, the cry of “Vive l'Empereur” resounded, in tones of deepest enthusiasm, throughout the palace. The multitude, drawn by the occasion to the court-yard and the gardens, caught the cry, and repeated it with reiterated and joyful shouts. As soon as silence was restored, Napoleon briefly replied in the following terms :

“Every thing which can contribute to the weal of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title, which you believe to be useful to the glory of the nation. I submit to the people the sanction of the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honors with which she shall invest my family. At all events, my spirit will no longer be with my posterity on that day when it shall cease to merit the love and confidence of the Grand Nation.”

Cambacères then addressed a few words of congratulation to the Empress Josephine, to which she replied only by her tears. Napoleon, desirous of surrounding the newly-established throne by all those influences which could give it stability, resolved to have himself crowned by the Pope in Paris. It will be remembered that Pope Pius VII. was the personal friend of Napoleon. He felt grateful for the favors which the First Consul had conferred upon the Church. Never before had a Pope condescended to leave Rome to place the crown upon a monarch's brow. Pius VII., however, promptly yielded to the wishes of his illustrious friend.

It was now the month of May. Napoleon wished, before the coronation, to accomplish his projected attack upon England. The preparations were finally so matured that even Napoleon became sanguine of success. He immediately visited all the camps upon the coast, and inspected them with the utmost care. He even examined the flotilla, boat by boat, to see if every order had been strictly attended to. Every thing was in accordance with his

wishes. A magnificent spectacle was arranged, in the presence of the English squadron, for the distribution of the crosses of the "Legion of Honor." Napoleon was seated upon a throne constructed on the brink of the ocean, with his magnificent army assembled in the form of a semicircular amphitheatre around him. The shouts of a hundred thousand men filled the air. The explosion of thousands of pieces of artillery of heaviest calibre sent their reverberations even to the shores of England. The impressive scene filled



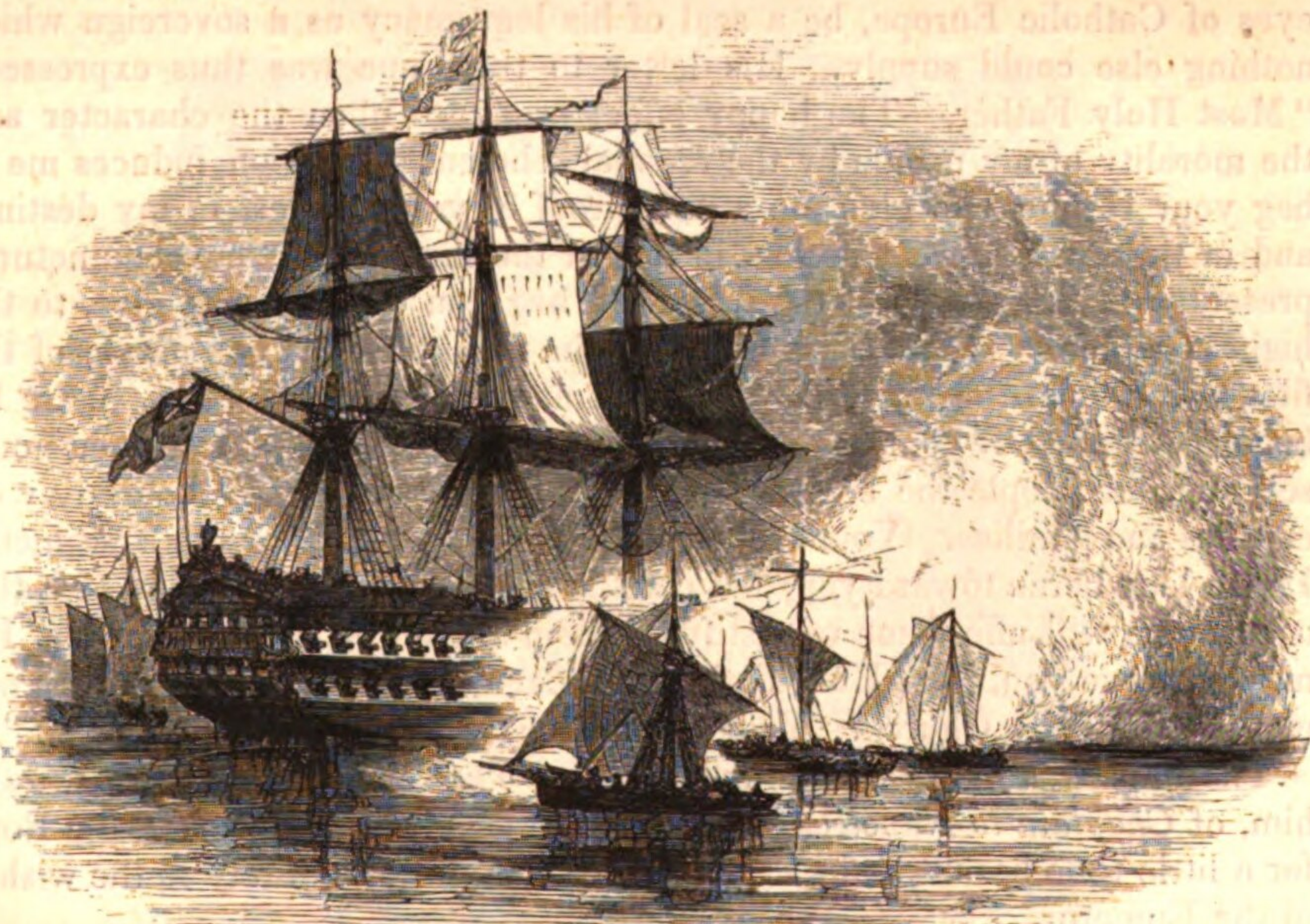
THE FÊTE AT BOULOGNE

all hearts. In the midst of the imposing spectacle, a division of the flotilla from Havre, approaching Boulogne, was attacked by the English squadron, in view of the countless multitude surrounding the Emperor. Napoleon, while engaged in the solemnities of the occasion, from time to time turned his telescope to watch the progress of the fight. The gun-boats entered the harbor in safety, thus crowning the festivities of the day.

A short time afterward Napoleon had another opportunity of witnessing a battle between the flotilla and the English ships. It was the 26th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he was in the roadstead inspecting the line of gun-boats. The English squadron, consisting of twenty ships, was

moored at some distance from the shore. A ship, detaching herself from the main body, approached the French line to reconnoiter and to discharge some broadsides. A few gun-boats immediately weighed anchor and bore down upon the ship. Seeing this, the English sent a re-enforcement of one frigate and several brigs to attack the gun-boats. The Emperor was in his barge with Admiral Brueys. He ordered his barge to be steered into the midst of the boats that were fighting, and to advance full sail for the frigate. He was aware that the sailors and soldiers, who admired his fearlessness upon the shore, sometimes asked themselves if he would be equally daring upon the sea. He wished to enlighten them upon that point.

The imperial barge, brilliantly decorated with banners, rapidly approached the frigate. She, suspecting the precious freight it bore, reserved her fire, that with one crushing broadside she might annihilate her audacious foe. The Minister of Marine, trembling for the fate of the Emperor, seized the rudder, and was about to alter the course of the barge. An imperative gesture from Napoleon arrested the movement, and the barge held on its course. Napoleon was examining the frigate with his telescope, when suddenly she discharged her broadside. The tempest of iron was hurled around them, lashing the water into foam, yet no one was injured. The rest of the gun-boats rapidly came up, and assailed the English with a shower of balls and grape-shot. Soon the frigate, seriously damaged, was obliged to stand out to sea. The brigs soon followed, seriously battered, and one so riddled that she was seen to sink.



THE GUN-BOATS AND THE FRIGATE.

Napoleon, delighted with the result of the battle, wrote to Marshal Soult: "The little battle at which I was present has produced an immense effect in England. It has created a real alarm there. The howitzers which are on

board the gun-boats *tell* admirably. The private information that I have received makes the loss of the enemy sixty wounded, and from twelve to fifteen killed. The frigate was much damaged." The loss of the French was but two killed and seven wounded.

England was now thoroughly alarmed. It was evident to all that, herculean as was the enterprise of invading England, Napoleon had accumulated materials commensurate with the undertaking. All France was in a state of the highest enthusiasm. The most magnificent preparations were being made for the coronation. The rumor had spread abroad that the Pope was coming to Paris to crown the Emperor. The devout population heard the news with wonder and admiration. Opposition, however, arose in the Council of State. Many arguments were urged against receiving the crown from the Sovereign Pontiff, which was, in reality, conferred by the will of the nation and the exploits of the army. Napoleon was as powerful in the cabinet as on the field of battle. His arguments were as decisive as his bombshells. He terminated the discussion by this pointed question:

"Gentlemen, you are deliberating at Paris, at the Tuileries. Suppose that you were in London, in the British cabinet—that you were the ministers of the King of England, and that you were informed that at this moment the Pope crosses the Alps to crown the Emperor of the French. Would you look upon that as a triumph for England or for France?" This settled the question beyond reply.

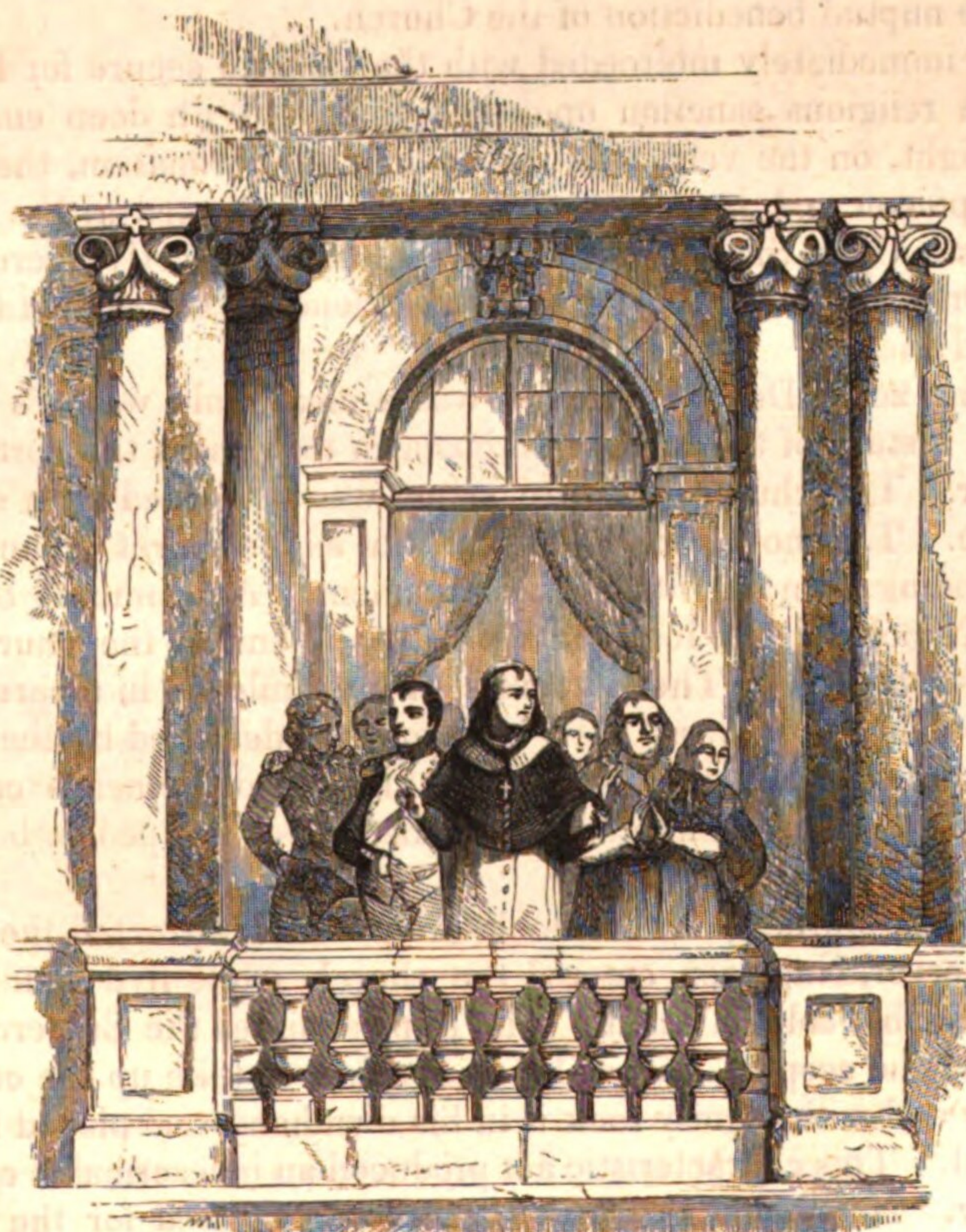
Napoleon justly considered that the benediction of the Pope would, in the eyes of Catholic Europe, be a seal of his legitimacy as a sovereign which nothing else could supply. His letter to the Pope was thus expressed: "Most Holy Father,—The happy effect produced upon the character and the morality of my people by the re-establishment of religion, induces me to beg your Holiness to give me a new proof of your interest in my destiny, and in that of this great nation, in one of the most important conjunctures presented in the annals of the world. I beg you to come and give, to the highest degree, a religious character to the anointing and coronation of the first Emperor of the French. That ceremony will acquire a new lustre by being performed by your Holiness in person. It will bring down upon yourself and our people the blessing of God, whose decrees rule the destiny of empires and families. Your Holiness is aware of the affectionate sentiments I have long borne toward you, and can thence judge of the pleasure that this occurrence will afford me of testifying them anew. We pray God that He may preserve you, most Holy Father, for many years to rule and govern our mother, the Holy Church. Your dutiful son, NAPOLEON."

The Pope was not insensible to ridicule. The nickname his enemies gave him, of *Chaplain to Napoleon*, wounded him deeply. And though the Pope for a little time hesitated, he at length yielded himself entirely to the wishes of the Emperor.

Josephine trembled in view of the height to which her husband had attained. Rumors still filled the air that state necessity required that Napoleon should be the founder of a new dynasty, that he should transmit his crown to his descendants, and that divorce was essential, that he might be blessed with an heir. She ardently desired that she might be crowned with

her husband, for it would be a new tie to bind Napoleon to her, and a new guarantee against that divorce which ever haunted her with the most fearful forebodings. Napoleon loved her tenderly, and yet was deeply impressed with the apparent policy of entering into a new nuptial alliance. A scene occurred at this time between them, when Napoleon was so much overcome by the fearful apprehensions, the love and the grief of his wife, that, in a sudden outburst of affection, he threw his arms around her, pressed her to his heart, and assured her that, whatever policy might require, he never could gain strength to separate from one whom he loved so dearly. He declared that she should be crowned with him, and that she should receive at his side, and from the hands of the Pope, the divine consecration.

It was now the last of November. Every thing was in readiness at Nôtre Dame. Pius VII. commenced his journey from Rome to Paris. He was every where received in France with the highest marks of respect and attention. As the pontifical cortège arrived at the Palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon, on horseback, with a magnificent retinue, met the Pope. Alighting, the Emperor embraced the Holy Father, and the two sovereigns entered the carriage together, the Emperor courteously assigning the right side to the Head of the Church. At the rural palace of Fontainebleau he was received with a degree of splendor which both delighted and amazed him.



THE POPE AT THE TUILERIES.

The mild and benevolent countenance and the dignified manners of Pius VII. won all hearts. After three days of repose, the Emperor and the Pope, entering the same carriage, proceeded to Paris. The Pope was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora in the palace of the Tuileries, which had been sumptuously prepared for his reception. With a delicacy characteristic of Napoleon, the Pope found his apartments furnished in every respect precisely like those he had left in the Vatican. Thus the aged prelate truly found himself at home.

The populace of Paris daily crowded beneath the windows of the Tuileries soliciting his appearance. The fame of his benignity had spread through the capital. Pius VII. frequently presented himself at the balcony of the Tuileries, always accompanied by Napoleon, and was saluted with most enthusiastic acclamations. The vast throng threw themselves upon their knees before him, and implored the pontifical benediction. Strange inconsistency! But ten years before, the populace of Paris had hunted the priests of Rome through the streets, and had shot them down without mercy.

It will be remembered that, at the time of the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, all religious ceremonies had been abolished, and they were only united by a civil bond. Napoleon had endeavored to reform this state of things, and, upon the marriage of his sister to Murat, he insisted upon their receiving the nuptial benediction of the Church.

Josephine immediately interceded with the Pope to secure for herself the blessing of a religious sanction upon her union. With deep emotion and heartfelt delight, on the very night preceding the coronation, the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine was secretly celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries. Upon this occasion Josephine was perfectly overcome with emotion. On the following morning, her reddened eyes still testified to the tears she had shed.

Sunday, the 2d of December, 1804, was a clear, cold winter's day. All Paris was in a state of the highest enthusiasm to witness the coronation of the Emperor. The church of Nôtre Dame was decorated with surpassing magnificence. The most gorgeous drapery of silken velvet ornamented the walls, descending from the roof to the pavement. An immense throne was erected for Napoleon and Josephine at the west end of the church, raised upon twenty-four steps. The Emperor left the Tuileries in a carriage completely surrounded with glass. His costume was designed by the most distinguished painter of the day. The acclamations of immense crowds followed him, and all were delighted to see the idol of the people become the Emperor of France.

With a golden laurel upon that noble brow, which attracted the attention of every observer, Napoleon entered the church, while five hundred musicians pealed forth a solemn chant. The Pope anointed the Emperor, blessed the sword and the sceptre, and, as he approached to take up the crown, Napoleon firmly and with dignity took it in his own hand, and placed it himself upon his head. This characteristic act produced an indescribable effect upon the assembly. Napoleon then took the crown prepared for the Empress, and approaching Josephine as she knelt before him, with visible tenderness and affection placed it upon her head. Josephine for a moment gazed ear-

nestly, with swimming eyes, into the face of her illustrious and idolized husband. Napoleon, with a recognizing glance of love, returned the gaze. Josephine, entirely overcome, bowed her head and burst into tears. An enthusiastic shout of "Live the Emperor" burst from every lip, and resounded through the arches of Nôtre Dame. The thunders of innumerable cannon, reverberating through the streets of Paris, announced to all the inhabitants of the metropolis that Napoleon was the consecrated Emperor of France.



THE CORONATION.

The shades of evening had fallen over the thronged city, and the palace and the garden of the Tuileries were blazing with illuminations, when the Emperor and the Empress returned to their imperial abode. Josephine, overwhelmed with the intensest emotions, which the scenes of the day had excited, retired to her chamber, and, falling upon her knees, implored the

guidance of the King of kings. Napoleon, who personally disliked all pomp and parade, and who arranged these scenes of grandeur only to impress the minds of the multitude, hastened to his room, and exclaimed impatiently to an attendant as he entered, "Off! off with these confounded trappings!" He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, the gorgeous robe into another, and thus violently disencumbering himself, declared that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never passed before.

The court of France had for ages exhibited to the nation the spectacle of the most voluptuous and unblushing vice. Manners the most dissolute had been rendered attractive by the grace in which they had been robed. Napoleon had resolved that his court should present a model of moral purity. He resolved to give no one an appointment among the royal retinue whose character was not above reproach. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, during the license of those times, in which all the restraints of Christian morality had been swept away, had availed herself of the facile liberty of divorce from her husband, and had formed other unions. Josephine, in her days of adversity, had received favors from the duchess, and wished to testify her gratitude by receiving her at court. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to her friend:

"I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I am able to obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must suppose that I have forgotten the past. Alas! it is not so. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented at the palace where he reigns. Desirous of strengthening more and more the Church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observances, his intention is, at least, to keep at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of an opportunity for a divorce. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret, but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract."

The season was now so inclement that the Pope could not immediately re-pass the Alps. Napoleon, by his frankness, courtesy, and kindness, gained the most sincere affection of the Holy Pontiff. The Pope became one of the most ardent admirers of that extraordinary man, who won the love of all that approached him.

One great cause of the hostility of monarchical Europe against republican France was the apprehension entertained by the allied monarchs that republican principles might extend through their dominions. One potent consideration which influenced Napoleon in changing the government from a republic to an empire was the hope that Europe would be conciliated by this change. But, though the form of government was thus changed, its popular spirit remained the same.

The old French monarchy was a system of intolerable oppression of the people and favoritism of the privileged classes. It sustained feudal rights, an arrogant and exclusive nobility, venality of offices, worthless and enormously endowed convents, proprietary clergy, and the entire surrender of the state treasury to the extravagance of an irresponsible prince.

The empire which Napoleon established was as different from this as light from darkness. He guarded carefully the liberty of individuals and the rights of private property. All persons were equally accessible to public employments. The taxes were impartially assessed. Entire freedom of conscience was granted. All religious sects, including the Jews, were respected and protected. The strictest accountability was instituted in respect to the public funds. The decorations of the Legion of Honor were extended to all classes and to all kinds of merit. The empire of Napoleon was not the old feudal monarchy revived. It was an imperial republic. Nearly all the thinking men in France thought that it was, in the then existing circumstances, the best government which France could then sustain. It was adopted by the overwhelming majority of the nation. There are but few thinking men now who will dissent from that opinion. It is unreasonable to assert that Napoleon could have made out of France a republican America. The despots of Europe would not even permit him to make out of France a republican empire. Had Napoleon neglected to surround his popular institutions with imperial energy, France would immediately have been overwhelmed by her assailants. Where can the intelligent man be found who doubts this fact? How ungenerous, then, is it to condemn Napoleon for pursuing that only course which, under the circumstances of the case, he could pursue with any chance of success?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE THRONE OF ITALY.

Napoleon's Letter to the King of England—Wishes of the Cisalpine Republic—Journey of the Emperor and Empress to Italy—Coronation at Milan—Dispatches Intercepted—Napoleon and the Peasant—Picture of a Day—Napoleon's Designs for France—Anecdotes—Conversation with Las Casas.

NAPOLEON hoped that the adoption of monarchical forms might in some degree reconcile Europe to France. Most of the surrounding monarchies had expressed their gratification. England still remained implacable. Napoleon, however, hoped that even England might, by this measure of conciliation, be appeased. His desire for peace was so intense, that, notwithstanding the reiterated repulses he had received from that haughty power, he condescended to make new advances to stay the effusion of blood. With his own hand he again wrote to the King of England. It was one of his first acts after his enthronement. His letter was thus expressed:

“Sir, my Brother,—Called to the throne by Providence, by the suffrages of the Senate, of the people, and of the army, my first desire is peace. France and England, abusing their prosperity, may contend for ages. But do their respective governments fulfill their most sacred duties in causing so much blood to be vainly shed, without the hope of advantage or prospect of cessation? I do not conceive that it can be deemed dishonorable in me to make the first advances. I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world that I dread none of the chances of war, which indeed offer nothing that I can fear. Though peace is the wish of my heart, yet war has never been

adverse to my glory. I conjure your majesty, then, not to refuse the happiness of giving peace to the world. Delay not that grateful satisfaction, that it may be a legacy for your children; for never have arisen more favorable circumstances, nor a more propitious moment for calming every passion and displaying the best feelings of humanity and reason.

“That moment once lost, what term shall we set to a struggle which all my efforts have been unable to terminate? In the space of ten years your majesty has gained more in wealth and territory than the extent of Europe comprehends. Your people have attained the height of prosperity. What, then, has your majesty to hope from war? The world is sufficiently extensive for our two nations, and reason might assist us to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by a spirit of reconciliation. At all events I have discharged a sacred duty, and one dear to my heart. Your majesty may rely upon the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed, and on my desire to afford your majesty every proof of that sincerity.”

This earnest appeal the British cabinet repulsed by the following cold reply: “His majesty of England, though earnestly desiring the restoration of peace to his people, could not reply to the overture made to him without consulting the Continental powers, especially the Emperor of Russia.” This was simply saying that a new storm was gathering in the north, and that the fate of France must depend on another struggle.

The Cisalpine Republic had witnessed the change of France from a republic to an empire with much satisfaction. They wished to imitate this example. Italy, rejoicing in ancestral greatness, immediately resolved that Napoleon, whom the Italians regarded as one of their own countrymen, should also wear the crown of Lombardy. A deputation from the Cisalpine Republic arrived in Paris to consult the Emperor upon the proposed alteration, and to tender to him the crown. At a public audience, Napoleon was informed of the unanimous desire of the Senate and of the people of Italy that the country should become a kingdom, and that he would ascend the throne. Napoleon listened with pleasure to the petition of the Republic. In reply he said,

“The separation of the crowns of France and Italy will be necessary hereafter, but highly dangerous at present, surrounded as we are by powerful enemies and inconstant friends. The people of Italy have always been dear to me. For the love I bear them, I consent to take the additional burden and responsibility which their confidence has led them to impose on me, at least until the interests of Italy herself permit me to place the crown on a younger head. My successor, animated by my spirit, and intent upon completing the work of regeneration, already so auspiciously commenced, shall be one who will be ever ready to sacrifice his personal interests, and, if necessary, his life, in behalf of the nation over which he shall be called by Providence, the constitution of the country, and my approbation, to reign.”

In reference to this event, Napoleon, in a free and frank conversation with his ancient schoolfellow Bourrienne, remarked, “In eight days I shall set out to assume the iron crown of Charlemagne. That, however, is but a stepping-stone to greater things which I design for Italy, which must become a kingdom, comprising all the transalpine country from Venice to the mari-

time Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. For the present it is necessary, in order to accustom the Italians to live under common laws. The people of Genoa, Piedmont, Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, cordially detest each other, and none of them could be induced to admit their inferiority. Rome, however, by her situation and historical associations, is the natural capital of Italy. To make it so in reality, the power of the Pope must be restricted to spiritual affairs. It would be impolitic to attempt the accomplishment of this just now; but, if circumstances are favorable, there may be less difficulty hereafter. As yet, I have but crude ideas upon the subject, which time and events will ripen.

“When you and I were two idle young men, sauntering through the streets of Paris, a prescient feeling told me that I should one day be master of France. My conduct hence received a direction. It is wise, therefore, to provide for what may come, and this is what I am doing. Since it would be impossible at once to unite Italy into a single power, yielding obedience to uniform laws, I shall commence by making her French. All the petty, worthless states into which she is divided will thus acquire a habit of living under the dominion of the same laws, and, when this habit is formed, and local feuds and enmities become extinct, there will again be an Italy worthy her olden renown, and her restoration to independence will have been my work. Twenty years are requisite, however, to accomplish this, and who can calculate with certainty upon the future? I speak at this moment of things which have long been shut up in my mind. I am probably but uttering a pleasant day-dream.”

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Pope, soon left Paris for Italy. They halted at Brienne, the scene of Napoleon's school-days. With many delightful and melancholy emotions, Napoleon recalled, with a zest and a rapidity which surprised himself, innumerable long-forgotten trains of ideas and sensations. They crossed the Alps. Josephine, supported by the arm of Napoleon, and gazing upon the wild sublimities which surrounded them, with emotions of delight listened to the glowing recitals of her husband, as he pointed out to her the scenes of past enterprise and achievement.

Having taken leave of the Holy Father at Turin with mutual testimonials of affection and esteem, the Emperor, with his staff, visited the plain of Marengo. He had assembled upon that plain thirty thousand troops for a grand review, and that Josephine might behold, in the mimicry of war, a picture of the dreadful scenes which had deluged those fields in blood. It was the fifth of May. The magnificent pageant glittered beneath the rays of a brilliant sun. A lofty throne was erected, from which the Emperor and Empress could overlook the whole scene. Napoleon dressed himself for the occasion with the same war-wasted garments, the battered hat, the tempest-torn cloak, the coat of faded blue, and the long cavalry sabre, which he had worn amid the carnage and the terror of that awful day. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. The Emperor and the Empress appeared on the ground in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses, and immediately they were greeted by an enthusiastic shout of acclamation from thirty thousand adoring voices. The gorgeous uniform of the men, the rich caparison and proud bearing of the horses, the clangor of

innumerable trumpets and martial bands, the glitter of gold and steel, the deafening thunders of artillery and musketry, filling the air with one incessant and terrific roar, the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke rolling heavily over the plain, shutting out the rays of an unclouded sun, all combined to produce an effect upon the spectators never to be effaced.

On the 26th of May the coronation took place in the Cathedral of Milan. The iron crown of Charlemagne, which is a circlet of gold and gems covering an iron ring formed of one of the spikes *said* to have pierced our Savior's hand at the Crucifixion, had reposed for a thousand years in the church of Monza. It was brought forth from its mausoleum to embellish the coronation with the attraction of its deep poetic sentiment. The ceremony was conducted with a magnificence not even surpassed by the scene in Nôtre Dame. The Empress first appeared, gorgeously dressed and glittering with diamonds. The most enthusiastic acclamations greeted her entrance. A moment after, Napoleon himself appeared. He was arrayed in imperial robes of velvet, purple and gold, with the diadem upon his brow, and the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne in his hands. He placed the crown upon his own head, repeating aloud the historical words, "God has given it to me—woe to him who touches it!"

He remained in Milan a month, busy night and day in projecting improvements of the most majestic character. The Italians, to the present day, regard the reign of Napoleon as the brightest period of their modern history.

A little incident at this time occurred which illustrates Napoleon's unwearied interest in promoting happiness. One day the Emperor and Empress had broken away from the pageantry and cares of state, and retired to the seclusion of a little island in one of the lakes in that vicinity. They entered the cabin of a poor woman. She had no idea of the illustrious character of her guests, and, in answer to their kind inquiries, told them frankly the story of her penury and her toils, and her anxiety for her children, as her husband could often obtain no work. Napoleon was interested in the indications which he saw of a superior character.

"How much money," said he, "should you want to make you perfectly happy?"

"Ah! sir," she replied, "a great deal I should want."

"But how much?" Napoleon rejoined.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I should want as much as eighty dollars; but what prospect is there of one having eighty dollars?"

The Emperor caused an attendant to pour into her lap about six hundred dollars in glittering gold. For a moment she was speechless in bewilderment, and then said,

"Ah, sir! ah, madam! this is too much; and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a poor woman."

"No," Josephine replied, in most gentle accents, "the money is all yours: with it you can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and I hope you will be able to bring up your children comfortably." Napoleon's tact in detecting character ever enabled him to judge accurately where assistance could be judiciously conferred.

Before leaving Milan, Napoleon received a number of intercepted dis-

patches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, containing a detailed account of the enormous acquisitions the English were making in India. He commented upon these dispatches with great severity. The cabinet of London were holding up to the execration of Europe the illimitable ambition of the French monarch for striving to strengthen himself against the hostile monarchies around him by friendly associations and alliances with such powers as his genius could create. At the same time, this same cabinet was issuing orders to extend the British dominion over an extent of country and a population almost equal to that of all Europe. In this career of aggression against the East Indies, England could not even offer the plea that she was an invited liberator, or that she was conquering in a defensive war. It is, indeed, more easy to see the mote in our neighbor's eye than to discern the beam in our own.

From Milan, the Emperor and Empress continued their tour to Genoa. The restless and never-exhausted mind of Napoleon was weary at even the swiftest speed of the horses. Though they drove from post to post with the utmost possible rapidity, so that it was necessary continually to throw water on the glowing axle, he kept calling from his carriage, "On! on! We do not go fast enough!" Their reception in Genoa was magnificent in the extreme. In the beautiful bay, a floating garden of orange-trees was constructed in honor of Josephine. In the principal church the Emperor and Empress received the allegiance of the most prominent inhabitants.

As they were crossing the Alps, Napoleon, alighting from his carriage, proceeded on foot some distance in advance of the party. He met a peasant woman.



NAPOLEON AND THE PEASANT.

"Where are you hastening so eagerly this morning?" said he.

"To see the Emperor," she replied. "They tell me the Emperor is to pass this way."

"And why do you wish to see him?" said Napoleon; "what have you done but exchanged one tyrant for another? You have had the Bourbons, now you have Napoleon."

The woman for a moment was staggered, and then replied,

"It is no matter; Napoleon is *our* king, but the Bourbons were the kings of the *nobles*."

"This," said Napoleon to one to whom he related the anecdote, "comprehends the whole matter."

Napoleon, having appointed Eugene Beauharnais viceroy of Italy, returned to Paris, and here wearing with perfect ease the weight of two crowns, he resumed his life of unintermitted toil. His habits of life were regular and temperate in the extreme. After issuing each morning the orders of the day, and having received those who were entitled to the privilege of an audience, he breakfasted at nine o'clock. The breakfast seldom lasted more than eight or ten minutes. Returning to his cabinet, he applied himself to business, and received the ministers, who attended with their port-folios. These occupations lasted until six in the evening. Then dinner was served. The Emperor and Empress usually dined alone. The dinner consisted of but one course, prolonged by the dessert. The only wine he drank was a very light French wine, mingled with water. Ardent spirits he never drank. The dinner usually lasted not more than twenty minutes. Returning to the drawing-room, a servant presented him with a cup of coffee. He then returned to his cabinet to resume his labors, rigorously acting upon the principle never to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. The Em-



NAPOLEON IN THE SALOON OF JOSEPHINE.

press descended to her apartments, where she found the ladies of honor in attendance.

Napoleon occasionally, for a few moments, would leave his cabinet after dinner, and enter the apartments of Josephine, to speak a few words with the ladies who were assembled there. Leaning upon the back of a chair, he would converse with that frankness with which he ever charmed all whom he addressed. In the evening he held a levee, when the officers on duty received their orders for the next day. Such was the life of the people's king. How different from that of the voluptuous monarchs who had previously reveled in the palaces of France. Napoleon's personal tastes were extremely simple and modest, but he loved to see around his court a brilliant display of magnificence, deeming it essential to impress the imaginations of the French people. In private, few persons have manifested more polite and genial manners in their intercourse with those around them, though there were occasions when Napoleon, intensely occupied with the affairs of state, would arise from the breakfast table and the dinner table without the utterance of a single word.

Immediately after the coronation of the Emperor, Louis XVIII. entered his earnest protest against Napoleon's right to the throne. Napoleon caused this protest to be published, without note or comment, in the *Moniteur*, that it might be read by all France. This was his only and his noble response. When Napoleon first perused this production, he calmly said, "My right is the will of France. While I have a sword I shall maintain it." The question whether the hereditary succession to the throne should be invested in the family of Napoleon had been submitted to the people. More than three and a half millions voted in favor, while but about two thousand voted against it. Such unanimity in behalf of any ruler earth has never before recorded.

The English cabinet, trembling in view of the black cloud of invasion threatening their shores, and which cloud every day grew blacker and blacker with its surcharged thunders, roused its energies to form new coalitions against France. The representations she made on the subject of Napoleon's encroachments were favorably listened to by Austria, Russia, and Sweden. A hostile coalition was formed, the expenses of which were to be borne chiefly by the British people, for a combined movement to overthrow the throne of the plebeian monarch. An attack upon France by the Northern powers might interrupt the project and divert the attention of the terrible army threatening the invasion of England. Napoleon was well informed of the intrigues in progress against him. He secretly watched the tendency of events, while he took no public notice which could indicate his knowledge of the designs which were forming. Under these circumstances, and various disappointments having occurred in his attempts to assemble a fleet in the Channel, Napoleon hesitated in what direction to encounter his foes—whether upon the shores of England, or to march to meet them as they should press through the defiles of Germany. After numerous perplexities, he said, "My resolution is fixed. My fleets were lost sight of from the heights of Cape Ortegal on the 14th of August. If they come into the Channel, there is time yet. I embark, and I make the descent. I go to London, and there cut the knot of all coalitions. If, on the contrary, my admiral fails in conduct or in firmness, I raise my ocean camp, I enter Germany with two hundred thousand men, and I do not stop till I have scored

the game at Vienna, taken Venice and all the chieffer cities of Italy from Austria, and driven the Bourbons from Italy. I will not allow the Austrians and the Russians to assemble. I will strike them down before they can form their junction. The Continent being pacified, I will return to the ocean, and work anew for maritime peace."

All things were now prepared for the invasion. Napoleon was only waiting the arrival of the fleet. Officers were stationed with their glasses at various points of the coast, to observe all that was visible upon the sea, and to report to him.

Thus passed three days of intolerable suspense, but no fleet appeared. Admiral Villeneuve, in grossest defection from duty, had frustrated the whole plan. It was one of the deepest disappointments of Napoleon's life. Napoleon was extremely irritated. His whole soul was aroused into intensity of disappointment and vexation. He launched out into long and fierce invectives against the incapacity of his naval officers; said that he was betrayed by cowardice; deplored in strains of anguish the ruin of the most splendid and perfectly arranged plans he had ever conceived.

Suddenly the storm passed away. With that self-control which so wonderfully characterized him, he in an hour mastered his agitation, and calmed himself into perfect repose. With surprising facility, he immediately turned all the energies of his mind from the invasion of England to preparation to meet the combined foes who were gathering to assail him in the north. For several hours in succession, with extraordinary precision and minuteness of detail, he dictated the immortal campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz. Thus terminated the enterprise of invading England. But this project was no chimaera; though unfinished, it was one of the most majestic enterprises of his life.

If ever a nation was authorized to engage in a war of self-defense, Napoleon was right in this endeavor to resist those unrelenting foes whom no pleas for peace could disarm. In reference to the change of the government of France, Napoleon, at St. Helena, made the following profound remarks: "My object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system as organized by Charlemagne. With this view, I created a nobility from among the people, in order to swallow up the remains of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth, and I selected the son of a farmer or an artisan to make a duke or a marshal of France. I sought for true merit among all ranks of the great mass of the French people, and was anxious to organize a true and general system of equality. I was desirous that every Frenchman should be admissible to all the employments and dignities of the state, provided he was possessed of talents and character equal to the performance of the duties, whatever might be his family. In a word, I was eager to abolish, to the last trace, the privileges of the ancient nobility, and to establish a government, which, at the same time that it held the reins of government with a firm hand, should still be a *popular government*. The oligarchs of every country in Europe soon perceived my design, and it was for this reason that war to the death was carried on against me by England. The noble families of London, as well as those of Vienna, think themselves prescriptively entitled to the occupation of all the

important offices in the state, and the management and handling of the public money. Their birth is regarded by them as a substitute for talents and capacities; and it is enough for a man to be the son of his father, to be fit to fulfill the duties of the most important employments and highest dignities of the state. They are somewhat like kings by divine right. The people are, in their eyes, merely milch cows, about whose interests they feel no concern, provided the treasury is always full, and the crown resplendent with jewels. In short, in establishing an hereditary nobility I had three objects in view:

“1st. To reconcile France with the rest of Europe. 2dly. To reconcile old with new France. 3dly. To put an end to all feudal institutions in Europe, by reconnecting the idea of nobility with that of public services, and detaching it from all prescriptive or feudal notions. The whole of Europe was governed by nobles who were strongly opposed to the progress of the French Revolution, and who exercised an influence which proved a serious obstacle to the development of French principles. It was necessary to destroy this influence, and with that view to clothe the principal personages of the empire with titles equal to theirs.”*

The life of Napoleon is extremely rich in well authenticated anecdotes illustrative of the peculiarities of his character; and it is difficult to find any anecdote respecting him, bearing the impress of genuineness, which does not indicate a spirit humane, generous, and lofty. All the battered and mutilated veterans in the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, tell with enthusiasm their treasured anecdotes of the Emperor. Every person who has had any intercourse with this extraordinary man, either as a companion in arms, in the cabinet, or as a servant, glows with excitement when speaking of the exalted intellect and the kindly heart of their adored master.

Baron Langon says, “The present generation, who see thrones filled by men of the ordinary stamp, are unable to comprehend the state of feeling with which the Emperor inspired us. Providence has not granted to them the favor, which must ever be our pride and glory, to have been face to face with Napoleon, to have heard his voice vibrate through our ears and hearts, and to have gazed upon his placid and majestic countenance. To us, Napoleon was not a mere emperor, he was a being of a higher order—one of those sublime creations that perhaps help to exalt our ideas of the Creator. Napoleon was our father, our master, in some degree our idol. We young men cherished for him the affection and duty of sons. There existed between him and ourselves a positive sympathy, which made us regard as a sacred and family duty that which the present generation of young Frenchmen would pronounce to be servility and base vassalage.”

On one occasion a soldier of his consular guard committed suicide from a disappointment in love. Napoleon issued the following order of the day: “The grenadier Gobain has committed suicide from love. He was in other

* “A new hereditary nobility was now created, in order, as the Emperor expressed himself, to give ‘the imperial throne the requisite dignity, and to excite a praiseworthy emulation in the hearts of the French.’ The titles of the new nobility were those of the feudal times, yet no privileges were attached to these titles. This blow was considered by the old nobility more severe than any previous one, and perhaps was so.”—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article Napoleon.

respects an excellent soldier. This is the second incident of the same nature which has occurred within a month. The First Consul directs it to be inserted in the order-book of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to vanquish the pangs and melancholy of the passions; that there is as much true courage in bearing up against mental sufferings with constancy as in remaining firm on the wall of a battery. To yield ourselves to grief without resistance, or to kill ourselves to escape affliction, is to abandon the field of battle before the victory is gained."

One day, Napoleon was traversing the camp, attended by two officers, when he met a very pretty sutler woman, weeping bitterly, and leading by the hand a little boy about five years old. The Emperor, who happened to be unknown to the woman, reined up his horse, and inquired into the cause of her grief. The woman, much disconcerted, made no reply, but the child frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her."

"And where is your father?"

"He is close by. He is a sentinel on duty with the baggage."

Napoleon again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband. She refused to tell, being fearful that the *Captain*, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause him to be punished.

"Your husband has been beating you," Napoleon said; "you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?"

"Alas! Captain," the forgiving wife replied, "he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one. He is jealous, terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion he can not restrain his violence. And I love him, for he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy!" So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother.

Napoleon was deeply touched by this little domestic drama. Burdened as he was with the cares of empire, he could turn aside from them to dry up the fountain of sorrow in the heart of this humble follower of the camp. Addressing the woman again, he said: "Whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you. Tell me your husband's name, and I will mention the affair to the Emperor."

"If you were the Emperor himself," she replied, "I would not tell it you, for I know that he would be punished."

"Silly woman!" Napoleon rejoined; "all that I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve." Then shrugging his shoulders, he made some further remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped away.

"Well, gentlemen," said he to his companions, "what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband." Immediately he dispatched an aid to desire the commander of the escort to come to him. He inquired very particularly respecting the woman, her husband, and the child.

"He is," said the officer, "one of the best behaved men in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Try and ascertain," said Napoleon, "if he has ever seen me; if he has not, bring him hither."

It appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a fine-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, who had recently joined the army. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone,

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"If women are to be believed," the man replied, "they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or another of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking; you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. I desire that you do not strike your wife again. If my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

The man, not a little irritated at this interference with his marital privileges, replied, "My wife is mine, general, and I may beat her if I choose; I should say to the Emperor, 'Look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'"

Napoleon laughed and said, "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word fell upon the soldier's heart like magic. Much confused, he hung his head, lowered his voice, and said, "Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands, I of course obey."

"That is right," Napoleon replied. "I hear an excellent character of your wife; every body speaks well of her; she braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment; reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant. Apply to the grand marshal, and he will give you one hundred dollars; with that you can furnish your sutler's stores, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But, mind! never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

Several years after this, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, who had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen, met the "daughter of the regiment" and her son, and immediately rode up to her, saying, "Well, my good woman! how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made me?"

The affectionate wife burst into tears, and throwing herself at the Emper-

or's feet, exclaimed, "Oh, sire! sire! since my good star led me into the presence of your majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me," said Napoleon, "by being the most virtuous of wives." With these words he tossed a few pieces of gold into her hands and rode away, while the whole battalion raised an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was conversing with Las Casas upon the subject of the invasion of England, when the following conversation ensued:

"Were the English much afraid of my invasion?" inquired the Emperor. "I can not inform you," said Las Casas; "but in the saloons of Paris we laughed at the idea." "Well," replied Napoleon, "you might have laughed in Paris, but Pitt did not laugh in London. He soon calculated the extent of his danger, and therefore threw a coalition upon my back when I had raised my arm to strike. Never was the English oligarchy exposed to greater danger. I had taken measures to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London. I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London the same as they would in Paris. No sacrifices—not even contributions—would have been exacted from the English.

"We should have presented ourselves to them, not as conquerors, but as brothers who came to restore to them their rights and their liberties. I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labor themselves in the task of their regeneration, because the English had already preceded us in political legislation. I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people, and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations which had been such determined enemies would have henceforward composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England in order to effect, from south to north, under Republican colors (for I was then First Consul), the regeneration of Europe, which at a later period I was on the point of effecting, from north to south, under monarchical forms.

"Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same results, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be endured, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favorable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire—all nature, and nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration which nature herself called for. The problems of Providence are insoluble!"

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, he again said: "It was supposed that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships, and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly, and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel, and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal.

"A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardor, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which would not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of maneuvering. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality."

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMPAIGN OF ULM.

Causes for the Misrepresentations of Napoleon's Character—Independence of the American Historian—Admission of Napier—Treachery of Austria—Breaking up from Boulogne—Address to the Senate—Comparison of Forces—Proclamation—Anecdote—Reply to the Austrian Officer—Madame Marbœuf—Interview of the Emperor and the Austrian Prince—Conference with General Mack—Address to the Austrian Officers—Proclamation—Testimony of Bourrienne—The young Engineer—Justice of Napoleon.

AMERICANS have derived their views of Napoleon from the Tory historians of England. The strongest of earthly motives have urged, and still urge, these historians to misrepresent his character. Thus only can they rescue the government of England from the condemnation of mankind. For years Europe was deluged with blood. These wars were caused by the incessant attacks and vast alliances with which the Tory government of England endeavored to crush the Republican Emperor. What inspired England to a strife so protracted, so terrific? Was it ambition? Was it philanthropy? She awaits her verdict before the tribunal of the world. Her historians plead her cause. They are not impartial judges. They are ardent advocates.

In France, the reputation of Napoleon has been exposed to influences almost equally adverse. Upon the downfall of the Republican Emperor, the Bourbons reascended the throne. Their claims to the sovereignty of France could be defended only by representing the exile of St. Helena as a usurper and a tyrant. Again the people drove the Bourbons from the throne. The

Orleans branch of the family received the sceptre. The motive to withhold justice from Napoleon continued with unabated strength. Louis Philippe, during all his reign, trembled at the name of Bonaparte. The historian who should have dared to vindicate the character of the great idol of the populace would have been withered by the frowns which would have darkened upon him from the saloons of Versailles, St. Cloud, and the Tuileries. All the despots of Europe have been equally interested to misrepresent the career of Napoleon. He was the great advocate of the rights of the people against the arrogant assumption of haughty nobles and feudal kings. By their combined power they crushed their foe. Now they traduce him.

So potent have these influences of misrepresentation been, that one can hardly find in the United States a man who has passed sixty years of age who does not think that Napoleon was a monster of wickedness. The public mind has been so effectually perverted by the misrepresentations of years, that any impartial statement of the real character of the Emperor is by many regarded as blind eulogy.

An American alone is favorably situated to write an impartial account of that terrific conflict which filled Europe with smouldering cities, and which crimsoned her fields with gore. An American is exposed to no influences to induce him to swerve from historical verity. He has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either England or France. Self-love will induce him to prize his own reputation as an impartial historian far above any unworthy desire to eulogize one now mouldering in the grave. With three thousand miles of ocean rolling between him and the scene of strife, he can contemplate the conflict with a calm and unprejudiced mind.

The kings of Europe still look with awe upon the dome of the Invalides, beneath which repose the ashes of the mighty Emperor. France, in every street of her tumultuous metropolis, and in the most secluded hamlets of her distant departments, is still agitated by the name of Bonaparte. A fair representation of the endeavors of Napoleon to withdraw from the aristocracy their exclusive privileges, and to elevate the masses of the community to self-respect and to equal rights, would shake the government of England to its foundation. The view of his character presented in these pages, if placed before the people of Great Britain, would be regarded by the government as a calamity. In America alone can an impartial history of Napoleon be written, and the citizens of America alone are in a state of mind impartially to scrutinize his astonishing career. Still, no one can be blind to the fact that, notwithstanding all the misrepresentations of hostile historians, the reputation of Napoleon has been for years rising higher and higher. Spot after spot has disappeared from the escutcheon of his fame. There is an impression the world over that Napoleon was the friend of the masses of the people. "I have no fear," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "respecting my reputation. The world will yet do me justice."

The campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz will be remembered while time endures. The facts are ample. Napoleon was engaged in a war of self-defense with England. He had implored peace. Earnestly he desired it. Peace alone, by promoting commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, could make France rich and powerful. War was destruction to his infant navy,

robbed him of his colonies, and called the peasants from fields of rural labor to the field of blood. But England did not wish France to be rich and powerful. With her invincible fleet Britain could sweep every sea, enrich herself with the spoils of the Republic, and command the commerce of all climes. Earnestly desiring war, she violated the most solemn treaty, and commenced, even without warning, an attack upon the unprotected cities and the unguarded commerce of the French. Napoleon, disappointed, yet not intimidated, rose sublimely to meet the struggle. England was amazed and terrified by his gigantic efforts.

To avert the impending storm she strove to call the despots of Europe to her aid. She succeeded. Russia, Austria, Sweden, dreading the free principles which had gained utterance in France, gladly accepted the bribes which England offered to marshal their armies for war. The Allies secretly organized a force of five hundred thousand men to fall simultaneously upon France, at various and widely distant points. England agreed to pay six millions of dollars annually for every one hundred thousand men the Allies would furnish. The fleet of England, numbering not less than five hundred ships of war, blockaded the harbors of France and of her allies, and desolated with storms of shot and shell every unprotected city.

England, in India, in Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all seas from pole to pole, was extending her limitless empire. Russia, the greatest despot of our globe, was grasping with her right arm the half of Europe, and with her left the half of Asia, and was yearly extending her sway over conquered provinces. Austria had overrun a large portion of Italy, and, in banditti alliance with Prussia and Russia, had dismembered Poland and divided the spoil. And yet these monarchs had the effrontery to say, "Behold the intolerable ambition of Napoleon. He has annexed to France Genoa, Piedmont, the island of Elba, and has accepted the crown of Lombardy." Napier, the eloquent English historian of the Peninsular war, candidly makes the following admission:

"Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were *essentially defensive*. The bloody strife which wasted the Continent so many years was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers, not a dispute for some accession of territory, not for the political ascendancy of one or other nation, but a *deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, whether equality or PRIVILEGE should henceforth be the principle of European governments.*"

And how can candor censure Napoleon for this strife. Could he escape the imputation of folly, if, surrounded by hostile despotisms, all increasing their power, and all ready to band together for his destruction, he had made no attempt to strengthen France by friendly alliances? And when thus treacherously assailed in every quarter, without even a declaration of war, was it his duty quietly to repose in the palace of the Tuileries, and see the billows of invasion roll over his country? Was he bound tamely to submit to be hurled from the throne upon which the unanimous voice of France had placed him? Was it his duty to surrender his countrymen to the hated despotism of a detested dynasty? To these questions impartial history can return but one answer.

The Allies hoped to take Napoleon by surprise. No declaration of war was issued. The Austrian minister remained quietly in Paris. Every precaution was adopted to lull their victim into false security. The destruction of Napoleon now seemed certain. How could he contend, single-handed, against such myriad foes? Stealthily the armies of Austria, 80,000 strong, under General Mack, commenced their march toward the frontiers of France. The Emperor Alexander, with 116,000 Russians, was hastening, by forced marches, through the plains of Poland to unite with the Austrians. They thought that Napoleon, all engrossed upon the shores of the Channel, a thousand miles distant, was blind to their movements. He was watching them with an eagle eye. With the infatuation of self-confidence, the Austrian hosts rapidly advanced. They overran Bavaria, the ally of France, and endeavored to compel the King of Bavaria to join in the assault. They took possession of Munich and Ulm, entered the defiles of the Black Forest, and fortified themselves strongly in all the outposts which opened into the valley of the Rhine. The Russian army, with proud tread, was hastening to join them. The Austrians were full of satisfaction that at last they had stolen a march upon so vigilant a foe.

But Napoleon was not the man to be thus entrapped. Like a whirlwind from the serene sky he burst upon his astounded foes. Indescribable was the consternation and bewilderment of the Austrians when informed that Napoleon, as if by magic, had crossed the Rhine and the Danube; that, with his whole host, he was in their rear, cutting off all their supplies, all communication with Austria, all hope of relief from the Russians, and all possibility of escape. Had an army suddenly descended from the clouds, the Austrians could hardly have been more utterly confounded. From every direction Napoleon's triumphant columns were marching upon their unprotected rear. In their distraction they fled this way and that. But there was no escape—there was no hope. Every where they were entangled in the meshes of that net which Napoleon had so skillfully and so rapidly spread around his foes. In despair they threw down their arms. Baggage-wagons, guns, muskets, horses, and standards in vast profusion fell into the hands of the victors. Resistance was in vain. Napoleon had so maneuvered that each Austrian band found itself surrounded by superior numbers. The least resistance insured destruction. The marvelous conquest which Napoleon thus achieved was almost as bloodless as it was entire.

As soon as Napoleon, at Boulogne, heard of the decided hostile movement of his foes, he put the seal of silence upon the press, and upon the telegraph, and upon all the avenues of information. Twenty thousand carriages were in readiness to transport his host, which, from its thorough discipline, he called the *Grand Army*, to the banks of the Rhine. He assembled the soldiers before him, informed them of the perfidious and unprovoked assault of the Allies, and of the necessity of an immediate march to Germany. Exultant cheers announced the alacrity with which the mighty host obeyed its chieftain. In an hour all were in motion. The genius of Napoleon was perhaps never more conspicuous than in the directions now given to the several corps of the army. The vast plan, extending over a region of hundreds of leagues, embraced the utmost grandeur of general combination. At the



BREAKING UP FROM BOULOGNE.

same time, his directions were given to each of the generals with the most extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of detail. The daily marches of every regiment, the places of rest, all were marked out with undeviating accuracy. Almost with the speed of thought, nearly two hundred thousand men swept over France, crossed the Rhine and the Danube, and effectually blocked up the retreat of the foe, even before that foe was aware that the French had left the heights of Boulogne. As soon as Napoleon had seen his whole army on the move, he hastened to Paris, and, assembling the Senate, he thus addressed them :

“ Senators ! It is necessary, in the present state of Europe, that I should explain to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital, to place myself at the head of the army, to bear prompt assistance to my allies, and to defend the dearest interests of my people. The wishes of the eternal enemies of the Continent are accomplished. Hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. A few days ago I still cherished the hope that peace would not be disturbed. But the Austrian army has passed the Inn. Munich is invaded. The Elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital. All my hopes of peace have vanished.”

To meet the enormous expenses of such a war required great financial skill. But the genius of Napoleon was equal to the task. He was so strongly enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen that he could have borrowed millions, and thus have imposed upon France the burden of taxation which Pitt has bequeathed to England. But he was exceedingly unwilling to throw any of the expenses of the war upon the future. “ While I live,” he wrote to M. Marbois, “ I will not issue any paper.”

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Strasburg. His columns had strictly

followed his orders, and had pursued the routes which he had assigned to them. He wrote to Talleyrand :

"The Austrians are in the defiles of the Black Forest. God grant that they may remain there. My only fear is that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches, I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers to make any more mention of the army than if it did not exist."

It was, indeed, a proud array which Napoleon had now at his command. One hundred and eighty-six thousand combatants, burning with enthusiasm and adoring their chief, awaited his orders. Thirty-eight thousand horsemen were ready to move with the celerity of the wind wherever he pointed. Three hundred and forty pieces of cannon, whose gunners were trained to unerring precision, were dragged in the train of this formidable host. Still he was contending at fearful odds. The coalition numbered 500,000 men. Of these, 250,000 were Austrians, 200,000 Russians, 50,000 English, Swedes, and Neapolitans. It was also known that 200,000 Prussians were ready to join the coalition upon the first reverse attending the French arms.

As soon as Napoleon arrived at the head of his columns, he was received with shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Vive l'Empereur !" He addressed his troops in one of those eloquent and heart-stirring proclamations which ever roused them to almost a phrensy of enthusiasm. "Soldiers !" said he, "the campaign of the third coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guarantees. Our generosity shall not again make us forget what we owe to ourselves. You are but the advance-guard of the Great People. You may have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But, whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have placed our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Matters were now rapidly approaching a crisis. Mack was fatally enveloped in the divisions of the French. Napoleon superintended every thing. He was every where present. He slept not ; he rested not ; he scarcely ate. On horseback by night and by day, he passed like the wind from post to post. His mind seemed incapable of exhaustion, his body insensible to fatigue. One cold, stormy night, when the rain was falling in floods, and a freezing October gale swept hillside and valley, Napoleon, spattered with mud and drenched with rain, rode on horseback through the black hours till the lurid dawn of day. He then overtook a division of his army toiling painfully through the storm. The soldiers were half dead with fatigue.

For many days and nights the weather had been frightful. The tributaries of the Danube were swollen into torrents. The snow, melting as it fell, had rendered the roads almost impassable. Without a murmur, they had been making forced marches, dragging their heavy artillery through the miry ruts, and bidding defiance to every obstacle. In the gloom of the dismal storm, Napoleon gathered the troops in a circle around him. Like a father talking confidentially to his children, he explained to the soldiers the situation of the enemy, and the maneuvers by which he was surrounding them. The soldiers, intoxicated by this proof of confidence from their Emperor,

burst into the most vehement transports of enthusiasm. As Napoleon again put spurs to his horse and disappeared in the gloom of distance, a shout of exultation rose from the multitudinous host which pierced the tempestuous sky, and outroared the wailings of the storm. His words proved a tonic to the whole exhausted host. With renovated energies they pressed on their way.

Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army of 80,000 men was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive bands, eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mountains. The masterly maneuvers of the French columns had already secured 30,000 prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed. The well-authenticated fact seems almost incredible, that the Austrians, by this sudden apparition of Napoleon and his whole army in their rear, by the blow after blow which fell upon them with lightning rapidity, and with the scathing severity of the lightning's bolt, were in such a panic and so utterly bewildered, that one night one hundred Austrians surrendered at discretion to a French officer and two dragoons.

As the Emperor was one day passing through a crowd of prisoners, an Austrian officer expressed his astonishment on seeing the Emperor of the French, with his clothes saturated with rain and spattered with mud, presenting a more comfortless aspect than the meanest drummer in his army.



ULM AND AUSTERLITZ.

For eight days and nights, during which the rain had been falling almost incessantly in torrents, the Emperor had not taken off his clothes, or even his boots, or thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One of the aids explained to Napoleon the remark of the Austrian officer. "Your master," replied Napoleon, "has compelled me to resume the character of a soldier. I hope he will allow that the throne and the imperial purple have not made me forget my first profession."

The fatigue of the soldiers during the forced marches of these dreary days

of mud, and rain, and freezing cold, was dreadful. After a sleepless night upon the storm-drenched ground, they often toiled all day almost without food, and up to their knees in mire. Yet, whenever the Emperor appeared, new vigor was infused into their exhausted frames, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The Austrian officers expressed their surprise at this extraordinary attachment, and wondered that the soldiers, in the midst of such distress, could forget their sufferings the moment they saw the Emperor. "They are right," Napoleon replied; "it is to spare their blood that I make them undergo such dreadful fatigue."

In the midst of these stormy scenes, Napoleon was one day riding on horseback, when he saw a carriage advancing. A lady was in it, bathed in tears. Napoleon inquired the cause of her distress.

"Sir," she replied, "I have been robbed by a party of soldiers, who have killed my gardener. I am going to request that your Emperor will grant me a guard. He once knew my family, and was under obligations to them."

"Your name?" inquired Napoleon.

"I am the daughter of M. Marbœuf," she replied, "formerly governor of Corsica."

"Madame," Napoleon rejoined, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you. I am myself the Emperor. Every member of M. Marbœuf's family has a claim upon my gratitude."

He treated her with the greatest possible attention, gave her a picket of chasseurs from his own guard to escort her, liberally rewarded her for the losses she had sustained, and conveyed her to her home grateful and happy.

Napoleon sent General Segur to summon the garrison at Ulm to surrender. The night was chill and black. A terrific hurricane wrecked earth and sky. The rain fell in floods. To pass to the city from the French camp, the utmost caution was necessary to avoid gulfs in which both man and horse might have foundered. The French advanced posts, main guards, videttes, and sentinels, had all sought shelter from the drenching, freezing storm. Not a watch-fire blazed upon the deluged ground. Even the parks of artillery were deserted. With difficulty a trumpeter was found, under a wagon, stiff with cold, and half drowned with mud and water. He was taken to accompany the messenger, and with the blast of his bugle to seek entrance at the city gates. The impetuous spirit of Napoleon was unmindful of the darkness, the cold, and the tempest. He was ready for the assault, and to spare the effusion of blood summoned a surrender.

Thirty-six thousand Austrians, in the extreme of dejection, were now trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm. Napoleon, in person superintending the approach, was hourly contracting the circle which confined the Imperialists. His guns were placed upon the heights which commanded the city, and now and then a shell fell into the streets, a dreadful portent to the terrified inhabitants of the approaching storm. Nothing remained for Mack but capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent, early the next morning, to the head-quarters of Napoleon. As is customary on such occasions, he was conducted to head-quarters blindfolded. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in the presence of the Emperor.

The weather was dreadful. Chilling winds swept the bleak plains. The

sleet, which filled the air, melted as it reached the ground, and the miry roads, trampled by horse and furrowed by artillery wheels, were almost impassable. The Emperor was ever ready to share those hardships which he laid upon his soldiers. The convoy found him in a wretched tent, through which the storm swept drearily. A few loose boards upon the ground kept his feet from the water which deluged the plain. The prince proposed to surrender upon condition that the garrison should be permitted to retire to Austria. Napoleon smiled, and replied,

“What reason can I have to comply with such a request? In a week you will be in my power without conditions. I am perfectly acquainted with your situation. You expect the advance of the Russians. They have scarcely yet arrived in Bohemia. And then, if I allow you to depart, what guarantee have I that your troops will not be united with those of Russia, and be made to fight against me again? Your generals have often deceived me thus. I will not again be their dupe. At Marengo I suffered Melas to march with his forces from Alessandria. Two months afterward Moreau had to fight the same men, notwithstanding the most solemn promises on the part of your government to conclude peace. After such conduct as I have experienced from the Austrian cabinet, I can trust to no engagement. The war is not of my seeking. It has been a violation of faith throughout. Return to your general, and inform him that I can not grant what he requires. Your officers alone can be allowed to return to Austria. The soldiers must remain prisoners. He must be brief in his decision. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays, the worse he will render his own situation and that of his army.”

The next day General Mack himself visited Napoleon. He was treated with that courtesy and generosity with which Napoleon ever addressed a fallen foe. The conqueror demonstrated to General Mack the utter hopelessness of his condition. He convinced him that all farther resistance must be unavailing. In glowing colors he depicted the carnage which must ensue from taking the place by assault. He implored the general, as a humane man, to spare him the cruel necessity of throwing his shells into the thronged dwellings of the city, and of surrendering its beautiful streets to the horrors of fire and the sword. It was clearly in vain to protract the struggle. Mack, with anguish, consented to the surrender. Napoleon was overjoyed that he had thus been enabled to mitigate the miseries of war by disarming his enemies almost without bloodshed.

The next day was cold, clear, and brilliant. It witnessed a scene unparalleled in modern warfare. Europe was astonished and appalled by its narration. Thirty-six thousand troops marched out of the gates of Ulm, and laid down their arms before the conqueror. Napoleon, with his magnificent staff, stood upon an eminence before the fire of a bivouac, as the melancholy array, for five hours, defiled before him. It must have been a proud hour to the victor. Yet no gesture and no expression of his serene countenance revealed the slightest emotion of exultation. In touching terms, magnanimous and sympathetic, he thus addressed the vanquished officers:

“Gentlemen,—War has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war.



NAPOLEON BEFORE ULM.

I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the Continent. I desire ships, colonies, and commerce. Their acquisition would be as advantageous to you as to me."

Again he remarked to a group of Austrian officers, as the procession of captives continued to defile before him, "It is truly deplorable that such honorable men as yourselves, whose names are spoken of with honor wherever you have combated, should be made the victims of an insane cabinet intent on most chimerical projects. It was already a sufficient crime to have attacked me in the midst of peace without any declaration of war. But this offense is trivial compared with that of bringing into the heart of Europe a horde of barbarians, and allowing an Asiatic power to mix itself up with our disputes. Instead of attacking me without a cause, the Aulic Council should rather have united their forces to mine, in order to repel the Russian force. Such an alliance is monstrous. It is the alliance of the dogs and the wolves against the sheep. Had France fallen in the strife, you would not have been long in perceiving the error you had committed."

At this moment a French officer repeated an insulting expression which

he had heard from the common soldiers in regard to the Austrian captives. Napoleon severely rebuked the officer, and ordered him to retire. "You must have little respect for yourself," said he, "to insult men bowed down by such a misfortune."

The joy and exultation in the French army passed all bounds. Such victories, with so little bloodshed, were never known before. The enthusiasm of the troops and their devotion to the Emperor became boundless. "The Little Corporal," exclaimed the veterans to each other, "has discovered a new method of carrying on war. He makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets." The following proclamation electrified Europe by the stupendous successes it commemorated, and by the nervous eloquence with which its sentences glowed.

"Soldiers of the grand army! In fifteen days we have concluded a campaign. We have kept our promise. We have chased the troops of Austria from the Bavarian territories, and have re-established our ally in the possession of his states. That army which, with so much ostentation and presumption, had advanced to our frontiers, is annihilated. But what signifies that to England? We are no longer at Boulogne.

"Of 100,000 men who composed that army, 60,000 are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labor of the fields. Two hundred pieces of cannon, their whole park of ammunition, and ninety standards, are in our possession. From that whole army not fifteen thousand have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but, thanks to the faulty combinations of the enemy, I have obtained these immense advantages without incurring any risk. And, what is unexampled in the history of nations, this great result has not weakened us by the loss of fifteen hundred men. Soldiers! This astonishing success is owing to your boundless confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in undergoing fatigue, to your rare intrepidity. But we will not rest here! Already I see you are burning to commence a second campaign. The gold of England has brought against us a Russian army from the extremities of the universe. We will make it undergo the same fate. There are no generals there whom it would add to my glory to vanquish. All my care shall be to obtain the victory with as little effusion of blood as possible. My soldiers are my children."

"Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "was completely subdued in spirit when he was the conqueror. He received the vanquished with kindness. Nor was this the result of a feeling of pride concealed under the mask of hypocrisy. I am sure he pitied them sincerely. I have often heard him remark, 'How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle.'" When the Austrian court, in its exasperation, was about to wreak unjust vengeance upon General Mack, Napoleon humanely interfered to save him from condemnation by a court-martial.

He sent to the Senate the flags taken from the enemy. In his letter to this body he says, "The primary object of the war is already fulfilled. The Elector of Bavaria is re-established upon his throne. The aggressors have been struck as by a thunderbolt. Assisted by Divine Providence, I hope, in a short time, to triumph over all my enemies." He wrote, at the same time, a circular to all the bishops in the empire, requesting them, in gratitude to

God, to sing a *Te Deum* in all the churches. "The dazzling victories," said he, "which our armies have just obtained against the unjust league formed by the hatred and the gold of England, renders it necessary that my people should address their thanks to the God of armies for the past, and implore His blessing for the future."

Just before the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon sent Captain Bernard, a young officer of engineers, on an important reconnoitering expedition. With great skill and intrepidity he prosecuted his mission, advancing almost to Vienna. Upon his return Napoleon personally examined him, and was much pleased with his answers. Among other things, the engineer remarked that it would be of great advantage to direct the army upon Vienna, passing by the fortified places, and that, once master of the capital, the Emperor might dictate laws to the whole Austrian monarchy. This was taking too great a liberty. Napoleon severely replied,

"You are very presumptuous! A young officer to pretend to trace out a campaign for me! Go and await my orders."

As soon as the young man had retired, Napoleon turned to General Rapp and said, "There is a man of merit. He has observed correctly. I shall not expose him to the risk of being shot. I shall have occasion for him by-and-by. Tell Berthier to dispatch an order for his departure for Illyria."

This young man finally became an aid of Napoleon, and one of the most distinguished engineers in the world. Upon the overthrow of his illustrious master, declining the most brilliant offers from the different sovereigns of Europe, he retired to the United States. Here he took the command of the corps of engineers, and executed works in civil and military engineering which will forever remain memorials of his genius.

The following anecdote illustrates the implicit and exact obedience which Napoleon demanded and enforced. He arrived at Strasburg the 25th of September. He had ordered all the divisions of the grand army, converging by various routes, to defile across the Rhine, by the bridge of Kehl, the next day. The general officers were directed to meet him at the head of the bridge at six o'clock in the morning. An hour before the appointed time, in spite of the rain which was pouring from the skies in floods, Napoleon, in the gloom of the yet undawned morning, was at the rendezvous. The columns were already crossing the bridge, and ranging themselves upon the other side of the river. As Napoleon sat upon his horse, exposed to the fury of the storm, the water, dripping from his clothes, made quite a pool beneath him. His hat was so soaked by the rain that the rim flapped down upon his shoulders. Calmly, silently, and apparently unannoyed by any sense of discomfort, he contemplated the passage of the troops. Soon the officers gathered around. Napoleon interrupted the silence by saying,

"Gentlemen, we have gained a grand march upon our enemies." Then, glancing his eye around the group, he exclaimed, with rapid utterance, "But where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Is he dead?"

For a moment all were silent. Then General Chardon ventured to reply, "Sire, it is possible that General Vandamme is not yet awake. Last evening we drank several glasses of wine together to the health of your majesty, and perhaps—"



NAPOLEON AT THE BRIDGE OF KEHL.

"General!" interrupted Napoleon, with severity, "you did well to drink to my health yesterday, but to-day Vandamme does wrong to sleep when he knows that I await him."

General Chardon offered to dispatch one of his aids to call his companion in arms.

"Let Vandamme sleep," said Napoleon. "He will perhaps awake himself; then I will speak to him."

At that moment Vandamme appeared. He was pale with agitation, and exceedingly embarrassed. "General!" said Napoleon, glancing at him a severe look, "it appears that you have forgotten the order which I have issued."

"Sire," said General Vandamme, "this is the first time that I have thus offended. And I assure you that I was this morning extremely unwell, because—"

"Because," interrupted Napoleon, "last night you were as tipsy as a German. But, lest that calamity should happen to you a second time, you will go to combat under the flag of the King of Würtemberg, that, if possible, you may give the Germans a lesson upon temperance."

Vandamme retired in disgrace. The same day he joined the army of Würtemberg. During the brief campaign he performed prodigies of valor. After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon again saw him, commended him for his services, and again received him into favor, saying, "General! never forget that I honor brave men. But I do not love those who sleep when I am waiting. Let us say no more about it."

In crossing a swollen stream, the captain of a company was swept away by the torrent. A soldier, whom that captain had degraded in consequence of some fault of discipline, plunged into the stream, and saved the life of

the drowning officer. Napoleon heard of it. Immediately he sent for the soldier.

"You are a brave man," said he. "Your captain had degraded you, and he had reason to do so. In saving his life, you have proved that there is no rancor in your breast. This is noble. You are now at quits. But as for me, I am not at quits toward you. I appoint you quarter-master, and make you chevalier of the Legion of Honor. To your captain you owe this promotion. Go and thank him."

This even-handed justice, punishing his proudest generals when they deserved it, and appreciating and rewarding, in the humblest soldier, any trial of courage or magnanimity, accounts, in part, for that almost superhuman love with which Napoleon bound all hearts to himself.

On the 17th of October, Napoleon rode forty-two miles on horseback without one moment of rest. He then, booted and spurred, and wrapped in his muddy cloak, threw himself upon some straw in a cow-shed for an hour of sleep. Not a mile from where Napoleon was reposing, in the midst of the lowing herds, the Bishop of Augsburg had splendidly illuminated his aristocratic palace, and a bed of down, curtained with silken drapery, was prepared to receive the Emperor. But Napoleon would not sleep in ceiled chambers when his soldiers were suffering, through the dreary night, in pools of water on the cold unsheltered ground.



THE BIVOUAC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTERLITZ.

Peril of the Emperor—Oath of Alexander and Frederick William—Daring Energy of Napoleon—Anniversary of the Coronation—Untiring Activity of Napoleon—Proclamation—His Vigilance—Battle of Austerlitz—Interview between the French and Austrian Emperors—Touching Anecdote—Magnanimity of Napoleon—Proclamation—Disappointment of the Authorities at Paris—William Pitt—Generosity of the Emperor—Letters to Josephine.

THE capitulation at Ulm took place the 20th of October, 1805. Astounding as was the victory which Napoleon had just achieved, still his peril was imminent. One hundred and sixteen thousand Russians, headed by the Emperor Alexander, were hurrying through the plains of Poland to meet Napoleon. From every quarter of Austria columns of troops were in rapid march to unite with the Russians. In a combined band of overwhelming numbers they determined to crush their audacious foe. Alexander repaired in person to Berlin, and employed all the weight of his authority, and all the fascinations of his captivating manners, to unite the army of Prussia, 200,000 strong, with the Allies. The Queen of Prussia, a beautiful woman, proud, ambitious, and animated by the inspiration of genius, conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by an oath which should never be forgotten. At midnight, Alexander and Frederick William descended into the dark and dismal tomb of Frederick the Great.

A single torch revealed the gloom of the regal mausoleum. Thus standing in the dead of night by the coffin of the renowned warrior, they bound themselves by a solemn oath to sustain the cause of the allied kings against those principles of popular liberty which threatened the subversion of every European throne.

England disembarked a force of thirty thousand troops in Hanover to hasten to the scene of conflict. It was apparently time for Napoleon to retreat, or at least strongly to fortify himself, and await the assault of his combined foes. But, to the amazement of all Europe, he audaciously pressed on into the very midst of impending destruction. Like an inundation, his victorious army rolled down the valley of the Danube, sweeping every thing before them. Neither rivers, nor batteries, nor hostile legions could for an hour retard his march. Every soldier seemed to have imbibed the spirit of his commander. It was a band of iron men insensible to fatigue or to fear.

In three days Napoleon entered Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The whole city blazed with illumination; enthusiastic shouts welcomed the deliverer. But Napoleon rested not for an hour. He allowed his discomfited foes not one moment to recover from their panic. "Forward, forward to Vienna," was the command. The impetuous torrent, horsemen, infantry, artillery, rolled resistlessly on. Terror and destruction had fallen upon the empire so suddenly that it overawed like a supernatural infliction. All Austria was in consternation. Francis fled from his capital. The panic in

Vienna was dreadful; and still each day the mighty host drew nearer. Resistance was in vain. The Austrians and Russians, retreating from the blows which fell so thick and heavily upon them, fled to join the proud army which Alexander was leading to the rescue.

On the morning of the 13th of November the bugles of the French were heard upon the heights which surround Vienna, and the polished steel of their armor glittered in the rays of the morning sun. It was a clear, cold winter day. A deputation of the citizens waited upon Napoleon, imploring his clemency. He assured them of his protection. The Russians, in their semi-barbarian lust and cruelty, had left desolation wherever they had appeared. The French, preserving perfect military discipline, and treating all the peaceful inhabitants with justice and with courtesy, were hailed by the people almost as deliverers. No private property was allowed to be touched, and no person to be injured. But the government chests and the arsenals fell into the hands of the victor. They were abundantly filled with the munitions of war. One hundred thousand muskets, two thousand cannon, and military supplies of every kind, replenished the stores of the conquerors. Such achievements were unparalleled. In twenty days Napoleon had marched from the ocean to the Rhine; in forty days from the Rhine to Vienna. His foes had been dispersed before him like autumnal leaves by the whirlwind.

But Napoleon, though thus victorious, was in a situation critical in the extreme. Europe deemed him irretrievably ruined. He was hundreds of leagues from his own capital. It was cold and icy winter. With comparatively a small army, he was far away in the heart of one of the most proud and powerful monarchies upon the globe. The Archduke Charles, with 70,000 Austrians, was rapidly approaching from the south. Active agents of Francis were rallying 80,000 Hungarians to rush to the conflict. The tramp of 100,000 Russians was but a few days' march before him. His rear was exposed to assault from 200,000 Prussians. Surely Napoleon will stop and fortify himself behind the ramparts of Vienna. But no! The command is still "Onward, onward." Not a moment was allowed for repose. Yet, while thus, with apparent recklessness, pressing forward into the midst of his multitudinous foes, the utmost caution and vigilance was exercised to guard against any possible disaster. While Napoleon was one of the most adventurous of men, he was also one of the most wary and prudent.

"If Napoleon," says his brother Louis, "in his bold and often hazardous actions, seemed to calculate wholly on his good fortune, no person appeared to leave less to accident in the conception of his plans. No human caution which it was possible to adopt was ever, I believe, neglected or forgotten by Napoleon previous to his disastrous campaign at Moscow. He always considered things under every imaginable aspect; and though he never, or scarcely ever, experienced reverses, he was, in every enterprise, prepared beforehand for whatever misfortune might happen. He had always made up his mind as to the part which it might be necessary for him to adopt, let the result be what it would. This was what he called conceiving a plan."

The cold winds of winter now swept the plains; the driving snow whitened the hills. Still the indomitable host pressed on, till, amid the dark storms

of the north it had disappeared from the observation of France. Upon the field of Austerlitz, fifteen hundred miles from the capital of France, Napoleon met his foes. An army of nearly 100,000 men, headed by the two emperors, Alexander and Francis, flushed with anticipated victory, arrested the steps of the conqueror. Not an hour was to be lost. Napoleon had but 70,000 men. From all directions the clangor of arms was heard, as horsemen and footmen, in uncounted thousands, were hurrying on to add still greater strength to the allied host.

It was the morning of the 1st of December when Napoleon came in sight of his foes. With "inexpressible delight" he says he beheld their solid columns, dark and massy, moving before him at so short a distance as to render it evident that a decisive action was at hand. With intense interest he watched their movements, and immediately detected their plan of attack. Penetrating their designs, he was at once confident of victory. "To-morrow," said Napoleon, "before nightfall, that army shall be my own."

He spent the whole day on horseback, riding along the ranks, speaking words of encouragement to the soldiers, and studying the capabilities of the ground, and making the most careful arrangements for the wounded. It was his invariable custom not only to give his directions most minutely, but also to inform himself if his directions had been obeyed. Wherever he appeared among the troops, he was greeted with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The shades of night had settled over the camp, and Napoleon was still continuing his preparations for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. As he rode along the lines in the gloom of midnight, a soldier attached to his bayonet a bundle of straw, and setting it on fire, raised the brilliant torch in the air. It was the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor. Instantly the whole camp, extending for miles, blazed with illuminations, as the soldiers elevated, flaming into the air, the straw provided for their bivouacs. The ruddy glow gleamed over the hills, and sent wonder and a strange apprehension to the heart of the hostile legions. Transported with the enthusiasm of the moment, the army raised a simultaneous shout, which, like the roar of many waters, pierced the night air, and vibrated in ominous thunders through the tents of the Allies. Napoleon reined in his horse. It was midnight. For a moment, silent, pale, pensive, he gazed upon the sublime spectacle, and listened, with emotions undivulged, to the acclamations of seventy thousand voices. Then retiring to his tent, he dictated, with the utmost rapidity of utterance, the following proclamation:

"Soldiers! The Russian army has presented itself before you to revenge the disasters of the Austrians at Ulm. They are the same men whom you have conquered at Hollabrunn, and on whose flying traces you have followed. The positions which we occupy are formidable. While they are marching to turn my right, they must present their flank to your blows. Soldiers! I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if, with your accustomed valor, you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But should victory appear for a moment uncertain, you shall see your Emperor expose himself to the first strokes. Victory must not be doubtful on this occasion."

Never before did a general venture to announce to his soldiers the maneu-

ver by which he expected to gain a victory. A single deserter might have exposed it to the foe, but Napoleon knew in whom he confided. Never before did a general endeavor to rouse his soldiers to desperation of courage *by the assurance that he would keep himself out of the reach of all danger!* Never will mortal man again acquire such an ascendancy as to undertake to repeat that experiment. Say not that Napoleon was but a merciless, ambitious, bloodthirsty conqueror. Human hearts are not won by cruelty and selfishness. Napoleon was the kind friend of every man of the seventy thousand who rallied beneath his eagles. And thus, and thus only, he secured the deathless homage of all these hearts.

The night was cold and clear. A dense fog, however, settled upon the lower grounds, enveloping friend and foe in an impenetrable sea of obscurity. The horizon was illumined for leagues around with the bivouac fires of the antagonistic hosts. Gradually the unreplenished piles burned out, and silence and darkness brooded over the sleeping armies. At four o'clock Napoleon was on horseback. A confused murmur, piercing the dense fog, revealed to his experienced ear that the Russian columns were in full march to surprise him, by the attack he had anticipated upon his flank. By this movement the Allies weakened their centre, and exposed it to the concentrated attack which Napoleon was prepared to make. The bugles sounded. The French soldiers sprang from the frozen ground, and, as by magic, formed themselves in battle array. Every officer knew the part he was to perform. Every soldier was impatient for the conflict. The stars still shone brightly in the wintry sky, and not a ray of light dawned in the east.

Gradually the stars disappeared. A ruddy glow illumined the horizon, and the sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hill-tops and penetrating the ocean of vapor which rolled in the valleys. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its gorgeous rising produced a deep impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. Often in after years he apostrophized the sun as his guiding star. The marshals surrounding the Emperor were burning with impatience as they awaited the signal of attack.

"How long," said Napoleon to Marshal Soult, "would it take you, from hence, to reach the heights of Prutzen?" This was one of the heights in the centre of the allied army which the enemy were deserting in their flank march.

"Less than twenty minutes," replied the marshal. "My troops are in the bottom of the valley, covered with mist and with the smoke of their bivouacs. The enemy can not see them."

"In that case," said Napoleon, "let us wait twenty minutes. When the enemy is making a false movement, we must take good care not to interrupt him."

Soon the heavy booming of artillery announced that the Russians had commenced a furious attack upon the right. "Now, then," said Napoleon, "is the moment." The marshals instantly galloped in all directions to head their respective corps. Napoleon, plunging his spurs into his steed, galloped to the front ranks of the foremost columns. As he rode along the line, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder."



THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ.

With resistless impetuosity, the solid columns of the French pierced the weakened centre of the Allies. The conflict was desperate and most sanguinary. But nothing could resist the headlong valor of the assailants. The allied army was pierced and cut entirely in twain. Horsemen and footmen were trampled beneath the tread of the proud victors. The field was filled with a rabble of fugitives flying in wild dismay, as the cavalry of the imperial guard rode over them and sabred them mercilessly. Napoleon, leaving a few battalions to prevent the right wing from coming to the rescue of the left, turned with nearly his whole force upon the left, and destroyed it. He then directed the terrible onset upon the right wing of the Allies, and it was no more.

A division of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horse, sought to escape by crossing, with artillery and cavalry, a frozen lake which adjoined their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells from the French batteries broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and those unhappy victims were sepulchred forever. From a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and Austria witnessed the entire discomfiture of their armies. Accompanied by a few followers, in the deepest dejection they joined the fugitives and the stragglers, and fled from the field of disaster. In the profound darkness of the ensuing night, they retreated precipitately and almost alone over the plains of Moravia.

Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz. It was the most brilliant of the victories of Napoleon. The whole campaign added new lustre to the genius of the conqueror. The loss of the Allies was immense. Fifteen thousand were killed or wounded. Twenty thousand were taken prisoners. One hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, forty-five standards, and an immense quantity of baggage-wagons remained the trophies of the victors' triumph. The reserve of Napoleon had hardly been called into action during the day. But forty-five thousand of the French troops had been engaged, and they had beaten ninety thousand Russians and Austrians.

No language can describe the frightful confusion and disorder which pervaded the ranks of the retreating foe. The genius of Napoleon never shone more terribly than in the blows which he dealt upon an enemy flying before him. The barbarian Russians, wild with dismay, filled the heavens with their phrensied shouts, and wreaked a blind and merciless vengeance upon the villages scattered along their route. The squadrons of Napoleon pursued them in all directions, and trampled their gory bodies into the earth. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was irretrievably lost, sent Prince John to Napoleon to implore an armistice. The hours of the bloody day had passed, and midnight had again settled over the gory plain.

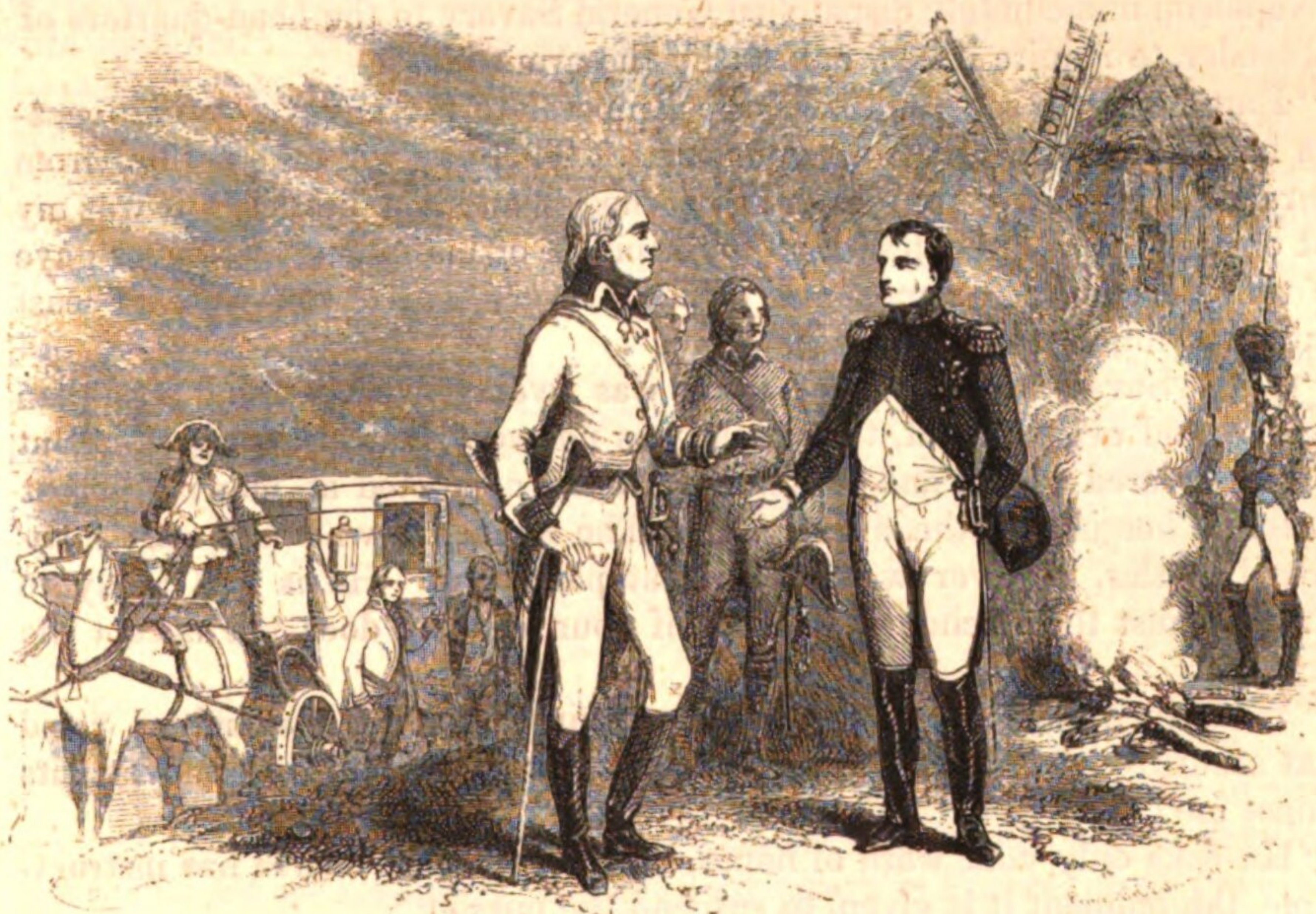
The prince found Napoleon upon the field of battle, carrying succor with his own hand to the wounded, and speaking to their grateful hearts words of sympathy and encouragement. He would allow himself no rest till with his own eyes he had seen that all his wounded men were sheltered. Many a dying soldier, with tearful gaze, in his last agonies looked up and blessed his Emperor. Napoleon administered cordials to their parched lips, and with his own hands stripped the cloaks from the dead to cover their shivering frames.

Napoleon received the prince courteously. He assured him that most earnestly he desired peace, and that it would afford him satisfaction to have an interview with the Emperor of Austria on the following day. In the mean time, he issued orders to pursue the retiring foe with the utmost vigor. His position was still perilous in the extreme. Despotism was banded against him. Another powerful Russian army was marching down from the north. Hungary was rising *en masse*. Prince Ferdinand was approach-

ing Vienna at the head of 80,000 men. Prussia, with her 200,000 troops, was threatening his rear. Napoleon was conscious of his peril and conscious of his power.

The next morning he addressed his troops in the following proclamation: "Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. In the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of 100,000 men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, has been, in less than four hours, either cut in pieces or dispersed. Thus, in two months, the third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace can not now be far distant. But I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees for the future, and secures rewards to our allies. When every thing necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country is obtained, I will lead you back to France. My people will again behold you with joy. It will be enough for one of you to say, 'I was at the battle of Austerlitz,' for all your fellow-citizens to exclaim, 'There is a brave man!'"

The next morning the Emperor Francis, accompanied by a small escort of guards, repaired, in a carriage drawn by six horses, to the place appointed for the interview. He found Napoleon standing before the fire of a bivouac.



NAPOLÉON AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS I.

A wind-mill by his side afforded a partial shelter from the wintry gale which swept the bleak hills. Napoleon, with great courtesy, greeted the Emperor of Austria as he alighted from his carriage, and said to him,

"I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months"

"You have made such good use," Francis very happily replied, "of that habitation, that it should be agreeable to you."

The two monarchs conversed together for two hours, and agreed verbally to terms of accommodation. Francis, mortified and exasperated, endeavored to throw the blame of his own perfidy upon England.

"The English," he exclaimed, "are a nation of merchants. In order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the Continent in flames."

Having obtained better terms for himself than he had any right to expect, the Austrian monarch next interceded for his ally Alexander. "The Russian army," replied Napoleon, "is surrounded. Not a man can escape me. If, however, your majesty will promise that Alexander shall at once return to Russia, I will stop the advance of my columns." Francis pledged his honor that the Russian emperor should immediately withdraw his forces.

When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for a moment to and fro before the fire, with his hands clasped behind his back. After a short silence, during which he appeared absorbed in thought, he was overheard to say, "I have acted very unwisely. I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole of the Austrian and Russian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. It will at least cause some less tears to be shed."

Napoleon immediately dispatched General Savary to the head-quarters of Alexander, to inquire if he would ratify the armistice.

"I am happy to see you," said the Emperor to the envoy. "The occasion has been very glorious for your arms. That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first engagement. I confess that the rapidity of his maneuvers never gave me time to succor the menaced points. Every where you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even of that, the whole was not very warmly engaged. But we maneuvered much, and the same division combated at many different points. Therein lies the art of war. The Emperor, who has seen forty pitched battles, is never wanting in that particular. He is still ready to march against the Archduke Charles, if your majesty does not accept the armistice."

"What guarantee does your master require?" replied Alexander; "and what security can I have that your troops will not prosecute their movements against me?"

"He asks only your word of honor," Savary replied. "He has instructed me, the moment it is given, to suspend the pursuit."

"I give it with pleasure," rejoined the Emperor. "And should it ever be your fortune to visit St. Petersburg, I hope that I may be able to render my capital agreeable to you."

Hostilities immediately ceased. The fragments of the two defeated armies retired without further molestation to their homes.

As Napoleon was returning to Vienna, he met a large convoy of wounded Austrians on their route for the hospitals of the capital. He immediately alighted from his carriage, and, uncovering his head, exclaimed, "Honor to

the brave in misfortune!" His suite followed his example. The Emperor stood in pensive silence, with his hat in his hand, as the melancholy procession of the wounded and the dying passed along. The human heart is ever responsive to such appeals. These men had lavished their blood contending against Napoleon. But this development of sympathy in one moment disarmed all enmity, and irresistibly won their love and admiration.

France had been perfidiously assailed by the allied powers. In repelling the assault, millions of money had been expended, all the arts of peace had been interrupted, and seven thousand Frenchmen had sacrificed their lives. Napoleon wisely resolved so to strengthen his position as no longer, by weakness, to invite such attacks. With characteristic magnanimity, he added not one foot to the territory of France. He compelled Austria to pay the expenses of the war. He raised the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the dignity of kings, adding to the one power 1,000,000 inhabitants, and to the other 183,000. The little state of Baden also gained 113,000 subjects. Thus he rewarded his friends, and strengthened the barriers placed between France and the three great despots of Europe—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. To remove Austria farther from his eastern frontier, he annexed the state of Venice to the Italian kingdom, and gave Austria in exchange the electorate of Salsburg. These changes were all important to protect France from future assaults. Napoleon would have been singularly wanting in political foresight had he exacted less. He could not have been accused of injustice had he demanded more. He wished to interpose a barrier of subordinate kingdoms, friendly to France, between his empire and the dominions of his powerful and unrelenting foes. Every dictate of humanity and of policy demanded that he should thus shelter France from the assaults of conquered but still hostile nations.

Immediately upon the signing of the articles of peace, Napoleon made the following communication to his soldiers: "Peace has just been signed with the Emperor of Austria. You have, in the last autumn, made two campaigns. You have seen your Emperor share your dangers and your fatigues. I wish also that you should see him surrounded with the grandeur and splendor which belong to the sovereign of the first people in the world. You shall all be there. We will celebrate the names of those who have died in these two campaigns on the field of honor. The world shall ever see us ready to follow their example. We will even do more than we yet have done, if necessary to vindicate our national honor, or to resist the efforts of those who are the eternal enemies of peace upon the Continent. During the three months which are necessary to effect your return to France, prove the example for all armies. You have now to give testimonies, not of courage and intrepidity, but of strict discipline. Conduct yourselves like children in the bosom of their family."

Napoleon now gave directions to the army to retrace their steps to France, by slow and easy marches. He himself proceeded to Paris with the utmost rapidity, allowing himself no time to enjoy the triumphs which were prepared to greet him by the way. The public authorities of Paris had made arrangements for a magnificent reception on his arrival. He, however, disappointed them by entering Paris at night, unattended by any escort. The

next day the mayor and other public functionaries called upon him, and in their congratulatory address expressed regret that he had not given them opportunity to testify their gratitude by a public triumph for the services he had rendered his country.

Napoleon returned the following memorable reply : " Had I been defeated, I would have made a public entry. Our enemies would then have been convinced, from the manner of my reception by the good citizens of Paris, that the attachment which they have always shown me was not confined to my fortune. Though vanquished, they would still consider their cause and mine inseparably united. Returning a victor, I would not hazard their being accused of servile adulation."

This formidable confederacy, which Napoleon had shattered at a blow, was organized by William Pitt. Its utter overthrow was fatal also to the ambitious spirit which formed it. When the news reached him of the total destruction of the allied army at Austerlitz, he gazed long and sadly upon the map of Europe, and turned away, saying, " Henceforth we may close that map for half a century." His health now hourly declined. On the 23d of January, 1806, at the age of forty-seven, he expired, exclaiming with his last breath, " Alas, my country !" No sooner did the French Revolution break out, than William Pitt, to use the words of Alison, " became the soul of all the confederacies which were framed to oppose a barrier to the diffusion of its principles. The steady friend of freedom, he was, on that very account, the resolute opponent of democracy. It was not against France, but *Republican France*, that his hostility was directed."

Several medals were executed to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz. One morning M. Denon came to Napoleon at St. Cloud with several medals upon this subject. One represented on one side a head of Napoleon, and upon the other an eagle holding fast a leopard.

" What does this mean ?" inquired the Emperor.

" Sire," replied M. Denon, " it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat of arms of England."

Napoleon contemptuously threw down the coin, saying, " How dare you tell me that the French eagle strangles the English leopard ! I can not send out to sea the smallest fishing-boat that the English do not seize upon. It is, in truth, the leopard that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the same kind to me again."

The generosity of Napoleon toward his army was as magnificent as was his victory. He immediately adopted all the children of those who had fallen. They were supported and educated at the expense of the state. They all, as the children of the Emperor, were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own. To the widows of the generals he gave a pension of \$1200 dollars a year. The widows of the colonels and the majors received \$500 annually ; those of captains, \$250 ; those of lieutenants, \$150 ; while the widows of all the soldiers received a pension of \$40. The wounded were also all liberally rewarded.

Napoleon was in the habit, during his campaigns, of writing almost daily to Josephine. These letters were often written upon a drum-head at his night's bivouac, or upon the pommel of his saddle when the balls of the en-

emy were falling around him. These tokens of his love for Josephine were very brief and so hastily written, that it required all Josephine's ingenuity to decipher them. The following are from the letters which he thus wrote during this campaign. They give us an insight to the heart of Napoleon. These attentions, so delicate and so touching, prove that the majesty of genius had not overshadowed in his character the graces of affection.

"2d October, 1805, 10 o'clock A.M.

"I am still in good health. I start for Stuttgard, where I shall be to-night. The great maneuvers commence. The armies of Würtemberg and of Baden have united with mine. I am in a good position, and I love you.

"NAPOLEON."

"12th October, 11 o'clock at night.

"My army has entered Munich. The enemy is beaten. Every thing announces the most short, successful, and brilliant campaign I have yet made. I am very well. The weather is, however, frightful. I change my clothes twice a day, it rains so incessantly. I love you, and embrace you.

"NAPOLEON."

"19th October.

"I have been, my good Josephine, much fatigued. During all the days of an entire week I have been drenched with rain, and my feet have been nearly frozen. This has made me a little ill. To-day I have obtained some repose. I have fulfilled my design. I have destroyed the Austrian army by simple marches. I have taken 60,000 prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, 90 flags, and more than 30 generals. I now go in pursuit of the Russians. They are undone. I am content with my army. I have lost but 1500 men, and of these two thirds are but slightly wounded. Adieu, my Josephine. A thousand loving words to you."

"3d November, 10 o'clock at night.

"I am in full march. The weather is very cold. The earth is covered with a foot of snow. This is a little severe. Happily, our march is through forests. I am pretty well. My affairs move very satisfactorily. My enemies ought to be more anxious than I. I desire very much to hear from you, and to learn that you are free from inquietude. Adieu, my love. I must sleep."

"15th November, 9 o'clock at night.

"I left Vienna two days ago, my love, a little fatigued. I have not yet seen the city by day. I passed through it in the night. Almost all my troops are beyond the Danube pursuing the Russians. Adieu, my Josephine. The very moment it is possible, I shall send for you to come to me. A thousand loving words for you.

"NAPOLEON."

"16th November.

"I have written for you to come immediately to Baden, and thence to

Munich, by the way of Stuttgard. Bring with you the means of making presents to the ladies and to the functionaries who may serve you. Be unassuming, but receive all homage. Every thing is due to you. You owe nothing but courtesy. The Electress of Würtemberg is daughter of the King of England. She is a lovely woman. Treat her with kindness, but without affectation. I shall be most happy to see you the moment my affairs will allow me to do so. I set out immediately for my advance guard. The weather is frightful. It snows continually. As to the rest, my affairs are prosperous. Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

"3d December, 1805.

"I send Lebrun to you from the field of battle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by the two emperors. I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air, through nights severely cold. I shall pass to-night in the chateau of Prince Kaunitz, where I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you.

NAPOLEON."

"December 5.

"I have concluded a truce. The Russians have implored it. The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken 45 flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and 20 generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. The Emperor Alexander is in despair. I saw yesterday, at my bivouac, the Emperor of Germany. We conversed for two hours, and agreed upon an immediate peace. The weather is dreadful. Repose is again restored to the Continent. Let us hope that it will extend throughout the world. The English will not be able to make headway against us. I look forward, with great pleasure, to the moment when I shall again see you. Adieu, my love. I am pretty well, and am very desirous to embrace you."

"10th December, 1805.

"It is long since I have heard any news from you. The brilliant fêtes of Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich cause the poor soldiers, drenched with rain, and covered with blood and mire, to be forgotten. I set out immediately for Vienna. The Russians are gone. They return to their own country thoroughly beaten and thoroughly humiliated. I desire intensely to return to you. Adieu, my love.

NAPOLEON."

The following letter conceals beneath the semblance of mirthfulness a spirit wounded by apparent neglect.

"19th December.

"August Empress! Not one letter from you since your departure from Strasburg. You have entered Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich without writing us one word. That is not very amiable nor very tender. I am still at Brunn. The Russians have gone. I have a truce. Condescend, from the summit of your grandeur, to occupy yourself a little with your slaves.

"NAPOLEON."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNEXATIONS AND ALLIANCES.

The Emperor on his Return from Austerlitz—Letter to the Minister of Finance—Napoleon's Labors for the Improvement of France—Religious Character and Thoughts of the Emperor—Deputation from Genoa—Its Annexation to France—Conduct of Naples—Insolence of the European Kings—Proclamation—Dilemma—Holland—Cisalpine Republic—The Government of Eugene—Piedmont—Ambition of Napoleon—Necessity of Allies for France—Consciousness of the Emperor of the Uncertainty of his Position—Confederation of the Rhine—Attack on Spanish Ships—Battle of Trafalgar—Fox—Difficulty of making Peace with England—Death of Fox.

It was nearly midnight when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered the darkened streets of Paris on his return from Vienna. He drove directly to the Tuileries, and ascended the stairs, with hasty strides, to his cabinet. Without undressing, or even throwing himself upon a couch for a moment of repose, he sent for the Minister of Finance. The whole of the remainder of the night was passed in a rigid examination of the state of the Bank of France. The eagle eye of the Emperor immediately penetrated the labyrinth of confusion in which its concerns were involved. Writing from the camp of Boulogne, in the midst of all the distractions of the preparations for the march to Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon had thus addressed his Minister of Finance :

"The paper of the bank is issued in many, perhaps a majority of the cases, not on real capital, but on a delusive supposition of wealth. In one word, in discounting after this manner, the bank is *coining false money*. So clearly do I see the dangers of such a course, that, if necessary, I would stop the pay of my soldiers rather than persevere in it. *I am distressed beyond measure at the necessities of my situation, which, by compelling me to live in camps, and engaged in distant expeditions, withdraw my attention from what would otherwise be the chief object of my anxiety, and the first wish of my heart—a good and solid organization of all which concerns the interest of banks, manufactures, and commerce.*"

The next day, at eleven o'clock, the whole Council of Finance was assembled. Napoleon kept them incessantly occupied during an uninterrupted session of nine hours. Thus energetically, without allowing himself a moment for repose, he entered upon a series of labors unparalleled in the history of mankind. The mind of this extraordinary man was all interested in constructing, not in destroying. He loved not the carnage of the battlefield. He loved not the aspect of burning cities, or the desolating sweep of contending armies. It was far more in accordance with his humane disposition, and his intellectual and refined taste, to labor in his cabinet in rearing works of imperishable grandeur, than, hungry, cold, and weary, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, toiling through the mire, and bivouacking upon the drifting snow, to lead his armies to mutilation, blood, and death. Na-

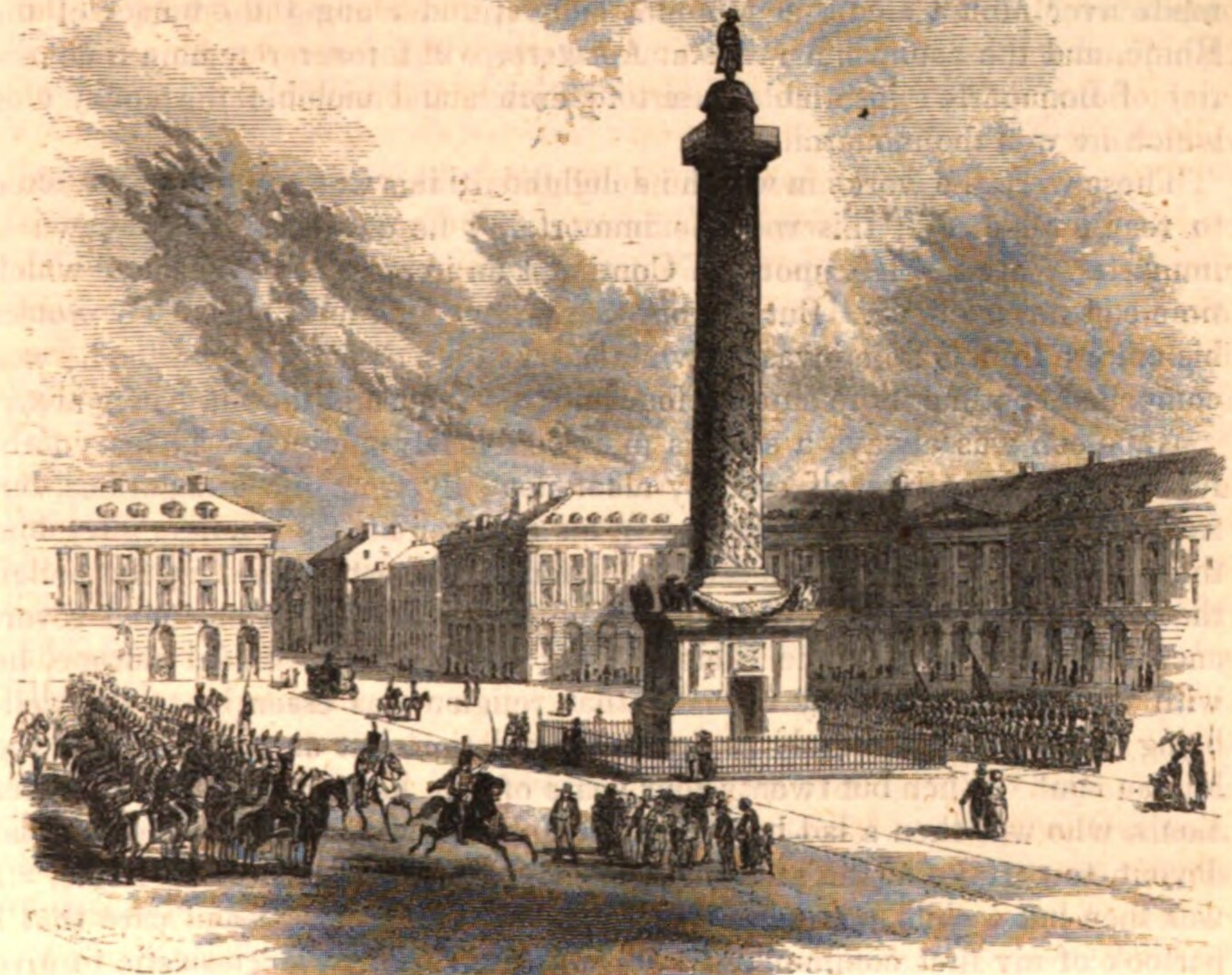
napoleon was a man. The groans of the dying were not music to his ear. As he went, invariably, the messenger of mercy over the field of strife, when the conflict was over, the aspect of the mangled, the dying, and the dead was not a pleasing spectacle to his eyes. His foes compelled him, during all his reign, to devote one half of his energies to repel their assaults.

Napoleon had again conquered peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The government of England, notwithstanding the firm opposition of a large portion of the people, still waged unrelenting war against the Republican Empire. England was too intelligent to be deceived by words. It mattered not whether Napoleon were called Consul or Emperor. The principles of his government were still the same. He was the man of the people. It was his mission to abase aristocratic usurpation, and to elevate the people to equality of privileges and of rights.

Napoleon immediately made arrangements for the army to return by slow and comfortable marches of twelve miles a day. He ordered the sick and the wounded to be amply provided for during the winter, that they might be brought back to France under the genial sun of spring. Officers were commanded to remain with them, to see that all their wants were fully supplied. Never before or since has there been a general so attentive to his sick and wounded soldiers. To this testimony there is not a dissentient voice.

In the midst of negotiations and military cares more vast and varied than ever before occupied the mind of man, Napoleon devoted himself, with a fondness amounting to a passion, to the creation of magnificent works of art and of public utility. In those snatches of leisure left him by his banded foes, he visited all parts of the capital and of his empire. Wherever he went, some grand idea for moral, intellectual, or physical improvement suggested itself to his mind. The foot-prints of the Emperor still remain all over Paris, and in the remotest provinces of France, enduring memorials of his philanthropy, his comprehensive wisdom, and his tireless energy. He found St. Denis, the mausoleum of the ancient kings of France, in deplorable dilapidation. The venerable edifice was immediately and magnificently repaired. The beautiful church of St. Genevieve was crumbling to decay. He restored it to more than its pristine splendor.

He reared the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme. The noble obelisk of bronze, winding round whose shaft are displayed, in long basso-relievo, the exploits of the campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz, excites the admiration of every beholder. The monument was consecrated to the Grand Army, and was constructed of the cannon taken from the enemy. Napoleon had ever been contending for peace. In these eventful campaigns he had secured peace for the Continent. He wished to have the statue of Peace surmount the lofty summit of the pillar. But the nation gratefully decreed that Napoleon, the hero-pacificator, in imperial costume, should crown the trophy of his own genius. When the Allies, after desolating Europe for a quarter of a century with blood, succeeded in driving Napoleon from his throne, and reinstating the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Republican Emperor from its proud elevation. They could not, however, tear the image of Napoleon from the heart of an adoring people. The Bourbons were again driven into exile, and the statue of Napoleon replaced. No sacrilegious



MONUMENT IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

hand will ever venture again rudely to touch that memorial of a nation's love and homage.

He formed the plan, and commenced the work of uniting the Louvre and the Tuileries in the most splendid palace the world has ever seen. And this palace was to be consecrated, not to the licentious indulgence of kings and nobles, but to the fine arts, for the benefit of the people. The magnificent "Arch of Triumph" in the Carrousel, and the still more magnificent arch facing the Elysian Fields, were both commenced this year. Fifteen new fountains were erected in the city. More extensive engines were created to raise water from the Seine, that eighty fountains might play unceasingly night and day. Magnificent quays were erected along the banks of the river. A bridge in process of building was rapidly completed, and named the Bridge of Austerlitz. A new bridge, subsequently called the Bridge of Jena, was commenced. These were but a part of the works entered upon in the capital. The most distant departments of the empire shared his attention and his munificence. Immense canals were constructed, conferring the benefits of water communication upon all parts of France. National roads, upon which the tourist now gazes with astonishment, were commenced. Others, already laid out, were urged to their rapid completion. The world-renown-

ed Pass of the Simplon, the road through the valley of the Moselle, the highway from Roanne to Lyons, the celebrated road from Nice to Genoa, the roads over Mount Cenis and Mount Genèvre, and along the banks of the Rhine, and the astonishing works at Antwerp, will forever remain a memorial of Bonaparte's insatiable desire to enrich and ennoble the country of which he was the monarch.

These were the works in which he delighted; this was the fame he wished to rear for himself; this was the immortality he coveted. His renown is immortal. He has left upon the Continent an imprint of beneficence which time can never efface. But Europe was in arms against him. To protect his empire from hostile invasion while carrying on these great works, he was compelled continually to support four hundred thousand men in battle array.

Napoleon was always a serious man, religiously inclined. In his youthful years he kept himself entirely aloof not only from the dissipations, but from the merriment of the camp. In his maturer life the soldiers gave him the name of "Father Thoughtful." Though not established in the belief that Christianity was of divine origin, he ever cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. Amid the sneers of infidel Europe, he with unvarying constancy affirmed that religion was essential to the well-being of society, not merely as a police regulation, but as a necessity of the human soul. When but twenty-four years of age, he encouraged his brother Louis, who was then a lad but about fifteen years old, but conscientious and devout, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Says Louis, "I was then but a child. It was in consequence of his advice and care that I partook of my first communion. He selected a worthy ecclesiastic to give me the necessary instructions and preparations." When the schedule of study for Madame Campan's female school was presented him, he found as one regulation, "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week*." He immediately erased with his pen the words "twice a week," and substituted "*every day*."

"Sire!" said General Bertrand to Napoleon one day, "you believe in God. I also believe. But, after all, what is God? What do we know of him? Have we seen him?"

Napoleon replied, "*What is God? Do I know what I believe? Very well! I will tell you. Answer me: How know you that a man has genius? Is it any thing you have seen? Is it visible—genius? What then can you believe of it? We see the effect; from the effect we pass to the cause. We find it; we affirm it; we believe it. Is it not so? Thus, upon the field of battle, when the action commences, though we do not understand the plan of attack, we admire the promptitude, the efficiency of the maneuvers, and exclaim, 'A man of genius!' When in the heat of the battle victory wavers, why do you the first turn your eyes toward me? Yes! your lips call me. From all parts we hear but one cry, 'The Emperor, where is he? his orders!' What means that cry? It is the cry of instinct, of general faith in me—in my genius.*"

"Very well! I also have an instinct, a knowledge, a faith, a cry which involuntarily escapes me. I reflect. I regard nature with her phenomena, and I exclaim *God!* I admire and cry, *There is a God!*"

"Since you believe in genius, tell me, tell me, I pray you, what gives to the man of genius this invention, this inspiration, this glance of the eye peculiar to man alone? Answer me! from whence does it come? You can not tell! Is it not so? Neither can I nor any one else. And still, this peculiarity which characterizes certain individuals is a fact as evident, as positive as any other fact. But if there is such a difference in mind, there is evidently a cause; there is some one who has made that difference. It is neither you nor me, and *genius* is but a word which teaches nothing of its cause. That any person should say, *They are the organs!* Behold a silliness fit for a medical student, but not for me. Do you understand?"*

Napoleon saw so many imperfections in the Catholic priesthood, that he was unwilling to intrust the education of youth to ecclesiastics. Their devotion to the past, their hostility to all innovation and progress, incapacitated them in his judgment to rouse and guide the youthful mind. He devoted, at this time, very special attention to the education of the masses of the people. He established a university to raise up a corps of teachers of high qualifications, who should hold distinguished rank in the state, and who should receive ample emolument. In all the schools religion was to be taught by chaplains.

Such were the labors of Napoleon in Paris from January to July, 1806. At the same time he was compelled to defend himself from England, who was incessantly assailing France with all the power of her invincible fleet. He was also conducting the most momentous negotiations with the various nations of Europe.

The province of Genoa occupied the southern slope of the Apennines.† It was about as large as Rhode Island, and contained 500,000 inhabitants. Its population was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Republican France. In the wars then desolating Europe, this Liliputian state was of course powerless, unless sustained by some stronger arm. Its immediate contiguity to France encouraged the desire for annexation. A deputation from the Senate of Genoa visited Napoleon soliciting this favor.

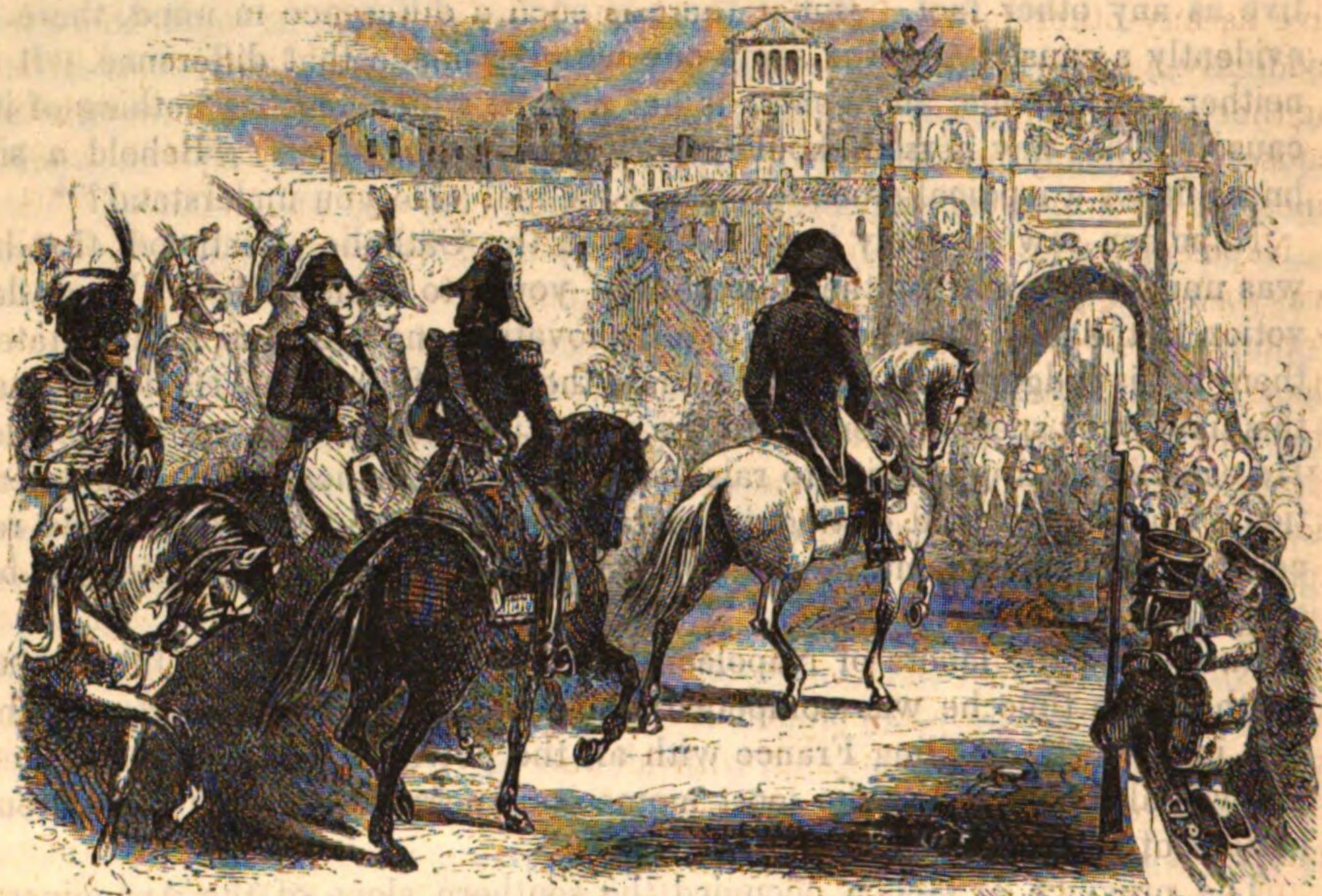
"In regenerating the people of this country," said the deputation, "your majesty has contracted the obligation to render it happy. But this can not be done unless it is governed by your majesty's wisdom and valor. The changes which have taken place around us have rendered our insulated situation a source of perpetual disquietude, and imperiously call for a union with that France which you have covered with imperishable renown. Such is the wish which we are charged to lay at your majesty's feet. The reasons on which it is founded prove sufficiently that it is not the result of any external suggestion, but the inevitable consequence of our actual situation."

When Napoleon entered Genoa in consummation of this union, he was re-

* Napoleon was exceedingly displeased with the impiety of Dr Antommarchi, a physician who was sent to him while at St. Helena. "You physicians," said Napoleon to him one day, "are unbelievers, because you can not find the soul with your dissecting knife. Physicians are generally infidels. It is not so with mathematicians; they are ordinarily devout. The name of God incessantly flowed from the pen of Lagrange."

† "At the demand of the Archbishop of Genoa and of the Senate of the city, that state was reunited to the French Empire the 9th of June, 1805, and formed three departments."—*Histoire Populaire de Napoleon*, par M. Chauvet, p. 247.

ceived with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The fêtes arranged by the exultant inhabitants on that memorable occasion surpassed any thing which modern Italy had seen. The magistrates met Napoleon at the gates of the city with the keys.



ANNEXATION OF GENOA.

“Genoa,” said they, “named the Superb from its situation, is now still more worthy of that name from its destination. It has thrown itself into the arms of a hero. It therefore places its keys in the hands of one capable above all others of maintaining and increasing that glory.”

The city blazed with illuminations; the roar of artillery shook the embattled shores and frowning forts; and fireworks, surpassing the imagined creations of fairy power, filled the whole heavens, as Genoa rejoiced over the consummation of her nuptials with France.

The Kingdom of Naples, sometimes called the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, contained a population of about eight millions. The government, almost an unlimited monarchy, was in the hands of a branch of the house of Bourbon. The perfidious court had again and again sent its ships and its armies to assail Napoleon. And yet, in the hour of victory, Napoleon had ever treated the hostile government with singular magnanimity. When the Emperor was more than a thousand miles from his capital, in the wilds of Northern Germany, struggling with his banded foes upon the plains of Austerlitz, the King of Naples thought it an inviting opportunity to attack him in his rear. Without any provocation, inviting the English fleet into his harbors, and joining his army, fifty thousand strong, with those of England, Austria, and Russia, he fell upon France. Napoleon heard of this act of treachery immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. He was extremely exasperated.

The kings of Europe seemed to treat him as an outlaw, beyond the pale of all honorable intercourse. The most solemn treaties with him were regarded as of no moment. They did every thing in their power to stir up treason around his throne, and to fan in France the flame of civil war. They cringed before his mighty genius as they met him on the field of battle, or in the chamber of council, and yet were they ever ready to stab him in the back the moment his face was turned. An independent nation of forty millions of people, with hardly a dissenting vote, had elected him its monarch. The despots of Europe denied his right to the throne. They refused him his title. They called him contemptuously *Mr. Bonaparte*.* They resorted to every mean subterfuge in their diplomacy to avoid the recognition of his imperial dignity. They filled the world with the blackest libels against his fair fame. They accused him of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, blood-thirstiness, incest. They fed those who were constructing infernal machines, and mingling poison, and sharpening daggers, to hunt him out of the world. There is great moral sublimity in the dignity with which Napoleon encountered all this, and went straight on with his work. He had already spared the Bourbons of Naples three times. He resolved to be their dupe no longer. The following energetic proclamation to his army announced the merited fate of this perfidious court :

“Soldiers! For the last ten years I have done every thing in my power to save the King of Naples. He has done every thing to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi, and Lodi, he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, and was generous toward him. When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his allies, remained single-handed and defenseless. He implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time the house of Naples was re-established and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, honor, or reason? No, no! *The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honor of Europe, and the repose of my crown.”

We presume that there are few readers who will condemn Napoleon for this transaction. Yet Sir Archibald Alison comments upon it in the following terms. For Napoleon to defend himself from the treachery of despots and from the knives of assassins, the Allies ever considered an atrocious crime.

“This extraordinary severity toward a monarch who was only meditating hostilities against the French Emperor, and had certainly done less injury to

* Gustavus, King of Sweden, in a public note delivered to the French envoy at Stockholm, expressed his surprise at the “indecent and ridiculous insolence which *Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte* had permitted to be inserted in the *Moniteur*.” Alexander, in public documents, addressed him as *chief of the French government*. And the British cabinet passed a solemn decree that the Emperor Napoleon, while at St. Helena, should receive no other title than that of *General Bonaparte*. Gustavus ever insisted that Napoleon was *The Beast* described in the book of Revelation.

his dominions than any European dynasty, was one of the most unjustifiable acts of that relentless conqueror, and, at the same time, descriptive of that mixture of caution and prudence by which his ambitious enterprises were always regulated. Let the case be put as the French themselves stated it. The ambassador and cabinet of Naples, with the dagger at their throat, and under the threat of immediate invasion, had agreed on the 21st of September to a treaty of neutrality, which was ratified by the court, under the like menaces, on the 8th of October. The arrival of the Russian and English squadron in the Bay of Naples six weeks afterward liberated them from their apprehensions, and the cabinet was to violate the former treaty, and join in the coalition against France. Such a departure from national faith was dishonorable; it was a fair ground for hostility, and might have justified exactions of considerable magnitude; but was it a sufficient reason for dethronement? That is the point; and if it is, what European dynasty has not, fifty times over, justly provoked this severity?"*

Immediately Napoleon wrote, in the following words, to his brother Joseph: "My wish is, that in the first days of February you should enter the kingdom of Naples, and that I should be informed, in the course of the month, that my eagles hang over that capital. You will not make any suspension of arms or capitulation. My intention is, that the Bourbons should have ceased to reign in Naples. I wish to seat on the throne a prince of my house; you, in the first place, if that suits you; another, if that does not suit you."†

Joseph took an army and went to Naples. Upon his approach the English fled with the utmost precipitation, taking with them the royal family.‡ By thus ejecting the royal family of Naples, and placing the crown upon the brow of his brother, Napoleon greatly exasperated the remaining sovereigns of Europe, and added much to his embarrassments. But by leaving the Bourbons on the throne, after such repeated acts of perfidy, he exposed himself to the peril of another treacherous assault whenever hostile Europe should again rise in arms against him. Wisely he chose the least of two evils. And now the idea became an established principle in the mind of Napoleon, that as all the feudal kings of Europe were in heart banded against him, and were ever watching for opportunities to assail him, he must

* *Alison's History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 376.

† "The extremity of the Peninsula and Sicily compose the kingdom of Naples, the most powerful state in Italy, most like Rome in ignorance and barbarism, and still worse governed, if possible. There reigned a Bourbon, a mild, imbecile prince, devoted to one kind of pursuit, fishing and field sports. These occupations engrossed all his time. While he was engaged in them, the government of his kingdom was abandoned to his wife, an Austrian princess, sister to the Queen of France. This princess, a woman of capricious disposition, of licentious passions, having the Minister Acton for her paramour, who was sold to the English, conducted the affairs of the kingdom in a senseless manner. The English, whose policy it always was to gain a footing on the Continent by controlling the petty states bordering upon its coasts, had endeavored to make themselves the patrons of Naples as well as of Portugal and Holland. They excited the hatred of the queen against France, and with that hatred infused the ambition to rule Italy."—*Thiers*.

‡ "The brief reign of Joseph was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the convents—opened new roads—caused the *Lazzaroni* of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes, and every where animated with new life and hope a people long sunk in abject servitude."—*New York American*.

strengthen his power by establishing thrones and sustaining governments which should be occupied by his friends. It was a struggle, not only for his political existence, but also for the dignity and the independence of the French nation.

Holland was a low, marshy country, about the size of the State of Maryland. Two million and a half of inhabitants, protected from the sea by dikes, cultivated its fields and worked its factories. Holland had followed in the footsteps of France in the effort to obtain, by revolutionary violence, deliverance from aristocratic usurpation. England, with her allies, fell upon Holland as upon France. At one swoop she robbed her of her colonies, swept her commerce from the seas, and held all her ports in close blockade. Hostile armies invaded her territory. The nation, single-handed, was powerless against such multitudinous foes. She appealed to France for aid. The aid was furnished, and the allied hosts expelled. When France adopted monarchical forms of government, Holland decided to do the same. Holland and France, mutually sympathizing, needed mutual support. Their most intimate alliance seemed to be essential to their existence. Holland therefore chose Louis Bonaparte for her king. Louis was an intelligent, conscientious, and upright man. Even the voice of slander has not attempted to sully his fame. He won the enthusiastic love of his subjects.

The Cisalpine Republic had received the name of the Kingdom of Italy. It was a small territory, about the size of the State of Maryland, containing three million and a half of inhabitants. It was indebted to Napoleon for existence. Unaided by his arm, it could not for an hour have protected itself from the assaults of Austria. In mid-winter, four hundred and fifty deputies had crossed the Alps to implore the assistance of Napoleon in organizing their government, and in defending them from the armed despotisms which threatened their destruction. In the following words they had addressed Napoleon :

“The Cisalpine Republic needs a support which will cause it to be respected by the powers which have not yet recognized its existence. It absolutely requires a man who, by the ascendant of his name and strength, may give it the rank and consideration which it may not otherwise obtain. Therefore General Bonaparte is requested to honor the Cisalpine Republic by continuing to govern it, by blending the direction of its affairs with those of France, so long as shall be necessary to unite all parts of its territory under the same political institutions, and to cause it to be recognized by the powers of Europe.”

At the earnest solicitation of the people, Napoleon afterward accepted the crown, declaring Eugene to be his heir. On this occasion he said to the French Senate :

“Powerful and great is the French Empire. Greater still is our moderation. We have, in a manner, conquered Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. But in the midst of such unparalleled success we have listened only to the counsels of moderation. Of so many conquered provinces we have retained only the one which was necessary to maintain France in that rank among nations which she has always enjoyed. The partition of Poland, the provinces torn from Turkey, the conquest of India, and of almost all the

European colonies, have turned the balance against us. To form a counterpoise to such acquisitions, we must retain something. But we must keep only what is useful and necessary. Great would have been the addition to the wealth and the resources of our territory if we had united to them the Italian Republic. But we gave it independence at Lyons. And now we proceed a step further, and recognize its ultimate separation from the crown of France, deferring only the execution of that project till it can be done without danger to Italian independence."

The government of Eugene in Italy was popular in the extreme. The Italians still look back upon the days of the Kingdom of Italy as the most brilliant and the most prosperous of their modern history. The administration of the government by Napoleon is ever spoken of with admiration. Eugene followed the maxims which he received from the sagacity and the experience of the Emperor. "Unlike," says Alison, "the conquered states of other European monarchies, the inhabitants of Lombardy felt the foreign yoke only in the quickened circulation of wealth, the increased vent for industry, the wider field for exertion. Honors, dignities, and emoluments, all were reserved for Italians. Hardly a magistrate or civil functionary was of foreign birth. Every where great and useful undertakings were set on foot. Splendid edifices ornamented the towns. Useful canals irrigated the fields."

The state of Piedmont, a province of Sardinia, was about as large as Massachusetts. It contained a population of one and a half million. The inhabitants were overjoyed to escape from the iron despotism of Austrian rule. Cordially sympathizing with the French in their political principles, they tumultuously joined them. The whole land blazed with illuminations, and was vocal with rejoicings, as Piedmont was annexed to France. Napoleon was of Italian parentage. He ever remained faithful to the souvenirs of his origin. The Italian language was his mother tongue, and the interests of Italy were peculiarly near to his heart.

The Peninsula was divided up into innumerable petty dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms. None of these could be independent. They could only exist by seeking shelter beneath the flag of Austria or France. It was one of the fondest dreams of Napoleon's noble ambition to restore Italian independence. He hoped, by his influence, to have been able to unite all these feeble governments in one great kingdom, containing twenty millions of inhabitants. Rome he would make its illustrious capital. He designed to rescue the immortal city from the ruins with which it is encumbered; to protect its ancient monuments from the further ravages of decay, and to restore the city, as far as possible, to its ancient splendor. Napoleon had gained such an influence over the Italian people, that he could, without much difficulty, have carried this magnificent project into execution, were it not for certain political considerations which arrested him. He wished for peace with Europe. He wished, if possible, to conciliate the friendly feelings of the surrounding monarchies toward the new institutions in France.

To appease Austria, he deemed it wise to leave her in possession of her conquest of the ancient state of Venice as far as the Adige. Spain was propitiated by allowing her two princes to occupy the throne of Etruria. By permitting the Pope to retain his secular power over the States of the Church,

he secured throughout Europe a religious interest in favor of France. The Bourbons he had wished to leave undisturbed upon the throne of Naples, notwithstanding reiterated acts of treachery against him. This would be a pledge to Europe of his desire not to introduce violence and revolution into other governments. The *power* was clearly in his hands. He *could* have set all these considerations at defiance. So large a proportion of the population of Italy had imbibed the principles of equality which the French Revolution had originated, that they implored the permission of Napoleon to drive their rulers from their thrones. Wherever the French armies appeared, they were welcomed by a large portion of the people as friends and liberators. But Napoleon did not deem it wise to spread through Europe the flames of revolution, neither did he consider it his duty to allow the despots of Europe to force back upon France a rejected and detested dynasty. The various annexations and alliances to which we have above referred took place at various times between 1802 and 1806.

Such, in the main, was the position of France at this period. "While England," says Alison, "was extending its mighty arms over both hemispheres, France was laying its iron grasp on the richest and most important provinces of Europe. The strife could not be other than desperate between two such powers." The difference between the two was simply this. England was conquering and annexing to her vast empire continents, islands, and provinces all over the world: in the East Indies and in the West Indies, in North America and in South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa; in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Indian Ocean; in the Mediterranean Sea, and upon the shores of the Red Sea and of the Caspian. It was her boast that upon the territories of Britannia the sun never ceased to shine.* She had formed coalitions against France with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and innumerable other petty principalities and dukedoms. And yet this England, the undisputed mistress of the sea, and more powerful upon land than imperial Rome in her meridian grandeur, was filling the world with clamor against the insatiable ambition of Napoleon. He had annexed to France, Genoa, the valleys of Piedmont, and a few leagues of territory along the left banks of the Rhine, that that noble river might be one of his barriers against invading hosts. He had also strengthened his empire to resist its multitudinous foes, by forming strong friendly alliances with the Kingdom of Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland, and a few minor states. To call this the spirit of encroachment is an abuse of language. It was merely putting a stronger lock upon his door as a necessary protection against robbers.

There was a fatality attending Napoleon's career which he ever recognized, and which no human wisdom could have averted. Aristocratic Europe was necessarily in arms against the Democratic Emperor. Had Napoleon neglected to fortify himself against aggression, by enlarging the boundaries of France, and by forming friendly alliances, the coalesced despots would have laughed him to scorn as they tore the crown from his brow. But, on the other hand, by disseminating principles of equality, and organ-

* The population in India over whom England, by the energies of war, had extended her dominion, is estimated by the London Times to be 150,000,000.

izing his friends as barriers against his foes, he alarmed still more the monarchs around him, and roused them to still more desperate efforts for his destruction. The government of England can not be called a despotism. Next to that of the United States, it is the most liberal and free of any upon the globe. But the English oligarchy dreaded exceedingly the democratic principles which had gained such an ascendancy in France. Thousands of her population, headed by many of the most eloquent members of Parliament, were clamorous for popular reform. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The maritime supremacy of England was also imperiled should Napoleon, with his almost superhuman genius, have free scope for the development of the energies of France; therefore liberty-loving England allowed herself to head an alliance of despots against popular rights.

Combined Europe crushed Napoleon. And what is Europe now? It contains but two classes—the oppressors and the oppressed. “The day will yet come,” said Napoleon, “when the English will lament the victory of Waterloo.” Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased! The memory of the one will survive his destruction. The memory of the other will perhaps be buried in his triumph. “When I heard,” said Robert Hall, “of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt that the clock of the world had gone back six ages.”

In this connection Napoleon remarked at St. Helena: “The English are said to traffic in every thing. Why, then, does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price, and without any fear of exhausting her own stock? For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have again been subjected? I am confident that they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment; and the error into which I fell might at least be turned into good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles which can never be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisyphus. Sooner or later some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace? This was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding?”

Napoleon, fully conscious of the uncertainty of his position, wrote to Joseph in Naples, urging him to erect a powerful fortress upon the sea-coast. “Five or six millions a year,” said he, “ought to be devoted for ten years to this great creation, in such a manner that with each expenditure of six millions a degree of strength should be gained, and so that, so early as the second or third year, you might be able to shut yourself up in this vast fortress. Neither you nor I know what is to befall us in two, three, or four years. *Centuries are not for us.* If you are energetic, you may hold out, in

such an asylum, long enough to defy the rigors of Fortune, and to await the return of her favors." On another occasion, he remarked to some friends, who had gathered around him in the Tuileries, when in the very meridian of his power, "The vicissitudes of life are very great. It would not be strange should my son yet have cause to deem himself very fortunate with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year."

Napoleon was ever of the impression that the majority of the British people were opposed to the war; that it was maintained solely by the influence and to promote the interests of the aristocracy.

"I would not have attempted to subject England to France," said he to O'Meara. "I could not have united two nations so dissimilar. If I had succeeded in my project, I would have abolished the monarchy and established a republic, instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. I would have separated Ireland from England, and left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain, but would have introduced a great reform." "Would England," says Alison, "have remained true to herself under the temptation to swerve produced by such means? This is a point upon which no Briton would have entertained a doubt till within these few years. But the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance which has recently grown up with the spread of Democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. The spirit of the nation, indeed, then ran high against Gallic invasion; unanimity unprecedented animated the British people. But, strong as that feeling was, it is now doubtful whether it would not have been supplanted, in a large portion of the nation at least, by a still stronger, and if the sudden offer of all the glittering objects of Democratic ambition would not have shaken the patriotism of a considerable portion of the British, as it unquestionably would of the great bulk of the Irish people."

Sixteen princes, of various degrees of rank and power, occupying small states in the valley of the Rhine, formed a league. The plan originated with Napoleon. The states thus united took the name of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was a compact somewhat resembling that of the "United States," and embraced a population of about fourteen million. Napoleon was elected Protector of the Confederation. Perfect liberty of conscience was established through all the states, and they entered unitedly into an alliance with France, offensive and defensive. In case of war, France was to furnish 200,000 men, and the Confederates 63,000. All disputes between the states were to be settled by a congress composed of two bodies. When this Confederation was formed to secure external and internal peace, Napoleon sent word to the King of Prussia "that he would see without pain, nay, even with pleasure, Prussia ranging under her influence all the states of the north of Germany, by means of a confederation similar to that of the Rhine."

Twelve years before these events, Spain had entered into a treaty with France, by which she agreed to furnish France, in case of war, with an aux-

iliary force, which was subsequently commuted into a subsidy of fifteen million of dollars a year. England was very reasonably annoyed that this large sum should be furnished her foe by a nation professing neutrality. Spain was in a dilemma. If she refused to fulfill the treaty, war with France would be the inevitable consequence. If she continued to supply France with money, she must expose herself to the broadsides of the British navy. After many remonstrances on the part of England, and denials, apologies, and protestations on the part of Spain, England, without any declaration of war, issued secret orders to her fleet to capture the merchant-ships of Spain, wherever found. Four Spanish galleons, freighted with treasure, all unsuspecting of danger, were approaching Cadiz. A squadron of four British ships attacked them. One of the Spanish ships was blown up, and all on board, two hundred and fifty in number, perished. The other three ships, their decks slippery with blood, were captured. The treasure on board was over ten million of dollars. Language can not do justice to this act.

This occurrence produced intense excitement throughout England. The government, with much embarrassment, defended the measure as justifiable and necessary. Fox, Lord Grenville, and vast numbers of the British people, condemned the act as an indelible disgrace to the nation. Spain immediately declared war against Great Britain.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The united fleets of France and Spain, some thirty ships in number, were met by an equal squadron of English ships off Cape Trafalgar. It was the 21st of October, 1805, the day after the capitulation of Ulm. A bloody conflict ensued. The combined fleet was entirely overthrown. Nineteen ships were taken; seven escaped into Cadiz so pierced and shattered as to be perfectly unserviceable; four made way for the Straits, and were captured a few days afterward. Thus

the fleets of France and Spain were in fact annihilated. England remained the undisputed mistress of the seas. Napoleon could no longer hope to assail her. He could only strive to ward off the blows which she continued unceasingly to deal upon him. This led him more deeply to feel the necessity of strengthening himself upon the Continent, as the wide world of water was entirely in possession of his foes.*

The capitulation at Ulm and the victory of Austerlitz caused the defeat of Trafalgar to be forgotten. The echoes of that terrific naval conflict died away amid the solitudes of the ocean, while the resonance of the mighty tread of Napoleon's armies vibrated through every capital upon the Conti-

* Nelson lost his life in this conflict. England gratefully conferred all possible honors upon his memory. His brother was made an earl, with a pension of 30,000 dollars a year. Each of his sisters received a gift of 50,000 dollars, and 500,000 dollars to purchase an estate. A public funeral was decreed him, and a monument erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. "At Waterloo," says Alison, "England fought for victory; at Trafalgar, for existence."

ment. William Pitt soon died, at the age of forty-seven. Public opinion in England now imperiously called for Mr. Fox as prime minister. The king was compelled to yield. Mr. Fox and Napoleon were friends—mutual admirers. The masses of the British people were in favor of peace. The powerful aristocracy, both of wealth and rank, were almost to a man in favor of war. Napoleon was exceedingly gratified by this change, and was sanguine in the hope of immediate peace.

Soon after the accession of Mr. Fox to power, a wretch presented himself to him and offered to assassinate Napoleon. Mr. Fox indignantly ordered the man to be seized and imprisoned, and wrote a noble letter to the French government denouncing the odious project, and offering to place the man at their disposal. This generous procedure, so different from that which Napoleon had been accustomed to receive from the British government, touched the magnanimous heart of the Emperor. "There," he exclaimed, "I recognize the principles of honor and virtue which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him in my name. Tell him, whether the policy of his sovereign causes us to continue much longer at war, or whether as speedy an end as the two nations can desire is put to a quarrel useless to humanity, I rejoice at the new character which, from this proceeding, the war has already taken. It is an omen of what may be expected from a cabinet, of the principles of which I am delighted to judge from those of Mr. Fox. He is one of the men most fitted to feel in every thing what is excellent, what is truly great." M. Talleyrand communicated these sentiments to the English minister. A reply was immediately returned by Mr. Fox, in frank and cordial terms proposing peace. Napoleon was delighted with the proposal. Most sincerely he wished for reconciliation with Great Britain. Rejoiced at this overture, he accepted it with the utmost cordiality.

But it was now extremely difficult to settle the conditions of peace. Napoleon was so powerful, that France would accede to any terms which her Emperor should judge to be best; but Mr. Fox was surrounded in Parliament by an opposition of immense strength. The Tories wished for war. England had made enormous conquests of the colonies of France and her allies. She wished to retain them all. France had made vast accessions to her power upon the Continent. The English government insisted that she should surrender all. England wished to be the great manufacturer of the world, with all nations for her purchasers, and with the commerce of all climes engrossed by her fleets. Napoleon, though most anxious for peace, was not willing that France should become the vassal of England. He deemed it a matter of the first moment that French manufactures should be encouraged by protective duties. Under these circumstances, Napoleon said to Mr. Fox, through M. Talleyrand,

"France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim any thing more upon the Continent than what she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The Emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the Emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they

are possible, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

It is cheering to contemplate the generous intercourse between these noble men. Mr. Fox accompanied each dispatch with a private note, full of frank and cordial friendship. M. Talleyrand, who was but the amanuensis of Napoleon, followed his example. It will be remembered that, at the commencement of the war, the English captured all the French whom they could find upon the sea. Napoleon, in retaliation, captured all the English whom he could find upon the land. Many members of the highest families in England were detained in France. Mr. Fox applied for the release of several of them on parole. Napoleon immediately sent to him every one designated in the list. Mr. Fox, in return for this magnanimity, released an equal number of illustrious captives taken in the battle of Trafalgar.*

There was another serious difficulty in the way of peace. The King of England was also King of Hanover. This kingdom, situated in the northern part of Germany, occupied a territory about twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, and embraced a million and a half of inhabitants. At the commencement of the last coalition against France, Napoleon had taken it. At the peace of Presburg, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon had allowed Prussia to take possession of the territory. English honor demanded that Hanover should be restored. This appeared absolutely essential to peace; but Prussia grasped her rich booty with deathless tenacity. Napoleon, however, meditated restoring Hanover to England, and conferring upon Prussia some other provinces in requital. In the midst of this labyrinth of diplomacy, Fox was suddenly taken sick and died. The peace of the world was entombed in his sepulchre. New influences gained strength in the cabinet of St. James, and all hopes of peace were at an end. The English ministers now presented all kinds of obstacles in the way of peace, and the ambassadors at Paris conducting the negotiations soon demanded their passports. "There can be no doubt," says H. B. Ireland, "but that the hopes of a new war indulged by the English cabinet constituted the basis of those objections. This rupture was hailed at the London Stock Exchange with the most savage demonstrations of joy."

The death of Fox Napoleon ever deemed one of the greatest of calamities. At St. Helena he said, "Half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation."

"With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things to-

* A friend writes to me, "Sir Henry Hallford, who was physician to George IV., in one of his essays 'On some of the Results of the Successful Practice of Physic,' refers to Dr. Jenner, and the honor and influence which he acquired by the discovery of the protective effect of vaccination, and says, 'It is true that Bonaparte, in the plenitude of his power, accorded their freedom from bondage to no less than nine captives, severally, at the request of Dr. Jenner, a homage to the benevolent author of so important a discovery.' I will add only one query: Would George IV. or George III. have done such magnanimous acts?"

gether." Again he said, "Fame had informed me of his talents. I found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. And again he remarked, "Certainly the death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

A new Coalition formed against France—Remarks in the *Moniteur*—The two antagonistic Forces existing in Europe—Letter to the King of Prussia—Ascent of the Landgrafenberg—Perfidy of Spain—Intercepted Dispatches—Battles of Jena and Auerstadt—Peril of the Prussian King—Amazing Victory of Napoleon—Address to the Saxons—The Duchess of Weimar—Opinion of Women—Sword of Frederick the Great—Letters to Josephine.

AND now England, Russia, and Prussia formed another coalition against Napoleon. There was even no plausible pretext to be urged in extenuation of the war. Napoleon was consecrating all his energies to the promotion of the best interests of France. For the accomplishment of his noble purposes he needed peace. In his vast conquests he had shown the most singular moderation—a moderation which ought to have put England, Russia, and Prussia to the blush. To the following remarks in the *Moniteur*—evidently from the powerful pen of Napoleon—Europe could make no reply but by the charges of her squadrons and by the broadsides of her fleets.

"Why should hostilities arise between France and Russia? Perfectly independent of each other, they are impotent to inflict evil, but all-powerful to communicate benefits. If the Emperor of France exercises a great influence in Italy, the Czar exerts a still greater influence over Turkey and Persia. If the cabinet of Russia pretends to have a right to affix limits to the power of France, without doubt it is equally disposed to allow the Emperor of the French to prescribe the bounds beyond which Russia is not to pass. Russia has partitioned Poland. Can she then complain that France possesses Belgium and the left banks of the Rhine? Russia has seized upon Crimea, the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Persia. Can she deny that the right of self-preservation gives France a title to demand an equivalent in Eu-

* "While Mr. Pitt lived," says Hazlitt, "war was certain; his death offered a bare chance of peace. He had long been the mouthpiece of the war party, and the darling of that part of the aristocracy who wished to subdue the popular spirit of English freedom to get the whole power of the country into the hands of a few borough-mongers, and, of course, to crush and stifle the example and the rising flame of liberty every where else. Engaged in a quarrel that was never to have an end, and for an object that was to be kept in the background, it was necessary to have a set of plausible excuses always ready. If we were at war, it was for 'the existence of social order.' If we did not make peace, it was because 'existing circumstances did not permit us.'"

"While Fox held the reins, hopes continued to be entertained of peace, and Bonaparte, with Talleyrand to assist him, strained every nerve to urge it forward, but at his death things reverted to their old and natural course."

rope? Let every power begin by restoring the conquests which it has made during the last fifty years. Let them re-establish Poland, restore Venice to its Senate, Trinidad to Spain, Ceylon to Holland, the Crimea to the Porte, the Caucasus and Georgia to Persia, the kingdom of Mysore to the sons of Tippoo Saib, and the Mahratta States to their lawful owners, and then the other powers may have some title to insist that France shall retire within her ancient limits. It is the fashion to speak of the ambition of France. Had she chosen to preserve her conquests, the half of Austria, the Venetian States, the states of Holland and Switzerland, and the kingdom of Naples would have been in her possession. The limits of France are, in reality, the Adige and the Rhine. Has it passed either of these limits? Had it fixed on the Solza and the Drave, it would not have exceeded the bounds of its conquest."

When Napoleon was endeavoring to surround General Mack at Ulm, it was absolutely essential to the success of his enterprise that he should send a few battalions across the little state of Anspach, which belonged to Prussia. To Bernadotte, who had charge of this division, he wrote:

"You will traverse the territory of Anspach. Avoid resting there. Do every thing in your power to conciliate the Prussians. Testify the greatest possible regard for the interests of Prussia. In the mean time, pursue your march with the utmost rapidity, alleging as an excuse the impossibility of doing otherwise, which is really the fact."

At the same time, he dispatched the Grand Marshal Duroc to Berlin to apprise the King of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed by an attack from so formidable an alliance, without any previous declaration of war; to express his unfeigned regret at the necessity of marching some troops over a portion of the Prussian territory; and to excuse himself upon the ground of absolute necessity alone. Though the king rather ungraciously accepted the apology, the more warlike portion of the nation, headed by their chivalric queen, loudly declared that this violation was an outrage which could only be avenged by the sword. This was one of the grievances of which Prussia now complained.

There were then, as now, in Europe two great antagonistic forces—the governors and the governed—the aristocracy and the people. The triumph of Napoleon was the triumph of popular rights. Alexander, young, ambitious, and the monarch of the uncounted millions of Russia, was anxious to wipe out the stain of Austerlitz. Prussia, proud of her past military glory, and stimulated by an enthusiastic and romantic queen, resolved to measure swords with the great conqueror. England, burdened with the grasp of two hemispheres, reiterated her cry against "the insatiable ambition of Napoleon."

The armies of Prussia, nearly 200,000 strong, commenced their march against France, and entered the heart of Saxony. Frederick William, the King of Prussia, headed this army, and compelled the King of Saxony to join the alliance. "Our cause," he said, "is the common cause of legitimate kings, and all such must aid in the enterprise." Alexander, having aroused anew his barbarian legions, was hastening by forced marches over the wilds of Poland. Two hundred thousand men were in his train, to join

the invading host in their march upon Paris. England, with her omnipresent and invincible fleet, was frowning along the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Channel, raining down terrific blows upon every exposed point, and striving, by her political influence and her gold, to unite new nations in the formidable coalition.

With deep sorrow Napoleon beheld the rising of this new storm. He had just completed an arduous campaign; he had treated his enemies with surpassing magnanimity, and had hoped that a permanent peace was secured. But no sooner was one coalition destroyed than another was formed. His energetic spirit, however, was not one to yield to despondency. Throwing off the dejection which for an hour oppressed him, with all his wonted power and genius he roused himself for the new conflict. He wrote to his brothers in Naples and in Holland, saying,

“Give yourselves no uneasiness. The present struggle will be speedily terminated. Prussia and her allies, be they who they may, will be crushed. *And this time I will settle finally with Europe. I will put it out of the power of my enemies to stir for ten years.*”

He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to form his plans and arrange the details. He then for two days dictated, almost without intermission, nearly two hundred letters.

All these letters are preserved. Through all time they will be admired as models of the art of governing armies and empires. In six days the Imperial Guard were sent from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. It was nearly midnight on the 24th of September, 1806, when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered his carriage at the Tuileries to join the army. As in the last contest, he knew not “why he fought, or what was required of him.” He communicated a parting message to the Senate, in which he said:

“In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretense, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage.”

In his first bulletin he wrote, “The Queen of Prussia is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, bearing the uniform of her regiment of dragoons, writing twenty letters a day to spread the conflagration in all directions. We seem to behold Armida in her madness setting fire to her own palace. After her follow Prince Louis of Prussia, a prince full of bravery, hurried on by the spirit of party, who flatters himself that he shall find great renown in the vicissitudes of war. Following the example of these illustrious persons, all the court cries ‘To arms!’ But when war shall have reached them with all its horrors, all will seek to exculpate themselves from having been instrumental in bringing its thunder to the peaceful plains of the north.”

At Mayence Napoleon parted with Josephine. Her tears for a moment overcame him, and he yielded to those emotions of tenderness which are an honor to the heart. He headed his army, utterly bewildered the Prussians by his maneuvers, and in a few days threw his whole force into their rear, cutting them off from all their supplies and from all possibility of retreat.

He was now sure of a decisive victory ; yet, to arrest, if possible, the effusion of blood, he humanely wrote as follows to the King of Prussia :

“I am now in the heart of Saxony. Believe me, my strength is such that your forces can not long balance the victory. But wherefore shed so much blood ? To what purpose ? Why should we make our subjects slay each other ? I do not prize a victory which is purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire ! your majesty will be vanquished. You will have compromised the repose of your life and the existence of your subjects without the shadow of a pretext. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month has passed you will treat, but in a different position. I am aware that I may, in thus writing, irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your majesty to view in this letter nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that he may have you in his worthy and holy keeping.

“Your majesty’s good brother,

NAPOLEON.”

To this letter no reply was returned. It was given to a Prussian officer, but it is said that the Emperor did not receive it until the morning of the battle of Jena.

In two days, Napoleon, accompanying the advance guard of his army, met the mighty host of the Prussians strongly fortified upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the thirteenth of October. A cloudless sun, filling the western sky with splendor, dazzled the eye with brilliance as its rays were reflected from the armor of one hundred thousand men. Eighteen thousand superb cavalry, with their burnished helmets and proud caparisons, were drawn up upon the plain. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery were concentrated in a battery, whose destructive power imagination can hardly conceive. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon immediately drove them from the hill and took possession. From its brow the whole lines of the Prussian army could be descried, extending for many leagues.

The plain of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant, was however lost from the view. Napoleon was not aware that a strong division of the Prussian army occupied that position. The shades of night came on. The blaze from the Prussian fires, dispersed over a space of eighteen miles, threw a brilliant glow over the whole heavens. Couriers were immediately dispatched to hasten on with all possible speed the battalions of the French army for the decisive battle which the morning sun was to usher in. Napoleon was his own engineer in surmounting the difficulties of dragging the cannon to the summit of the Landgrafenberg. To encourage the men to herculean toil, Napoleon, by the light of the lantern, worked with his own hands in blasting the rocks and smoothing the way. With incredible enthusiasm, the suc-

cessive divisions of the French as they arrived engaged in overcoming those obstacles which to the Prussians had appeared absolutely insurmountable. Napoleon, having prepared the way, and aided in dragging one gun to the summit, left his troops to do the rest. Through the long night they toiled unceasingly, and before the morning dawned a formidable battery was bristling from the heights.



ASCENT OF THE LANDGRAFENBERG.

As battalion after battalion arrived in the darkness, they took the positions designated by their experienced chieftain, and threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. Soult and Ney received orders to march all night, to be prepared to arrest the retreat of the Prussians. Napoleon, having thus made all his arrangements for the terrific conflict of the ensuing day, retired to his

tent about midnight, and calmly sat down to draw up a plan of study and of discipline for Madame Campan's Female School.*

Nothing can more strikingly show than this the peculiar organization of this most extraordinary mind. There was no affectation in this effort. He could, at any time, turn from one subject, however momentous that might be, and consecrate all his energies to another, untroubled by a wandering thought. All that he did for the internal improvement of France, he was compelled to do in moments thus snatched from the toils of war. Combined Europe would never allow him to lay aside the sword. "France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers." His heart was deeply interested in promoting the prosperity and happiness of France. To the sanguinary scenes of Jena and Auerstadt he was reluctantly driven by the attacks of foes, who denounced him as a usurper, and threatened to hurl him from his throne.



JENA AND AUERSTADT.

It was midnight. A girdle of flame, rising from the innumerable watch-fires of the Prussian hosts, blazed along the horizon as far as the eye could extend, almost encircling the troops of the Emperor. The cold winds of approaching winter swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg. Wrapped in his cloak, he had thrown himself upon the ground, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of his soldiers: He was far from home. The fate of his empire depended perhaps upon the struggle of the ensuing day. England, Russia, Prussia, the three most powerful monarchies upon the globe, were banded against him. If defeated on the morrow, Austria, Sweden, and all the minor monarchies would fall upon the Republican Emperor, and secure his utter destruction.

In that gloomy hour, intercepted dispatches of the utmost importance were

* Count Pelet de Lozerne assigns this event to the eve of the battle of Austerlitz. In either case, it alike illustrates a well-known peculiarity in the character of Napoleon.

placed in the hands of Napoleon. He roused himself from his slumber, and read them by the light of the camp-fire. The Bourbons of Spain, admonished by the defeat of Trafalgar, had decided that England would be for them a safer ally than France. While professing cordial friendship for Napoleon, they were entering into secret alliance with England. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence from France, and trusting that he would encounter defeat far away in the heart of Prussia, they were treacherously preparing to cross the Pyrenees, and, in alliance with England, to attack him in his rear. Napoleon certainly was not one of the meekest of men. The perusal of these documents convinced him that he could enjoy no security while the Bourbons sat upon the throne of Spain. They would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him in the dark. As he folded up these proofs of their perfidy, he calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

Napoleon wrapped himself again in his cloak, threw himself upon the ground with his feet toward the fire, and slept as serenely as if he were reposing upon the imperial couch of St. Cloud.

At about four o'clock in the morning he was again on horseback. A dense fog enveloped the plains, shrouding with impenetrable obscurity the sleeping hosts. Under cover of the darkness and the thick vapor, the French army was ranged in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted Napoleon as he rode along their lines. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, and shivering in their ranks, waited impatiently two hours for the signal of attack. At six o'clock the order to advance was given. In solid columns, through the gray mist of the morning, the French pierced the Prussian lines in every direction.

Then ensued a scene of horror which no pen can describe, which no imagination can conceive. For eight hours the battle raged as if demon with demon contended—the soldiers of Napoleon and the marshaled host trained in the school of Frederick the Great! It was indeed "Greek meeting Greek." The ground was covered with the slain. The shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging cavalry, the shout of onset, as the pursuers cut down and rode over the pursued, rose in hideous clamor even above the ceaseless thunders of the battle. The victory wavered to and fro. About midday the Prussian general felt that the victory was his. He dispatched an order to one of his generals,

"Send all the force you can to the chief point of attack. At this moment we beat the enemy at all points. My cavalry has captured some of his cannon." A few hours later he sent the following almost frantic dispatch to his reserve:

"Lose not a moment in advancing with your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through their openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which in the most furious manner rides on, overwhelms, and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

In the midst of this appalling scene, so graphically described, the Prussian

reserve, twenty thousand strong, with firm tread and unbroken front, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the awful torrent. For a moment they seemed to restore the battle. Napoleon stood upon the summit of the Landgrafenberg, calm, serene, passionless, watching every portion of the extended field, and guiding the terrific elements of destruction. The Imperial Guard, held in reserve, waited hour after hour, looking upon the carnage before them, burning with intense zeal to share in the conflict. At last a young soldier, in the excess of his almost delirious excitement, shouted, "Forward, forward!" "How now?" exclaimed Napoleon, sternly, as he turned his eye toward him. "What beardless boy is this, who ventures to counsel his Emperor? Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice!"



NAPOLEON AND HIS GUARD.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon saw that the decisive moment had arrived. He ordered Murat, with twelve thousand horse, fresh and in the finest array, to charge the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host, and complete the victory. The clatter of iron hoofs was heard resounding like the roar of an earthquake as this terrible and irresistible mass swept with overwhelming destruction upon the plain. The work was done. The Prussian army was destroyed. Humanity veils her weeping eyes from the appalling scene which ensued. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. All order was lost, as the whole army, like an inundation, rushed from the field. The batteries of Napoleon plowed their ranks in every direction. The musketry of Napoleon's solid columns pierced them through and through with a pitiless storm of bullets. Twelve thousand horsemen, mounted on powerful and unwearied steeds, rode over and trampled down the confused mass, and their sabres dripped with blood. The

wretched victims of war, in their frantic attempts to escape, found their retreat every where cut off by the terrible genius of the conqueror. They were headed here and there, and driven back upon themselves in reflux waves of blood and destruction.



CAVALRY CHARGE.

While this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, the Prussians were encountering a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstadt, but twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies met in their flight and were entangled in the crowded roads, while bullets, and grape-shot, and cannon-balls, and bomb-shells were falling like hailstones and thunderbolts upon them, consternation unutterable seized all hearts. In wild dismay they dis-

banded, and, throwing down their arms and forsaking their guns, their horses, and their ammunition wagons, they fled, a rabble rout, across the fields, without direction and without a rallying point. But Murat, with his twelve thousand horsemen, was in the midst of them, and their mangled corpses strewed the plain.

Darkness came. It brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. Not one moment was allowed the foe to rally or to rest. In every direction the fugitives found the divisions of Napoleon before them. The king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner during the tumult and the horror of that disastrous rout. He had fled in the midst of the wreck of his army from the field of Auerstadt. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and, in the gloom of night, plunged through field and forest. It was five o'clock in the morning before he succeeded, by circuitous routes and through by-paths, in reaching a place of safety.

The Prussians lost, during this disastrous day, twenty thousand in killed and wounded, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to his custom, having dispatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the field of battle, personally superintending the care of the wounded. With his own hand he held the cup of water to their lips, and soothed their dying agonies with his sympathy. With his iron firmness he united a heart of great tenderness. No possible efforts were spared to promote their comfort. He sent Duroc in the morning to the crowded hospitals of Jena, to convey his sympathy to every man individually of the wounded there, to distribute money to those who needed it, and to assure all of munificent rewards. As the letter of the Emperor was read to these unfortunate men, forgetting their sufferings, they shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Mangled and bleeding, they expressed the desire to recover that they might again devote their lives to him.

Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, ever attributing great praise to his officers and soldiers, most signally rewarded Davoust for his heroism at Auerstadt. In his official account of the battle, he stated,

"On our right the corps of Marshal Davoust performed prodigies. Not only did he keep the enemy in check, but pursued the bulk of his forces over a space of three leagues. That marshal has displayed alike the distinguished bravery and firmness of character which are the first qualities of a soldier."

For his dauntless intrepidity on this occasion he created him Duke of Auerstadt. To honor him still more, he appointed him to enter first the Prussian capital, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterward he called his officers around him, and addressed them in the highest terms of respect and admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire! the soldiers of the third corps will always be to you what the tenth legion was to Cæsar."

Immediately Napoleon took measures for following up his victory with that activity and skill which no other captain has ever equaled. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The fugitive king, with a few companions, had fled to the confines of Russia, there to await the

approach of the armies of Alexander. Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world was such a power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done — an army of two hundred thousand men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable, and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin in the palace of the Prussian king. Europe heard the tidings with amazement and dismay. It seemed more like the unnatural fiction of an Arabian tale than like historic verity. “In assailing this man,” said the Emperor Alexander, “we are but children attacking a giant.”

The King of Saxony had been compelled to join Prussia against France. In these wars of Europe, sad is the fate of the minor powers. They must unite with one party or the other. Napoleon had taken a large number of Saxon prisoners. The day after the great battle of Jena, he assembled the captive officers in one of the halls of the University at Jena. In frank and conciliating words, he thus addressed them:

“I know not why I am at war with your sovereign. He is a wise, pacific prince, deserving of respect. I wish to see your country rescued from its humiliating dependence upon Prussia. Why should the Saxons and the French, with no motives for hostility, fight against each other? I am ready, on my part, to give a pledge of my amicable disposition by setting you all at liberty, and by sparing Saxony. All I require of you is your promise no more to bear arms against France.”

The Saxon officers were seized with admiration as they listened to a proposition so friendly and generous from the lips of this extraordinary man. By acclamation they bound themselves to serve against him no more. They set out for Dresden, declaring that in three days they would bring back the friendship of their sovereign.

The Elector of Hesse was one of the vilest of men, and one of the most absolute and unrelenting of despots. He had an army of 32,000 men. He had done every thing in his power to provoke the war, and was devoted to the English, by whom he was despised. Alexander, with nearly 200,000 chosen troops, was pressing down through the plains of Poland, to try his strength again with the armies of France. Napoleon resolved to meet the Czar at the half way. It was not safe for him to leave in his rear so formidable a force in the hands of this treacherous prince. Marshal Mortier was charged to declare that the Elector of Hesse had ceased to reign, to take possession of his dominions in the name of France, and to disband his army.

The Grand Duke of Weimar had command of a division of the Prussian army. His wife was sister of the Emperor Alexander. She had contributed all her influence to instigate the war. Napoleon entered Weimar. It was a refined and intellectual city, the Athens of modern Germany, and honored by the residence of Goëthe, Schiller, and Wieland. Contending armies, in frightful clamor and carnage, had surged through its streets, as pursuers and pursued had rushed pell-mell in at its gates from the dreadful fields of Jena and Auerstadt. The houses were pierced and shattered by shells and balls,

and the pavements were slippery with blood. The Grand Duchess, greatly agitated, approached Napoleon to implore his clemency.

"You now see, madame," Napoleon coolly replied, "what war is."

This was his only vengeance. He treated his female foe with the greatest courtesy, expressed no displeasure at the conduct of her husband, and ordered especial attention to be paid to the wounded Prussians with which the city was filled. He munificently rewarded a Catholic priest for his unwearied attentions to the bleeding Prussians.

On the 28th of October Napoleon made a triumphal entry into Berlin, and established himself in the king's palace. Prussia had provoked the war. By the right of conquest, Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. With characteristic delicacy, he would allow no one to occupy the private apartments of the queen. She had fled in the utmost haste, leaving all her letters and the mysteries of a lady's boudoir exposed. He, however, in his bulletins, spoke with great severity of the queen. She had exerted all her powers to rouse the nation to war. On horseback, she placed herself at the head of the troops, and fanned to the highest pitch, by her beauty, her talents, and her lofty spirit, the flame of military enthusiasm. His sarcasms on queens who meddle in affairs of state, and who, by their ignorance, expose their husbands to frightful disasters, and their country to the horrible ravages of war, were generally thought ungenerous toward one so utterly prostrate. Napoleon, indignant in view of the terrible scene of carnage and woe which her vanity had caused, reproached her in one of his bulletins without mercy. Josephine, in the kindness of her heart, wrote to him in terms of remonstrance. Napoleon thus replied :

"Nov. 6, 1806, 9 o'clock P.M.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, exclaimed, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much. It went to my heart. I said, 'Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well. NAPOLEON."

The occurrence to which Napoleon refers was this. The Prince of Hatzfeld was governor of Berlin. He had surrendered the city to Napoleon, and promised submission. An intercepted letter proved that he, under cover of this assumed friendship, was acting as a spy, and communicating to the King of Prussia every thing of importance that was transpiring in Berlin. He had given his oath that he would attempt nothing against the French army, and would attend solely to the quiet, safety, and welfare of the capital. The

prince was arrested, and ordered to appear before a court-martial. In two hours he would have been shot.

His wife, in a delirium of terror, threw herself in tears before Napoleon, as he alighted from his horse at the gate of the palace. Napoleon was a tender-hearted man. "I never," said he, "could resist a woman's tears." Deeply touched by her distress, he conducted her to an apartment. A hot fire was glowing in the grate. Napoleon took the intercepted letter, and, handing it to her, said, "Madame, is not that the handwriting of your husband?" Trembling and confounded, she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon; "throw it into the fire, and there will no longer remain any evidence against him." The lady, half dead with confusion and terror, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared in smoke and flame, he said to the princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction." This act of clemency has ever been regarded as a signal evidence of the goodness of Napoleon's heart. The safety of his army seemed to require that something should be done to intimidate the magistrates of the several towns, who were also revealing the secrets of his operations to the enemy.

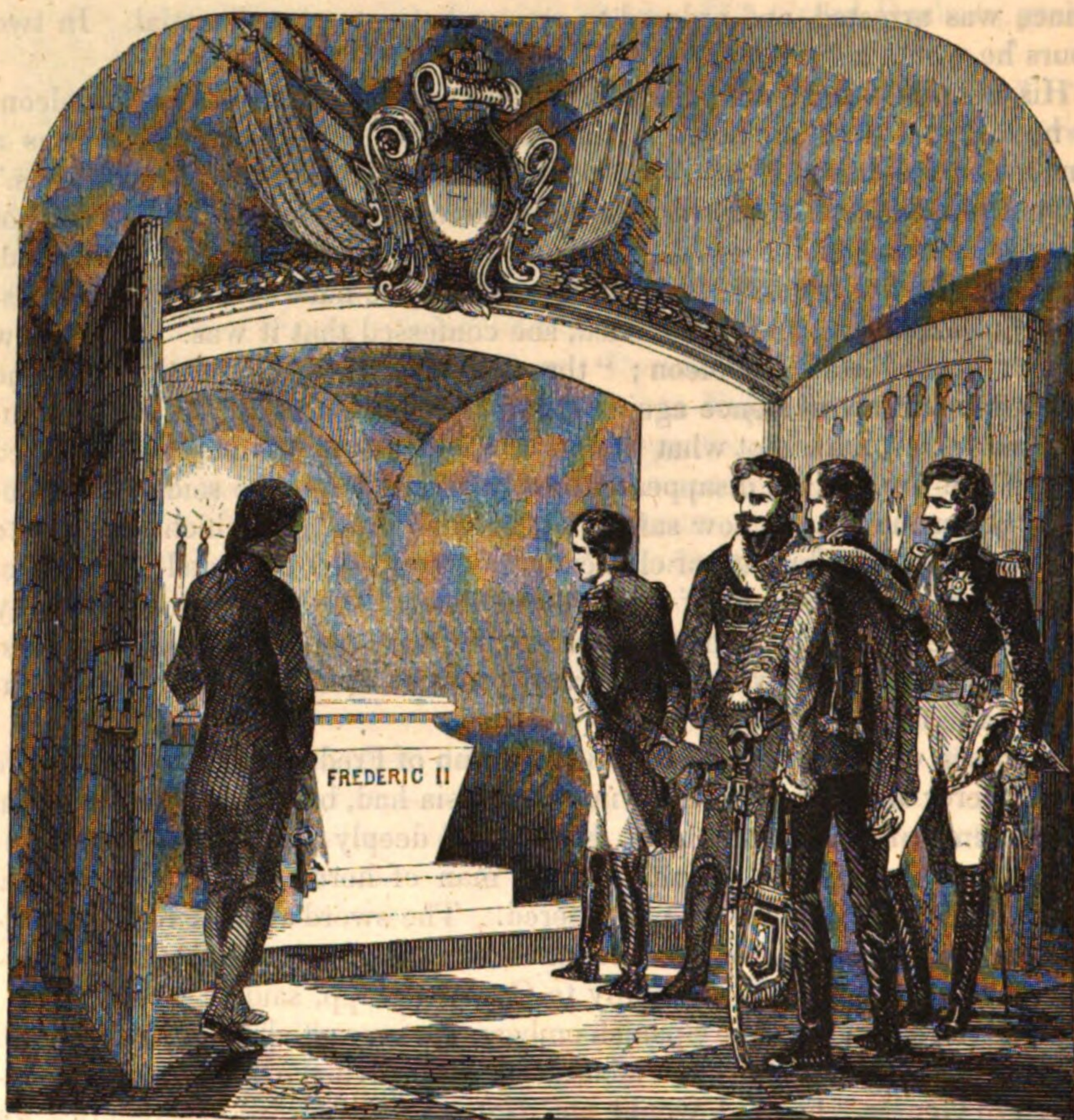
Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederick the Great, where the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had, but a year before, taken their solemn and romantic oath. He seemed deeply impressed with solemnity as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and of iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it very carefully, and then turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, said,

"Did you know that the Spanish ambassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian ambassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-Khan. I would not exchange this sword of Frederick for four millions of dollars. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aid a very peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and gently pinching his ear, said, "*Have I not then a sword of my own, Mr. Giver of Advice?*"

In 1757, the armies of France had been signally defeated upon the plain of Rosbach by the Prussians. The Prussian government had erected a monument commemorative of the victory. Napoleon, passing over the field, turned from his course to see the monument. To his surprise, he found it a very insignificant affair. The inscription on the soft stone had been entirely effaced by the weather. The obelisk was hardly more imposing than a French milestone. In perfect silence, he contemplated it for some time, walking slowly around it, his arms folded upon his breast, and then said, "This is contemptible—this is contemptible." Just then a division of the army made its appearance. "Take that stone," said he, to a company of sappers, "place it upon a cart, and send it to Paris. It will require but a mo-



NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ment to remove it." Then mounting his horse, he galloped away. For both of these acts Napoleon has been severely censured. It is not an easy question to decide what are the lawful trophies of war.

When Napoleon left the capital of Austria, on his return to France after the campaign of Austerlitz, he thus addressed the citizens of Vienna in a final adieu: "In leaving you, receive, as a present, evincing my esteem, your arsenal complete, which the laws of war had rendered my property. Use it in the maintenance of order. You must attribute all the ills you have suffered to the mishaps inseparable from war. All the improvements which my army may have brought into your country you owe to the esteem which you have merited."

Napoleon, in a month, had overturned the Prussian monarchy, destroyed its armies, and conquered its territory. The cabinets and the aristocracies of Europe were overwhelmed with consternation. Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, and the propagator of the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant, was humbling into the dust the proudest monarchies. Every private soldier in the French army felt that all the avenues of wealth, of influence, of rank were open before him. This thought nerved his arm and

inspired his heart. France had imbibed the unalterable conviction, which it retains to the present day, that Napoleon was the great friend of the people, their advocate and the firm defender of their rights. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued a glowing proclamation to the army, in which he extolled in the loftiest terms their heroism, their intrepidity, and their endurance of the most exhausting fatigue. He concluded in the following words: "Soldiers! I love you with the same intensity of affection which you have ever manifested toward me."

Lannes, in a dispatch to the Emperor, wrote, "Yesterday I read your majesty's proclamation at the head of the troops. The concluding words deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers. It is impossible for me to tell your majesty how much you are beloved by these brave men. In truth, never was lover so fond of his mistress as they are of your person."

The Prussians were fully aware of the tremendous power with which the principles of equality invested the French soldier. One of the Prussian officers wrote to his family, in a letter which was intercepted, "The French, in the fire, become supernatural beings. They are urged on by an inexpressible ardor, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers. What can be done with peasants who are led into battle by nobles, to encounter every peril, and yet to have no share in the honors or rewards?"

The King of Prussia himself, while a fugitive in those wilds of Poland which, in banditti alliance with Russia and Austria, he had infamously annexed to his kingdom, found that he could not contend successfully with France without introducing equality in the ranks of his army also. Thus liberal ideas were propagated wherever the armies of Napoleon appeared. In every country in Europe, the Emperor of France was regarded by democrat and aristocrat alike as the friend of the *people*.

During these stormy scenes, Napoleon, in the heart of Prussia, conceived the design of erecting the magnificent temple of the Madeleine. It was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the Emperor, and was to bear upon its front the inscription, "*The Emperor Napoleon to the Soldiers of the Great Army.*" On marble tablets there were to be inscribed the names of all the officers, and of every soldier who had been present at the great events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena. The names of those who had fallen in those battles were to be inscribed upon tablets of gold.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote from Posen, dated December 6, 1806: "Literature has need of encouragement. Propose to me some means for giving an impulse to all the different branches of belles-lettres which have in all times shed lustre upon the nation."

In the midst of the enormous cares of this extraordinary campaign, Napoleon found time to write, almost every day, a few lines to Josephine. A few of these letters will be read with interest:

"Bamberg, Oct. 7, 1806.

"I set out this evening, love, for Cronach. My army is in full march. Every thing is prosperous. My health is perfect. I have received but one letter from you. I have received one from Eugene and Hortense. Adieu. A thousand kisses, and good health.

NAPOLEON."

"Gera, Oct. 13, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"I am at Gera, my dear friend. My affairs are prosperous—every thing as I could wish. In a few days, with the aid of God, matters will take, I think, a terrible turn for the poor King of Prussia. I pity him, personally, for he is a worthy man. The queen is at Erfurt with the king. If she wishes to see a battle, she will have that cruel pleasure. I am very well. I have gained flesh since my departure; nevertheless, I travel every day from sixty to seventy-five miles, on horseback, in carriages, and in every other way. I retire at eight o'clock, and rise at midnight. I often think that you have not yet retired. Wholly thine, NAPOLEON."

"Jena, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"My love! I have maneuvered successfully against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. There were 150,000 men. I have taken 20,000 prisoners; also 100 pieces of cannon, and many flags. I was near the King of Prussia, and just failed taking him and the queen. For two days and nights I have been in the field. I am wonderfully well. Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, and love me. If Hortense is with you, give her a kiss, as also one to Napoleon, and to the little one.

"NAPOLEON."

"Weimar, Oct. 16, 5 o'clock in the evening.

"M. Talleyrand will show you the bulletin, my dear friend. You will there see my success. Every thing has transpired as I had calculated. Never was an army more effectually beaten and more entirely destroyed. I have only time to say that I am well, and that I grow fat upon fatigue, bivouacs, and sleeplessness. Adieu, my dear friend. A thousand loving words to Hortense, and to the grand Monsieur Napoleon. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

"Nov. 1, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Talleyrand has arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep. What do you wish, then? You have your daughter, grandchildren, and good news. Surely this is enough to make one contented and happy. The weather is superb. Not a drop of rain has yet fallen during the campaign. I am very well, and every thing is prosperous. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from Monsieur Napoleon. I think Hortense must have written it. A thousand kind things to all. NAPOLEON."

The little Napoleon to whom the Emperor so often alludes was the eldest son of Louis and Hortense, and brother of the present Emperor of France. He was an unusually bright and promising boy, and a great favorite of his illustrious grandfather. Napoleon had decided to adopt him as his heir, and all thoughts of divorce were now laid aside.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIELD OF EYLAU.

Unavailing Appeal of Napoleon—Paper Blockade—Report of the French Minister—The Berlin Decree—Retaliatory Measures of France and England—Testimony of Alison—Proclamation to the desponding Soldiers—Message to the Senate—Petitions of the Poles—Embarrassing Situation of Napoleon—Encampment on the Vistula—Care for the Soldiers—Battle of Eylau—The old Grenadier—Touching Anecdotes—Letters to Josephine.

ON the fields of Jena and Auerstadt the Prussian monarchy was destroyed. Frederick William had nothing left but a remote province of his empire. To this he had escaped a fugitive. From the utter wreck of his armies he had gathered around him a few thousand men. It was with extreme regret that Napoleon had found himself compelled to leave the congenial scenes of peaceful life in Paris to repel the assault of his banded foes. Had he remained in France until Russia, Prussia, and England had combined their multitudinous hosts, he would have been undone. With his accustomed energy, he sprang upon Prussia before Alexander had time, with his hundred thousand troops, to traverse the vast plains between St. Petersburg and Berlin. By the most extraordinary skill in maneuvering, and in the endurance of fatigue and toil almost superhuman, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians. He thus cut them off from Berlin and from all their supplies. Then, sure of victory, to save the effusion of blood he again implored peace. His appeal was unavailing. The roar of battle commenced, and the armies of Prussia were overwhelmed, crushed, annihilated. As soon as the terrific scene was over, Napoleon quietly established himself in the palaces of the Prussian monarch. The kingdom was entirely at his mercy. He then sent Duroc to find Frederick William, again to propose the sheathing of the sword.

The unhappy king was found more than five hundred miles from his capital. He was far away beyond the Vistula, in the wilds of Prussian Poland. He had gathered around him about twenty-five thousand men, the shattered remnants of those hardy battalions whom Frederick the Great had trained to despise fatigue, dangers, and death. The Russian host, amazed at the sudden catastrophe which had overwhelmed its ally, threw open its arms to receive the fugitive king. Frederick, animated by the presence of the proud legions of Alexander, and conscious that the innumerable hordes of Russia were pledged for his support, still hoped to retrieve his affairs. Peremptorily he repelled the advance of Napoleon, resolving, with renewed energy, again to appeal to the decisions of the sword.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but resolutely to meet the accumulating hostility which still threatened him. Frederick, from the remote provinces of his empire, was endeavoring to resuscitate his army. Alexander, thoroughly aroused, was calling into requisition all the resources of his almost illimitable realms. He hoped to collect a force which would utterly

overwhelm the audacious victor. England, with her invincible navy proudly sweeping all seas, was landing at Dantzic and Königsberg troops, treasure, and munitions of war. The storms of winter had already come. Napoleon was a thousand miles from the frontiers of France. His foes were encamped several hundred miles further north, amid the gloomy forests and the snow-clad hills of Poland. During the winter they would have time to accumulate their combined strength, and to fall upon him, in the spring, with overwhelming numbers.

England, exasperated and alarmed by this amazing triumph of Napoleon, now adopted a measure which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of the civilized world as a grievous infringement of the rights of nations. It is an admitted principle, that when two powers are at war, every neutral power has a right to sail from the ports of one to the ports of the other, and to carry any merchandise whatever, excepting arms and military supplies. Either of the contending parties has, however, the right to blockade any port or ports by a naval force sufficient to preclude an entrance. England, however, having the undisputed command of the seas, adopted what has been called a *paper blockade*. She forbade all nations to have any commercial intercourse whatever with France or her allies. She had also established it as a maritime law, that all private property found afloat, belonging to an enemy, was to be seized, and that peaceful passengers captured upon the ocean were to be made prisoners of war. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs made a very able report to the government upon this subject, which was concluded in the following words :

“The natural right of self-defense permits us to oppose an enemy with the same arms he uses, and to make his own rage and folly recoil upon himself. Since England has ventured to declare all France in a state of blockade, let France, in her turn, declare that the British isles are blockaded. Since England considers every Frenchman an enemy, let all Englishmen, in the countries occupied by the French armies, be made prisoners of war. Since England seizes the private property of peaceable merchants, let the property of all Englishmen be confiscated. Since England desires to impede all commerce, let no ships from the British isles be received into the French ports. As soon as England shall admit the authority of the law of nations universally observed by civilized countries ; as soon as she shall acknowledge that the laws of war are the same by sea and land ; that the right of conquest can not be extended either to private property or to unarmed and peaceable individuals ; and that the right of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places, your majesty will cause these rigorous but not unjust measures to cease, for justice between nations is nothing but exact reciprocity.”

In accordance with these principles, thus avowed to the world, Napoleon issued his famous ordinance, called, from the city at which it was dated, *The Berlin Decree*.* He declared, in his turn, the British islands blockaded, all

* The following is a copy of this celebrated document :

In our Imperial Camp, Berlin, Nov. 26, 1806.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, considering,

1. That England regards not the law of nations, recognized by all civilized states ;

English property found upon the Continent confiscated, all Englishmen, wherever taken, prisoners, and excluded all English manufactures from the

2. That she holds for an enemy every individual belonging to a hostile power, and makes prisoners of war not only the crews of armed vessels, but the crews of trading ships, and even captures merchants traveling on account of commercial business ;

3. That she extends to merchantmen, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which is only applicable to what belongs to the hostile state ;

4. That she extends to commercial towns and to ports not fortified, to havens and to the mouths of rivers, the right of blockade, which, according to the practice of civilized nations, only is applicable to fortified places ;

5. That she declares blockaded places before which she has not even a single ship of war, though no place is blockaded until it is so invested that it can not be approached without imminent danger ;

6. That she even declares in a state of blockade places which her whole force united would be unable to blockade, the entire coast of an empire ;

7. That this monstrous abuse of the right of blockade has no other object than to prevent communications between different countries, and to raise the trade and the manufactures of England upon the ruin of the industry of the Continent ;

8. That such being evidently the object of England, whoever deals in English merchandise on the Continent thereby favors her designs and becomes her accomplice ;

9. That this conduct on the part of England, which is worthy of the early ages of barbarism, has operated to the advantage of that power and to the injury of others ;

10. That it is a part of natural law to oppose one's enemies with the arms he employs, and to fight in the way he fights, when he disavows all those ideas of justice and all those liberal sentiments which are the results of social civilization ;

We have resolved to apply to England the measures which she has sanctioned by her maritime legislation.

The enactments of the present decree shall be invariably considered as a fundamental principle of the Empire until such time as England acknowledge that the law of war is one and the same by land and by sea ; that it can not be extended to private property of any description whatsoever, nor to the persons of individuals not belonging to the profession of arms, and that the law of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

Accordingly, we have decreed and do decree as follows :

1. The British islands are declared in a state of blockade.

2. All trade and intercourse with the British islands is prohibited. Consequently, letters or packets addressed to England, or to any native of England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized.

3. Every native of England, whatever his rank or condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoner of war.

4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize.

5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited ; and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures and colonies, is declared good prize.

6. One half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise and property declared good prize by the preceding articles, will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants for losses they have sustained through the capture of trading vessels by English cruisers.

7. No vessel, coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port.

8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they were English property.

9. Our prize-court of Paris shall pronounce final judgment in all disputes that may arise in our empire, or the countries occupied by the French army, relative to the execution of the present decree. Our prize-court of Milan shall pronounce final judgment in all the said disputes that may arise throughout our kingdom of Italy.

10. Our minister for foreign affairs will communicate the present decree to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, like our own, are suffering from the injustice and barbarism of the maritime legislation of England.

11. Our ministers for foreign affairs, war, marine, finance, and police, and our postmasters general, are directed, according as they are severally concerned, to carry the present decree into execution.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

ports of France and her allies. This retaliatory measure has been admired by some as a profound stroke of policy; by others it has been denounced as a revolting act of despotism. It certainly was not presenting the other cheek. It was returning blow for blow. By thus excluding all English goods from the Continent, Napoleon hoped to be able soon to render the Continent independent of the factories and the work-shops of the wealthy islanders. France owes to this decree the introduction of sugar from the beet root.

"I found myself alone," says Napoleon, "in my opinion on the Continent. I was compelled, for the moment, to employ force in every quarter. At length they began to comprehend me. Already the tree bears fruit. If I had not given way, I should have changed the face of commerce as well as the path of industry. I had naturalized sugar and indigo. I should have naturalized cotton and many other things."

Two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, Napoleon wrote to Junot, "Take especial care that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Staël. Let them take care also that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example, whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded."

In reference to the unrelenting hostility with which Napoleon was assailed nearly every moment of his life, he often remarked, "I can not do what I wish. I can only do what I can. These English compel me to live day by day."

The French Directory, on the 18th of January, 1798, had iniquitously passed a decree declaring all ships containing English merchandise good prizes, and dooming to death all neutral sailors found on board English ships. This was one of the acts of that anarchical government which Napoleon overthrew.

"Napoleon," says Alison, "soon after his accession to the consular throne, issued a decree *revoking this, and reverting to the old and humane laws of the monarchy in this respect.*" This decree of Napoleon was surely an act of conciliation and friendship.

On the 16th of May, 1806, the British government passed an order declaring "the whole coasts, harbors, and rivers, from the Elbe to Brest inclusive, as actually blockaded." To this order in council Napoleon replied by the Berlin decree of November 26, 1806.

England then passed another act, still more arrogant and oppressive, on the 1st of January, 1807, declaring "that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, if both belong to France or her allies, and shall be so far under their control as that British vessels are excluded therefrom; and the captains of all British vessels are hereby required to warn every neutral vessel, coming from any such port, and destined to such other port, to discontinue her voyage; and any vessel, after being so warned, or after having had a reasonable time allowed it for obtaining information of the

present order in council, which shall, notwithstanding, persist in such voyage to such other port, shall be declared good prize." To this Napoleon made no reply.

After a few months, on the 11th of November, 1807, England, adding insult to injury, issued another decree, still more severe, declaring all the ports and places of France and her allies, from which, though not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, shall be subject to the same restrictions in respect of trade and navigation *as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner*; and that all trade in articles, the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed to be unlawful, and all such articles declared good prize." To this Napoleon replied in his celebrated Milan decree of December 17th, 1807.

These decrees of Napoleon gave rise to the most extraordinary debates in the English Parliament, during which no one of either of the parties into which the Parliament was divided even alluded to the fact that England was entirely the aggressor.

"In endeavoring, at the distance of thirty years," says Alison, "to form an impartial opinion on this most important subject, it must at once strike the most cursory observer, that the grounds on which this question was debated in the British Parliament were not those on which its merits really rested, or on which they were placed by Napoleon at the time, and have been since argued by the Continental historians. On both sides, in England, it was assumed that France was the aggressor by the Berlin decree, and that the only question was whether the orders in council exceeded the just measures of retaliation, or were calculated to produce more benefit or injury to this country.

"But was the Berlin decree the *origin* of the commercial warfare, or was it merely, as Napoleon and the French writers assert, a *retaliation* upon England, by the only means at the disposal of the French emperor, for the new and illegal species of warfare which, in the pride of irresistible maritime strength, they had thought fit to adopt? That is the point upon which the whole question really depends; and yet, though put in the foremost rank by Napoleon, it was scarcely touched on by either party in the British Parliament. Nor is it difficult to see to what cause this extraordinary circumstance was owing. Both the great parties which divided that assembly were desirous of avoiding that question; the Whigs, because the measure complained of by Napoleon, and on which the Berlin decree was justified by the French government, had been mainly adopted by Mr. Fox, and subsequently extended by Lord Howick; the Tories, because they were unwilling to cast any doubt on the exercise of maritime powers, in their opinion, of essential importance to this country, and which gave them the great advantage of having their political adversaries necessarily compelled to support the general principle on which the measures in question had been founded.

"History, however, must disregard all these temporary considerations, and in good faith approach the question, whether, in this great debate, England or France was the real aggressor; and on this point, as on most others in human affairs, where angry passions have been strongly excited, it will probably be found that there were faults on both sides.

"But still the English historian must lament that the British government had given so plausible a ground for representing his measures as retaliatory only, by issuing in May, 1806, the blockade of the French coasts of the Channel."

There has probably been no act of Napoleon's life for which he has been more pitilessly condemned than for his Berlin and Milan decrees. They have been represented as atrocious acts of wanton and unprovoked aggression against a meek and lowly sister kingdom.

It was reported to Napoleon that the troops, comfortably housed in the cities and villages of Prussia, were very reluctant to move to frigid bivouacs upon the icy marshes of the Vistula. To one who reported to him the despondency of the army, Napoleon inquired,

"Does the spirit of my troops fail them when in sight of the enemy?"

"No, Sire," was the reply.

"I was sure of it," said Napoleon. "My troops are always the same. I must rouse them."

Walking up and down the floor with rapid strides, he immediately dictated the following proclamation: "Soldiers! A year to-day you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled before you in dismay, or, being surrounded, yielded their arms to the victors. The next day they sued for peace. But we were imposed upon. Scarcely had they escaped, through our generosity, which was probably blamable, from the disasters of the third coalition, than they organized a fourth. But the ally upon whom they chiefly relied is no more. His capital, fortresses, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field pieces, and five fortified cities, are in our possession. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, the storms of winter, have not arrested your steps for a moment. You have braved all, surmounted all. Every foe has fled at your approach.

"In vain have the Russians endeavored to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland. The eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, dreams that he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not sheath our swords until a general peace is established, and we have secured the rights of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. On the Elbe and the Oder we have reconquered Pondicherry, and our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who gave the Russians the right to hold the balance of destiny, or to interfere with our just designs? They and ourselves, are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

Bourrienne says, "When Napoleon dictated his proclamations, he appeared for the moment inspired, and exhibited, in some sort, the excitement of the Italian Improvisatori. In order to follow him, it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. Frequently, when reading over to him what he has dictated, I have known him smile, as in triumph, at the effect which he imagined any particular passage would produce."

This address electrified the whole army. Its clarion notes rang through all hearts. Not another murmur was heard. The corps in the rear, by forced marches, pressed forward with alacrity to reach head-quarters. Those

nearer the Emperor forgot their fatigues and their sufferings, and longed to engage the enemy. The love of the soldiers for their chieftain was so enthusiastic, and their confidence in his wisdom was so unbounded, that, though hungry, barefooted, and exhausted, the whole mighty host crowded eagerly along. The storms of approaching winter howled around them. The wheels of their ponderous artillery sank axle deep in the mire. Still, through rain and snow, and miry roads, they followed their indomitable chief, recounting with pride the fatigues which they had already endured, and eagerly anticipating the heroic deeds they were yet to perform.

Before leaving Berlin Napoleon wrote to the Minister of War. "The project which I have now formed is more vast than any which I ever before conceived. From this time I must find myself in a position to cope with all events." He also addressed a message to the Senate, in that peculiar energy of style marking all his productions, which the annals of eloquence have rarely equaled, never surpassed.

"The monarchs of Europe," said he, "have thus far sported with the generosity of France. When one coalition is conquered, another immediately springs up. No sooner was that of 1805 dissolved than we had to fight that of 1806. It behooves France to be less generous in future. The conquered states must be retained till the general peace on land and sea. England, regardless of all the rights of nations, launching a commercial interdiction against one quarter of the globe, must be struck with the same interdiction in return; and it must be rendered as rigorous as the nature of things will permit. Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge in wholly than to go but half way. Thus may we hope to terminate it more completely and more solidly by a general and durable peace."

The labors of Napoleon were perfectly herculean in preparing for this winter campaign. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw. This was a dreary interval for an army to traverse through the freezing storms and drifting snows of a northern winter. The Russians and Prussians could present a hundred and twenty thousand men upon the banks of the Vistula.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of the world the most atrocious act which has disgraced modern Europe. As soon as Napoleon entered that part of Poland which had been annexed to Prussia in this infamous deed of rapacity, the Poles gathered around him with the utmost enthusiasm. The nobles of the dismembered empire thronged his head-quarters. They hailed him as the savior of their country. They pledged to him their fortunes and their lives if he would rescue Poland from their oppressors. The populace rent the skies with enthusiastic shouts wherever the great conqueror appeared. They were clamorous for arms, that they might fight the battles of freedom, and regain their independence. Napoleon was extremely embarrassed.

A deputation from Warsaw waited upon him, entreating him to proclaim the independence of Poland, and to place some member of his own family upon the throne. They assured him that the Poles, as one man, would rally with admiration and gratitude beneath his banners. Napoleon said to them,

"France has never recognized the different partitions of Poland. Never-

theless, I can not proclaim your independence unless you are determined to defend your rights with arms in your hands, and by all sorts of sacrifices, even that of life. You are reproached with having, in your constant civil dissensions, lost sight of the true interests of your country. Instructed by misfortune, be now united, and prove to the world that one spirit animates the whole Polish nation."

After the deputation had withdrawn, Napoleon remarked, "I like the Poles. Their enthusiasm pleases me. I should like to make them an independent people. But that is no very easy matter. The cake has been shared among too many. There is Austria, Russia, and Prussia, who have each had a slice. Besides, when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop. My first duty is toward France. I must not sacrifice her interests for Poland. In short, we must refer this matter to the universal sovereign, Time. He will show us by-and-by what we are to do."

The situation of Napoleon was indeed critical. He was hundreds of leagues from the frontiers of France, and enveloped in the snows of winter. Russia, with her countless hordes and unknown resources, was threatening him from the North. Prussia, though conquered, was watching for an opportunity to retrieve her disgrace and ruin. Austria had raised a force of eighty thousand men, and was threatening his rear. This Austrian force was professedly an army of observation. But Napoleon well knew that, upon the slightest reverse, Austria would fall upon him in congenial alliance with Russia and Prussia. England, the undisputed monarch of the wide world of waters, was most efficiently co-operating with these banded foes of France.

By proclaiming the independence of Poland, Napoleon would have gained a devoted ally, ranging a nation of twenty millions of inhabitants beneath his flag; but by liberating Poland from its proud and powerful oppressors, he would have exasperated to the highest degree Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Thus the probabilities of peace would have been infinitely more remote. Napoleon was contending for peace. He told the Poles frankly that he could not involve France in any new quarrels. "I am not come hither," said he, "to beg a throne for my family. I am not in want of thrones to give away."

Through December's dismal storms; through a country more dreary than imagination can well conceive, filled with gloomy forests, fathomless morasses, bleak and barren plains, Napoleon led his troops to the banks of the Vistula. Wherever he met his foes, he scattered them before him with whirlwind power. Sometimes, over a space of seventy-five miles in breadth, Napoleon's army was fighting its way against the storm of bullets which, from hostile batteries, swept their ranks. But nothing could retard his progress. The suffering of that wintry march was awful beyond description. Early in January the army entered the dark forests which frown along the inhospitable Vistula.

The cantonments of the French army were extended one hundred and fifty miles, skirting the left bank of the river. All the passes of the stream were occupied in such strength as to render surprise impossible. The sol-



THE MARCH TO THE VISTULA

diers cut down the forests and constructed comfortable huts to screen themselves from the piercing cold. The camps were admirably arranged in regular streets, presenting the most cheerful aspect of order and cleanliness. Reviews, rural labors, and warlike games occupied the minds of the soldiers and confirmed their health. Immense convoys of provisions, guarded by troops and fortresses left in the rear, were continually defiling along all the roads from the Rhine. The soldiers were soon comfortable and happy in their well-provisioned homes. Napoleon, regardless of his own ease, thought of them alone. He was every where present. His foresight provided for every emergence. His troops witnessed with gratitude his intense devotion to their comfort. They saw him riding from post to post by day and by night, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, whitened with snow, regardless of rest, of food, of sleep, wading through mire and drifts, groping through darkness and breasting storms. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children." No one could doubt his sincerity who witnessed his vigilance, his toil, his fatigue. Not a soldier in the army questioned his parental love. Hence the Emperor was loved in return as no other mortal was ever loved before.

The soldiers, to their surprise, found that the generous foresight of Napoleon had provided them even with several millions of bottles of wine. Abundant magazines were established, that they might be fully supplied with

good food and warm clothing. The sick and wounded in particular were nursed with the most tender care. Six thousand beds were prepared at Warsaw, and an equal number at Thorne, at Posen, and at other places on the banks of the Vistula and the Oder. Comfortable mattresses of wool



ENCAMPMENT ON THE VISTULA.

were made for the hospitals. Thirty thousand tents, taken from the Prussians, were cut up into bandages and bedding. Over each hospital Napoleon appointed a chief overseer, always supplied with ready money, to procure for the sick whatever luxuries they needed. A chaplain was appointed in each hospital to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was to be, in an especial manner, the friend and the protector of those under his care. He was charged by the Emperor to report to him the slightest negligence toward the sick. Such were the infinite pains which Napoleon took to promote the comfort of his soldiers. He shared all their hardships. His palace was a barn. In one room he ate, and slept, and received his audiences. It was his invariable custom, whenever he issued an order, to inform himself if the order had been executed. He personally arranged all the military works of the widely-extended line over which his army was spread.

The month of January, with its storms and intensity of cold, passed slowly away. Winter brooded drearily over the plains of Poland, presenting one

vast expanse of ice and snow. Europe contemplated with amazement the sublime spectacle of a French army of one or two hundred thousand men passing the winter in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Vistula. Alexander, with troops accustomed to the frozen North, planned to attack Napoleon by surprise in his winter quarters. Secretly he put his mighty host in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert, was prepared to meet him. Immediately marching from his encampments, he surprised those who hoped to surprise him.

Battle after battle ensued. The Russians fought with unyielding obstinacy, the French with impetuous enthusiasm. In every forest, in every mountain gorge, upon the banks of every swollen stream clogged with ice, the Russians planted their cannon, and hurled balls, and shells, and grape into the bosoms of their unrelenting pursuers. But the French, impelled by the resistless impetuosity of their great chieftain, pressed on, regardless of mutilation and death. The snow was crimsoned with blood. The wounded struggled, and shrieked, and froze in the storm-piled drifts. The dark forms of the dead floated with the ice down the cold streams to an unknown burial. Wintry nights, long, dismal, and freezing, darkened upon the contending hosts. Their lurid watch-fires gleamed in awful sublimity over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley. The soldiers of each army, nerved by the energies of desperation, threw themselves upon the snow as their only couch, and with no tent covering but the chill sky.

Napoleon stopped one night at a miserable cottage. His little camp bedstead was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. In five minutes he dispatched his supper, which consisted of but one dish. Then, rolling his napkin into a ball, he playfully threw it at the head of his favorite valet Constant, saying, "Quick, quick, take away the remains of my banquet." Then unrolling a map of Prussia, he spread it upon the floor, and addressing Caulaincourt, said, "Come here, *Grand Equerry*, and follow me." With pins he marked out the progressive movements of his army, and said, "I shall beat the Russians there, and there, and there. In three months the campaign will be ended. The Russians must have a lesson. The fair Queen of Prussia must learn too that advisers sometimes pay dearly for the advice they give. I do not like those women who throw aside their attributes of grace and goodness. A woman to instigate war! to urge men to cut each other's throats! Shame on it! She may run the risk of losing her kingdom by playing that game."

At this moment some dispatches were delivered to the Emperor. Rapidly glancing over them, he frowned and exclaimed, "Surely these dispatches have been a long time on their way! How is this? Tell the orderly officer who brought them that I wish to speak to him."

"Sir," said he, severely, as the officer entered, "at what hour were these dispatches placed in your hands?"

"At eight o'clock in the evening, sire."

"And how many leagues had you to ride?"

"I do not know precisely, sire."

"But you ought to know, sir—an orderly officer ought to know that. I know it. You had twenty-seven miles to ride, and you set off at eight o'clock. Look at your watch, sir. What o'clock is it now?"

VOL. I.—L L

"Half past twelve, sire. The roads were in a terrible state. In some places the snow obstructed my passage—"

"Poor excuses, sir, poor excuses. Retire, and await my orders." As the officer, extremely disconcerted, closed the door, he added, "This cool, leisurely gentleman wants stimulating. The reprimand I have given him will make him spur his horse another time. Let me see—my answer must be delivered in two hours. I have not a moment to lose."

Soon the orderly officer was recalled. "Set off immediately, sir," said he; "these dispatches must be delivered with the utmost speed. General Lasalle must receive my orders by three o'clock—by three o'clock. You understand, sir?"

"Sire! by half past two the general shall have the orders of which I have the honor to be the bearer."

"Very well, sir; mount your horse—but stop!" he added, calling the officer back, and speaking in those winning tones of kindness which he had ever at his command: "tell General Lasalle that it will be agreeable to me that you should be the person selected to announce to me the success of these movements."

With such consummate tact could Napoleon severely reprimand, and at the same time win the confidence and the love of the person reprimanded.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants, enveloped in the storms and the ice of a Polish winter, two hundred and forty miles from the banks of the Vistula. At last the retreating Russians concentrated all their forces upon the plain of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The night was dark and intensely cold, as the Russians, exhausted by the retreating march of the day, took their position for a desperate battle on the morrow. There was a gentle swell of land, extending two or three miles, which skirted a vast, bleak, unsheltered plain, over which the piercing wintry gale drifted the deep snow. Leaden clouds, hurrying through the sky as if flying from a defeat or congregating for a conflict, boded a rising storm. Upon this ridge the Russians, in double lines, formed themselves in battle array. Five hundred pieces of cannon were ranged in battery, to hurl destruction into the bosoms of their foes. They then threw themselves upon the icy ground for their frigid bivouac. The midnight storm wailed its mournful requiem over the sleeping host, and sifted down upon them the winding-sheet of snow.

In the midst of the tempestuous night, Napoleon, with his determined battalions, came also upon the plain, groping through drifts and gloom. He placed his army in position for the terrific battle which the dawn of morning would usher in. Two hundred pieces of heavy artillery were advantageously posted to sweep the dense ranks of the enemy. Upon the ridge 80,000 Russians slept. In the plain before them 60,000 Frenchmen were bivouacking upon the snow. The hostile hosts were at but half cannon shot from each other. Indomitable determination inflamed the souls of officers and soldiers in both armies. It was an awful night, the harbinger of a still more awful day.

The frozen earth, the inclement sky, the scudding clouds, the drifting snow, the wailing, wintry wind, the lurid watchfires gleaming through the gloom, the spectral movement of legions of horsemen and footmen taking



BIVOUAC BEFORE EYLAU.

their positions for the sanguinary strife, the confused murmur of the voices and of the movements of the mighty armies blending, like the roar of many waters, with the midnight storm, presented a spectacle of sublimity which overawed every beholder. The sentinels of each army could almost touch each other with their muskets. Cold, and hungry, and weary, the spirit of humanity for a moment triumphed over the ferocity of war. Kind words of greeting and of sympathy were interchanged by those who soon, in phrensy, were plunging bayonets into each other's bosoms. At midnight, Napoleon slept for an hour in a chair. He then mounted his horse, and marshaled his shivering troops for the horrors of battle.

The dark and stormy morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. It was terrific. The very earth shook beneath the tremendous detonation. Seven hundred heavy cannon, worked by the most skillful gunners, created an unintermitted roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder. Both armies presented their unprotected breasts to bullets, grapeshot, balls, and shells. Companies, battalions, regiments, even whole divisions melted away before the merciless discharges. The storm of snow, in blinding, smothering flakes, swept angrily into the faces of the assailants and assailed, as the bands of battle, in exultant victory or in terrific defeat, rushed to and fro over the plain. The tempestuous air was soon so filled with smoke that the day was as dark as the night. Under this black and sul-

phurous canopy, the infuriate hosts rushed upon each other. Even the flash of the guns could not be seen through the impenetrable gloom. Horsemen plunged to the charge unable to discern the foe. Thus the deadly conflict continued, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms, through the morning, and the noon, and the afternoon, and after the sun had gone down in the gloom of a winter's night. Napoleon galloped up and down the field of blood, regardless of danger, ever presenting himself at those points which were most threatened.

In the midst of the battle Napoleon was informed that a church, which he deemed a position of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. He pressed his spurs into his horse, and galloped with the utmost speed into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating before vastly superior numbers.

"What!" shouted the Emperor, "a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army! Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! We *must* have it at every hazard!"



EYLAU AND FRIEDLAND.

Animated by this voice, an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose above the thunders of the conflict. The soldiers instantly formed in solid column, and, through a perfect storm of bullets and shells, forced their way upon the enemy. The Emperor espied a few paces from him an old grenadier. His face was blackened with gunpowder, his clothes were red with blood, his left arm had just been torn from his shoulder by a shell, and the crimson drops were falling from the ghastly wound. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks.

"Stay! stay! my good fellow," exclaimed the Emperor; "go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," replied the soldier, "as soon as we have taken the church." He then disappeared in the midst of the smoke and the tumult of the battle.

The Duke of Vicenza, who witnessed this scene, says the tears gushed into the eyes of the Emperor as he contemplated this touching proof of devotion.

The battle had now raged for eighteen hours. The snow was red with blood. The bodies of the wounded and the dead covered the plain. Thousands of the torn and bleeding victims of war through these long hours had writhed in agony in the freezing air, trampled by the rush of phrensied squadrons. Their piercing shrieks rose above the roar of artillery and musketry. Eylau was in flames; other adjacent villages and farm-houses were blazing. The glare of the conflagration added to the horrors of the pitiless storm of the elements and of war. Women and children were perishing in the fields, having fled from their bomb-battered and burning dwellings. Still the battle continued unabated.

As the twilight of the stormy day faded into the gloom of night, Napoleon, calm and firm, stood beneath the shelter of the church which he had retaken. The balls were crashing around him. Grief pervaded every face of the imperial staff. With consternation they implored him to place himself in a position of safety. Regardless of their entreaties, he braved every peril. Infusing his own inflexibility into the hearts of all around, he still impelled his bleeding columns upon the foe. More than thirty thousand Russians, struck by the balls and the swords of the French, were stretched upon the frozen field. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had been struck down. Some had been torn in pieces by cannon balls; others, frightfully mutilated, were uttering piercing screams, and were wildly plunging over the plain, trampling the wounded beneath their iron hoofs.

It was now ten o'clock at night. Nearly one half of the Russian army was destroyed. A fresh division of the French now appeared on the field. They had been marching all day, with the utmost haste, guided by the cannon's roar. The Russians could endure the conflict no longer. Proud of having so long and so valiantly withstood the great Napoleon, they retreated, shouting *victory*! Napoleon remained master of the blood-bought field. The victors, utterly exhausted, bleeding and freezing, again sought such repose as could be found upon the gory ice beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon was overwhelmed with grief. Never before had such a scene of misery met even his eye.

According to his invariable custom, he traversed the field of battle to minister with his own hands to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight—dark, cold, and stormy. By his example, he animated his attendants to the most intense exertions in behalf of the sufferers. His sympathy and aid were extended to the wounded Russians as well as to those of his own army. One of his generals, witnessing the deep emotion with which he was affected, spoke of the glory which the victory would give him. “To a father,” said Napoleon, “who loses his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion.”

As Napoleon was passing over this field of awful carnage, he came to an ambulance, or hospital wagon. A huge pile of amputated arms and legs, clotted with gore, presented a horrible spectacle to the eye. A soldier was

resisting the efforts of the surgeon, who was about to cut off his leg, which had been dreadfully shattered by a cannon ball.



MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Emperor, as he rode up to the spot. Seeing, at a glance, the state of the case, he continued, "How is this? Surely you, a brave *mustache*, are not afraid of a cut!"

"No, your majesty, I am not afraid of a cut. But this is a sort of cut that a man may die of; and there is poor Catharine and her four little ones! If I should die—" and the man sobbed aloud.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "and what if you should die? Am I not here?"

The wounded soldier fixed his eyes for a moment upon Napoleon, and then, with a trembling voice, exclaimed, "True! true, your majesty! I am very foolish. Here, doctor, cut off my limb. God bless the Emperor!"

A dragoon, dreadfully torn by a cannon ball, raised his head from the bloody snow as the Emperor drew near, and faintly said, "Turn your eyes this way, please your majesty. I believe that I have got my death wound. I shall soon be in the other world. But no matter for that—Vive l'Empereur!" Napoleon immediately dismounted from his horse, tenderly took the hand of the wounded man, and enjoined it upon his attendants to convey him immediately to the ambulance, and to commend him to the special care of the surgeon. Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying dragoon as he fixed his eyes upon the loved features of his Emperor. Fervidly he exclaimed, "I only wish that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your majesty."

"Near a battery," says Caulaincourt, "which had been abandoned by the enemy, we beheld a singular picture, and one of which description can convey but a faint idea. Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred French grenadiers were surrounded by a quadruple rank of Prussians. Both parties were weltering in a river of blood, amid fragments of cannons, muskets, and swords. They had evidently fought with the most determined fury, for every corpse exhibited numerous and horrible wounds. A feeble cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard to emanate from this mountain of the dead, and all eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. Half concealed beneath a tattered flag lay a young officer, whose breast was decorated with an order. Though pierced with numerous wounds, he succeeded in raising himself up, so as to rest on his elbows. His handsome countenance was overspread with the livid hue of death. He recognized the Emperor, and in a feeble, faltering voice, exclaimed,

"God bless your majesty! farewell, farewell! Oh, my poor mother!" He turned a supplicating glance to the Emperor, and then uttering the words, 'To dear France my last sigh!' he fell stiff and cold. It was poor Ernest Auzoni, one of the bravest of men, and one who, but a few hours before, had received the warmest commendation of the Emperor. His death blighted the happiness of a beautiful and accomplished woman whom I remembered among my friends.

"Napoleon seemed riveted to the spot, which was watered with the blood of these heroes. 'Brave men!' said he; 'brave Auzoni! Excellent young man! Alas! this frightful scene! His endowment shall go to his mother. Let the order be presented for my signature as soon as possible.' Then turning to Dr. Ivan, who accompanied him, he said, 'Examine poor Auzoni's wounds, and see whether any thing can be done for him. This is indeed terrible.' The Emperor, whose feelings were deeply excited, continued his mournful inspection of the field of battle."

Upon this dreadful field of woe, of blood, of death, oppressed with myriad cares, and in the gloom of the inclement night, Napoleon remembered his faithful and anxious Josephine. She was then in Paris. Seizing a pen, he

hurriedly wrote the following lines. Calling a courier to his side, he dispatched him at his fleetest speed to convey the note to Josephine :

“ Eylau, 3 o'clock in the morning, February 9, 1807.

“ My love ! There was a great battle yesterday. Victory remains with me, but I have lost many men. The loss of the enemy, still more considerable, does not console me. I write these two lines myself, though greatly fatigued, to tell you that I am well, and that I love you. Wholly thine,

“ NAPOLEON.”

The fac simile of this letter, written under such circumstances, will be examined with interest.

*mon amie il y a eu hier une grande bataille la victoire
m'est restée - mais j'ai perdu bien du monde la perte
de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore ne me console pas
je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même quoique je sois bien fatigué
pour te dire que je suis bien portant et que je t'aime
3 heures du matin le 9 février*

Sto

Nap

Mon amie—il y a eu hier une grande bataille : la victoire
m'est restée, mais j'ai perdu bien du monde ; la perte
de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore, ne me console pas Enfin
je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même, quoique je sois bien fatigué
pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.

Tout à toi,

Napoleon.

3 heures du matin le 9 Février.

The dawn of the morning exhibited, upon that frozen field, perhaps the most frightful spectacle earth has ever witnessed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully torn by cannon balls, were prostrate upon the bloodstained ice and snow. A wail of anguish rose from the extended plain, which froze the heart of the beholder with terror. Dismounted cannon, fragments of projectiles, guns, swords, horses, dead or cruelly mangled, rearing, plunging, shrieking in their agony, presented a scene of unparalleled horror. Napoleon's heart was most deeply moved. His feelings of sympathy burst forth even in one of his bulletins. “This spectacle,” he wrote, “is fit to excite in princes a love of peace and a horror of war.” He immediately dispatched some battalions to pursue the retreating enemy, while he devoted all his en-

ergies to the relief of the misery spread around him. In the evening of the same day he wrote another letter to Josephine.

“Eylau, February 9, 6 o'clock in the evening, 1807.

“I write one word, my love, that you may not be anxious. The enemy has lost the battle, 40 pieces of cannon, 10 flags, 12,000 prisoners. He has suffered horribly. I have lost many men—1600 killed, and three or four thousand wounded. Corbineau was killed by a shell.* I was strongly attached to that officer, who had great merit. It gives me great pain. My horse-guard has covered itself with glory. Allemagne is wounded dangerously. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine, NAPOLEON.”

Again, in the night of the next day he wrote to that noble wife, who well knew how to appreciate the delicacy and generosity of such attentions :

“Eylau, February 11, 3 o'clock in the morning.

“I send you one line, my love. You must have been very anxious. I have beaten the enemy in a memorable battle, but it has cost me many brave men. The inclement weather constrains me to return to my cantonments. Do not indulge in grief, I entreat you. All this will soon end. The happiness of seeing you will lead me soon to forget my fatigues. I never was better. The little Tascher has conducted nobly. He has had a rough trial. I have placed him near me. I have made him officer of ordnance. Thus his troubles are ended. The young man interests me. Adieu, my dearest. A thousand kisses. NAPOLEON.”

In another letter of the 14th, he writes :

“My love ! I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not the pleasant part of war. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine, “NAPOLEON.”

* Napoleon was giving General Corbineau some orders, when the unfortunate general was struck by a shell, and, in the words of Napoleon, “was carried away, crushed, annihilated before the Emperor’s face.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO FRIEDLAND.

Renewed Offers of Peace—Address to the Legislative Body in Paris—Proclamation—Offers of Austria—Napoleon's Reply—Employments at Osterode—Madame de Stäel—Temple of the Madeleine—Foresight of the Emperor—Letters—English Diplomacy at Constantinople—Dantzic—Attack of the Allies—Friedland—Russia sues for Peace—Address to the Army.

NAPOLEON remained eight days at Eylau, healing the wounds of his army, and gathering supplies for the protection and comfort of his troops. He was daily hoping that Frederick William and Alexander would demand no more blood—that they would propose terms of peace. It is a fact admitted by all, that Napoleon, in his wars thus far, was fighting in self-defense. He was the last to draw the sword and the first to propose peace. In this campaign, before the battle of Jena, Napoleon wrote to Frederick, entreating him to spare the effusion of blood. This appeal was disregarded. Scarce had the sun gone down over that field of carnage and of woe, ere Napoleon wrote again, pleading for humanity. Again was his plea sternly rejected. Secretly the Allies collected their strength and fell upon him in his cantonments. Napoleon pursued them two hundred and forty miles, and destroyed half of their army upon the plain of Eylau. For five days he waited anxiously, hoping that his vanquished assailants would propose peace. They were silent. He then, magnanimously triumphing over pride of spirit, and almost violating the dictates of self-respect, condescended again to plead for the cessation of hostilities. In the following terms, conciliatory, yet dignified, he addressed the King of Prussia :

"I desire to put a period to the misfortunes of your family, and to organize as speedily as possible the Prussian monarchy. Its intermediate power is necessary for the tranquillity of Europe. I desire peace with Russia ; and, provided the cabinet of St. Petersburg has no designs upon the Turkish Empire, I see no difficulty in obtaining it. Peace with England is not less essential to all nations. I shall have no hesitation in sending a minister to Memel, to take part in a congress of France, Sweden, England, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey. But as such a congress may last many years, which would not suit the present condition of Prussia, your majesty therefore will, I am persuaded, be of opinion that I have taken the simplest method, and one which is most likely to secure the prosperity of your subjects. At all events, I entreat your majesty to believe in my sincere desire to re-establish amicable relations with so friendly a power as Prussia, and that I wish to do the same with Russia and England."

The Allies considered this renewed proposal of Napoleon but an indication of his weakness. It encouraged them to redoubled efforts. They resolved to collect still more numerous swarms of Cossacks from the barbarian North, and, with increased vigor, to prosecute the war. Napoleon had also made

proposals to Sweden for peace. His advances were there also repelled. The King of Sweden wrote to the King of Prussia, "I think that a public declaration should be made in favor of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable."

This arrogant assumption, that France had not a right to choose its own form of government and elect its own sovereign, rendered peace impossible. Even had Napoleon, like Benedict Arnold, turned traitor to his country, and endeavored to reinstate the rejected Bourbons, it would only have plunged France anew into all the horrors of civil war. The proudest and most powerful nation in Europe would not submit to dictation so humiliating. Napoleon truly said, "The Bourbons can not return to the throne of France but over the dead bodies of one hundred thousand Frenchmen." The Bourbons did finally return in the rear of the combined armies of despotic Europe. But the Allies crimsoned the Continent with blood, and struck down nearly a million of Frenchmen in mutilation and death ere they accomplished the iniquitous restoration. But where are the Bourbons now? And who now sits upon the throne of France? This is a lesson for the nations.

Just before the campaign of Jena, Napoleon thus addressed the legislative body in Paris: "Princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, we have all but one object in our several departments—the interest of our country. Weakness in the executive is the greatest of all misfortunes to the people. Soldier or First Consul, I have but one thought; Emperor, I have no other object—the prosperity of France. I do not wish to increase its territory, but I am resolved to maintain its integrity. I have no desire to augment the influence which we possess in Europe, but I will not permit what we enjoy to decline. No state shall be incorporated with our empire; but I will not sacrifice my rights, or the ties which unite us, to other states."

Napoleon, finding that there was no hope of peace, and having driven his enemies to the banks of the Niemen, prepared to return to his winter quarters upon the Vistula. He thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! we were beginning to taste the sweets of repose at our winter quarters, when the enemy attacked the first corps on the Lower Vistula. We flew to meet him. We pursued him, sword in hand, eighty leagues. He was driven for shelter beneath the cannons of his fortresses, and beyond the Pregel. We have captured sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or taken more than forty thousand Russians. The brave who have fallen on our side have fallen nobly—like soldiers. Their families shall receive our protection. Having thus defeated the whole projects of the enemy, we will return to the Vistula, and re-enter our winter quarters. Whoever ventures to disturb our repose will repent of it. Beyond the Vistula as beyond the Danube, we shall always be the soldiers of the Grand Army."

Napoleon himself remained at Eylau until every thing was removed. He superintended the departure of the several divisions of the army, the sick, the wounded, the prisoners and the artillery taken from the enemy. He had a vast number of sledges constructed, and made as comfortable as possible, for the removal of the sick and the wounded. More than six thousand were



REMOVING THE WOUNDED

thus transported over two hundred miles, to their warm hospitals on the banks of the Vistula.

Austria now wished for an excuse to join the Allies.* She was, however, bound by the most solemn treaties not again to draw the sword against France. Napoleon had cautiously avoided giving her any offense. But she could not forget the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. As an entering wedge to the strife, she proffered her services as mediator. Napoleon was not at all deceived as to her intentions, yet promptly replied :

“The Emperor accepts the amicable intervention of Francis II. for the

* “The battle of Eylau should have been the signal for the contracting the closest alliance with the Russian government, the instant advance of loans to any amount, the marching of sixty thousand English soldiers to the nearest points of embarkation. This was the crisis of the war ; the imprudent confidence of Napoleon had drawn him into a situation full of peril ; for the first time in his life he had been overmatched in a pitched battle, and hostile nations, besetting three hundred leagues of communication in his rear, were ready to intercept his retreat. No effort on the part of England could have been too great in order to turn to the best account so extraordinary a combination of favorable circumstances, no demonstration of confidence too unreserved to an ally capable of such sacrifices. Can there be a doubt that such a vigorous demonstration would at once have terminated the hesitations of Austria, revived the spirit of Prussia, and, by throwing a hundred thousand men on each flank of his line of communication, driven the French Emperor to a ruinous retreat ! Is it surprising that when, instead of such co-operation, Alexander, after the sacrifices he had made, met with nothing but refusals in his applications for assistance, and saw the land-force of England wasted on useless distant expeditions, when every bayonet and sabre was of value on the banks of the Alle, he should have conceived a distrust of the English alliance, and formed the resolution of extricating himself as soon as possible from the hazardous conflict in which he was now exclusively engaged ?”—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 516.

re-establishment of peace, so necessary to all nations. He only fears that the power which, hitherto, seems to have made a system of founding its wealth and greatness upon the divisions of the Continent, will draw from this step new subjects of animosity and new pretexts for dissensions. However, any way that can encourage the hope of the cessation of bloodshed, ought not to be neglected by France, which, as all Europe knows, was dragged in spite of herself into this war."

At the same time, Napoleon called for a new levy of eighty thousand men. But five months before he had called out the same number. He wished to display such a force that the Allies would see that his defeat was impossible, and that they would consent to peace without further shedding of blood. He wrote to Cambacères: "It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State or in the Senate would weaken me in Europe, and will bring Austria upon us. Then, it will not be two conscriptions, but three or four, which we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose, and to be vanquished at last.

"A conscription, announced and resolved upon without hesitation, which perhaps I shall not call for, which certainly I shall not send to the active army, for I am not going to wage war with boys, will cause Austria to drop her arms. The least hesitation, on the contrary, would induce her to resume them, and to use them against us. No objection, I repeat, but an immediate and punctual execution of the decree which I send you. This is the way to have peace—to have a speedy, a magnificent peace."

Having dispatched this decree to Paris, Napoleon sent a copy to Talleyrand, requesting him to communicate to the Austrian government, without circumlocution, that the Emperor had divined the drift of the mediation which Austria had offered; that he accepted that mediation with a perfect knowledge of what it signified; that to offer peace was well, but that peace should be offered with a white truncheon in the hand; that the armaments of Austria were a very unsuitable accompaniment to the offer of mediation.

"I thus," said he, "explain myself with frankness, to prevent calamities, and to save Austria from them. If she wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the depôts, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that, independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movements on the part of the court of Vienna." These measures, so eminently sagacious, prevented Austria from uniting with the Allies, and thus, for the time at least, prevented an accumulation of the horrors of war.

The Bourbons of Spain were also still watching for an opportunity to fall upon Napoleon. Believing it impossible for the French Emperor to escape from his entanglements in Poland, surrounded by myriad foes, the Spanish court treacherously summoned the nation to arms. Napoleon was a thousand miles beyond the Rhine. England had roused Spain to attack him in the rear. The proclamation was issued the day before the battle of Jena. That amazing victory alarmed the perfidious court of Ferdinand. With characteristic meanness, the Spanish government immediately sent word to Napoleon that the troops were raised *to send to his assistance in case he*

should stand in need of them. The Emperor smiled, and, affecting to be a dupe, thanked Spain for its zeal, and requested the loan of fifteen thousand troops. The troops could not be refused.

Napoleon wrote to have them received in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and to be abundantly supplied with provisions, clothing, and money. They were stationed in the garrisons of France, and French soldiers, drawn from those garrisons, were called to Poland. These repeated acts of perfidy led to the final dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain. Their overthrow promoted the ruin of Napoleon. Their continuance upon the throne would also have secured that ruin. It was written in the book of Divine decrees that Napoleon must rise and fall. Human energy and wisdom could not have averted his final discomfiture. Had Napoleon joined hands with the feudal kings, and reigned the sovereign of the *nobles*, not of the people; the defender of *privilege*, not the advocate of *equality*, he might, perhaps, have disarmed the hostility of despots, but he would also have lost the heart of France. He fell magnificently; but his memory is embalmed in the love of the French people; it never will perish. "St. Helena," says Napoleon, "was written in the book of destiny."

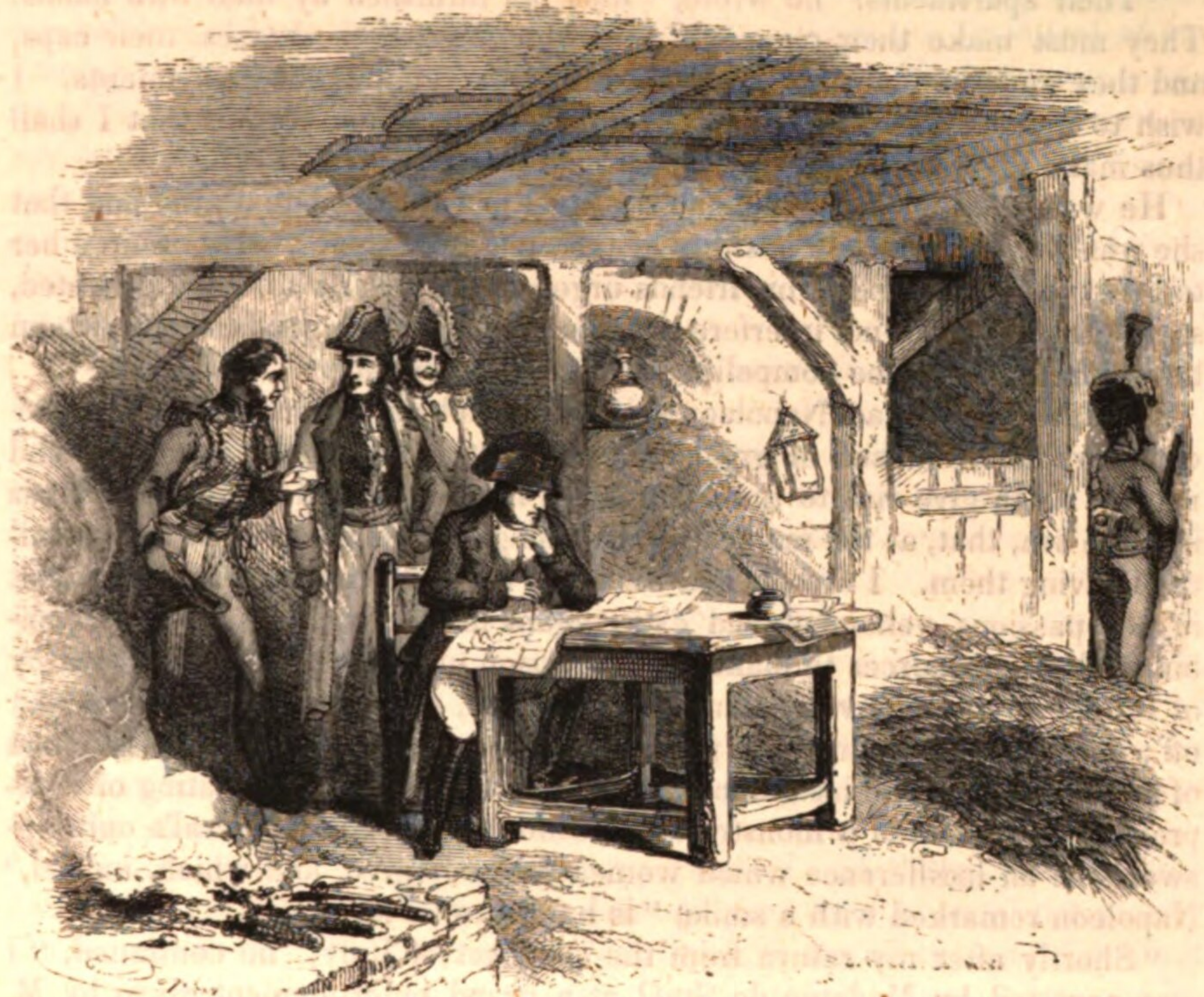
The cheerless months of departing winter passed rapidly away, as both parties prepared for the renewal of the strife. Napoleon shared the encampment of his troops. He taught them patience and fortitude by enduring himself every privation which they were called to experience. His brother Joseph, in a letter, complained of hardships in Naples. Napoleon, in the following terms, replied to his complaints:

"The officers of our staff have not undressed for these two months, and some not for four months past. I myself have been a fortnight without taking off my boots. We are amid snow and mud, without wine, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without any kind of comfort, fighting in general with bayonets and under grape, the wounded having to be carried away in sledges, exposed to the air, two hundred miles."

Napoleon established his head-quarters in a wretched barn at a place called Osterode. "If, instead of remaining in a hole like Osterode," says Savary, "where every one was under his eye, and where he could set his whole force in motion, the Emperor had established himself in a great town, it would have required three months to do what he effected in less than one."

Here Napoleon not only attended to all the immense interests which were gathered round him, but he also devoted incessant thought to the government of his distant empire. The portfolios of the several ministers were sent to him from Paris every week. Upon the day of their reception he invariably attended to their contents, and returned them with minute directions. The most trivial as well as the most important matters were subject to his scrutiny. There had been composed in his honor verses, which he deemed bad, and which were recited in the theatres. He requested other verses to be substituted, in which he was less praised, but which gave utterance to noble thoughts.

"*The best way to praise me,*" said he, "*is to write things which excite heroic sentiments in the nation.*"



HEAD-QUARTERS AT OSTERODE.

With great care he studied the proceedings of the French Academy. At one of those meetings the memory of Mirabeau was violently assailed. Napoleon wrote to Fouché: "I recommend to you, let there be no reaction in the public opinion. Let Mirabeau be mentioned in terms of praise. There are many things in that meeting of the Academy which do not please me. When shall we grow wiser? When shall we be animated by that genuine Christian charity which shall lead us to desire to abuse no one? When shall we refrain from awaking recollections which send sorrow to the hearts of so many persons?"

With intense interest he watched the progress of education. In reference to the institution for the education of girls at Ecouen, he wrote to Lacedepé: "It is there proposed to train up women, wives, mothers of families. Make believers of them—not reasoners. The weakness of the brain of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destination in the social order, the necessity for inspiring them with a perpetual resignation, and a mild and easy charity—all this renders the influence of religion indispensable for them. I am anxious that they should leave the institution, not fashionable *belles*, but virtuous women—that their attractive qualities may be those of the heart."

He urged that they should study "history, literature, enough of natural philosophy to be able to dispel the popular ignorance around them, somewhat of medicine, botany, dancing—but not that of the Opera—ciphering, and all sorts of needle-work."

"Their apartments," he wrote, "must be furnished by their own hands. They must make their chemises, their stockings, their dresses, their caps, and they must be able, in case of need, to make clothes for their infants. I wish to make these young girls useful women. I am certain that I shall thus make them agreeable and attractive."

He was informed that Madame de Staël had returned to Paris, and that she was striving to excite hostility against his government. He ordered her to be expelled. Some of his friends urged him not to do so. He persisted, saying that if he did not interfere she would compromise good citizens, whom he would afterward be compelled to treat with severity.

Of Madame de Staël Napoleon said at St. Helena, "She was a woman of considerable talent and of great ambition, but so extremely intriguing and restless as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. She was ardent in her passions, vehement and extravagant in her expressions. She combined all her resources to make an impression upon the general of the army of Italy. Without any acquaintance with him, she wrote to him when afar off; she tormented him when present. If she was to be believed, the union of genius with a little insignificant Creole, incapable of appreciating or comprehending him, was a monstrosity. Unfortunately, the general's only answer was an indifference which women never forgive, and which, indeed," Napoleon remarked with a smile, "is hardly to be forgiven."

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," he continued, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël at a grand entertainment given by M. Talleyrand. She challenged me, in the middle of a numerous circle, to tell her who was the greatest woman in the world. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.' Madame de Staël was at first a little disconcerted; she endeavored to recover herself by observing that it was reported that I was not very fond of women. 'Pardon me, madame,' I replied, 'I am very fond of my wife.' I can not call her a *wicked* woman, but she was a restless intriguer, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Again he said of Madame de Staël: "Her house had become quite an arsenal against me. People went there to be armed knights. She endeavored to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda. After all, it can not be denied that Madame de Staël is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a very considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once intimated to me, in order to soften me in her favor, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become a useful ally. And certainly if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might, no doubt, have proved advantageous to me. Her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons. Their influence in Paris is well known. Notwithstanding all she had said against me, and all that she will yet say, I am certainly far from thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all."

He then added, in reference to the numerous writers who had declaimed against him, "I am destined to be their food. I have but little fear of becoming their victim. They will bite against granite. My history is made up of facts, and words alone can not destroy them. In order to fight against me successfully, somebody should appear in the lists armed with the weight and authority of facts on his side. It would then, perhaps, be time for me to be moved. But as for all other writers, whatever be their talent, their efforts will be in vain. My fame will survive. When they wish to be admired, they will sound my praise."

While at Osterode, nothing seemed to be overlooked by Napoleon's all-comprehensive and untiring energies.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote: "An effective mode of encouraging literature would be to establish a journal, of which the criticism is enlightened, actuated by good intentions, and free of that coarse brutality which characterizes the existing newspapers, and which is so contrary to the true interests of the nation. Journals now never criticise with the intention of repressing mediocrity, guiding inexperience, or encouraging rising merit. All their endeavor is to wither, to destroy. Articles should be selected for the journals where reasoning is mingled with eloquence, where praise for deserved merit is tempered with censure for faults. Merit, however inconsiderate, should be sought for and rewarded."

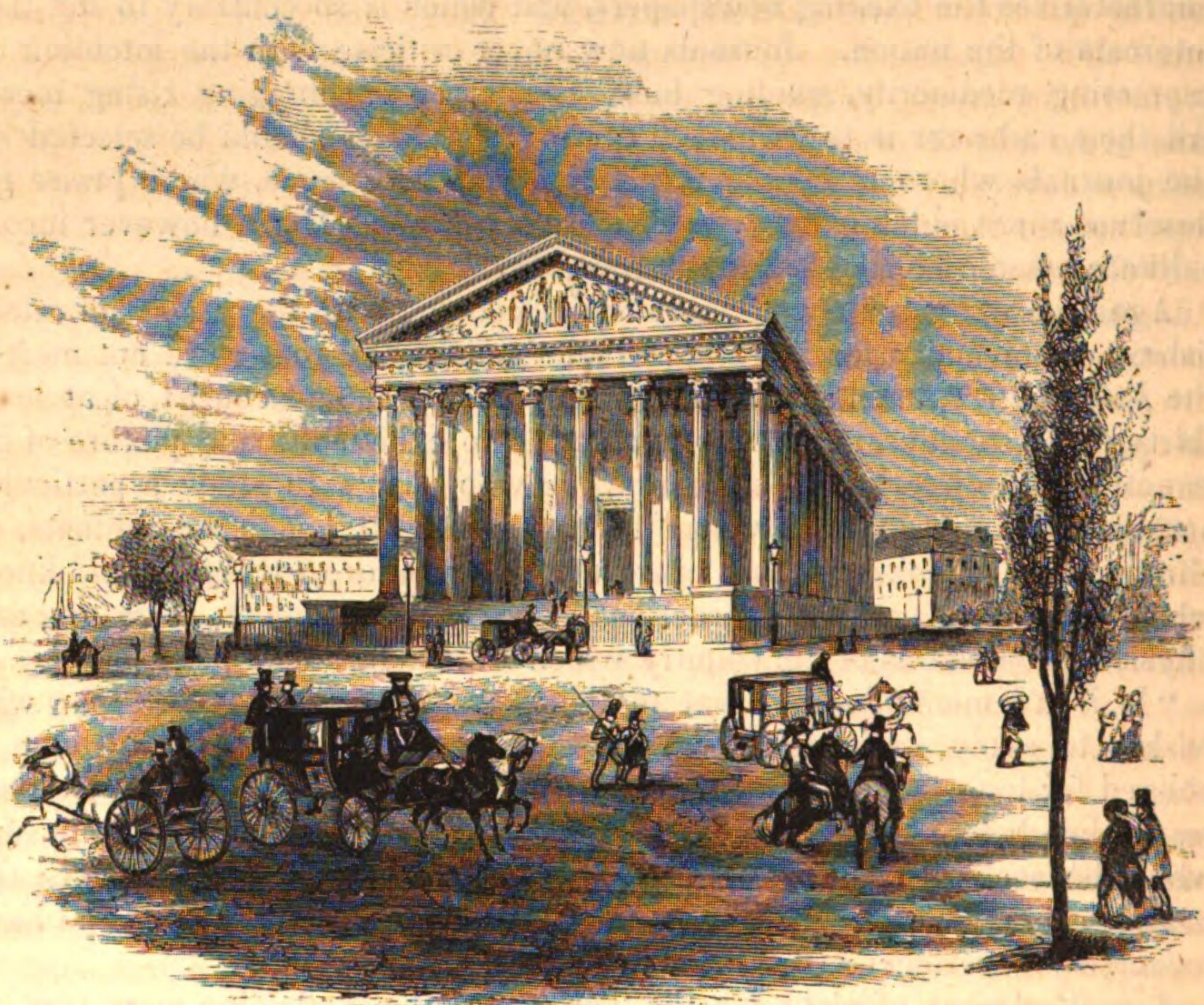
Again he wrote: "You should occupy yourself with the project of establishing a university for literature—understanding by that word not merely the *belles-lettres*, but history and geography. It should consist of at least thirty professorships, so linked together as to exhibit a living picture of instruction and direction, where every one who wishes to study a particular age should know at once whom to consult—what books, monuments, or chronicles to examine—where every one who wishes to travel should know where to receive positive instructions as to the government, literature, and physical productions of the country which he is about to visit.

"It is a lamentable fact, that in this great country, a young man who wishes to study, or is desirous to signalize himself in any department, is obliged for long to grope in the dark, and literally to lose years in fruitless researches before he discovers the true repositories of the information for which he seeks. I desire such institutions. They have long formed the subject of my meditations, because in the course of my various labors I have repeatedly experienced their want."

A vast number of plans for the Temple of the Madeleine were sent to him. He wrote: "After having attentively considered the different plans submitted to my examination, I have not felt the smallest doubt as to which I should adopt. That of M. Vignon alone fulfills my wishes. It is a temple which I desire, not a church. What could you erect as a church which could vie with the Pantheon, Nôtre Dame, or, above all, with St. Peter's at Rome? Every thing in the temple should be in a chaste, severe, and durable style. It should be fitted for solemnities at all times, at all hours. The imperial throne should be a curule chair of marble. There should be seats of marble for the persons invited, an amphitheatre of marble for the performers. No furniture should be admitted but cushions for the seats. All

should be of granite, of marble, and of iron. With this view, searches should be made in all the provinces for quarries of marble and granite. They will be useful, not merely for this monument, but for others which I have in view, and which will require thirty, forty, or fifty years for their construction. Not more than \$600,000 should be required. The temple of Athens cost not much more than one half that sum. Three millions of dollars have been absorbed, I know not how, in the Pantheon. But I should not object to the expenditure of a million of dollars for the construction of a temple worthy of the first city in the world."

Thus arose the exquisite structure of the Madeleine. Napoleon reared it in honor of the Grand Army. He, however, secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to Louis XVI., Maria Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution. He intended thus to announce it, and to dedicate it as soon as the fervor of revolutionary passion had sufficiently abated.



THE MADELEINE.

Napoleon learned that M. Berthollet, a man whom he particularly esteemed for his scientific attainments, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. He immediately wrote him, "I am informed that you are in need of thirty thousand dollars. My treasurer has an order to place that sum at your disposal. I am very glad to find this occasion to be useful to you, and to give you a proof of my esteem."

He was informed by the correspondence, which he paid for liberally and read with care, that there was a quarrel in the Opera. There was a disposition to persecute a poor machinist in consequence of the failure of some

decorations which he was preparing. Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police, "I will not have wrangling any where. I will not suffer M—— to be the victim of an accident. My custom is to protect the unfortunate. Whether actresses ascend into the clouds or ascend not, I will not allow that to be made a handle for intriguing."

Severe, and, as Napoleon thought, mischievous attacks were made in two of the public journals upon the philosophers. He wrote, "It is necessary to have discreet men at the head of those papers. Those two journals affect religion even to bigotry. Instead of attacking the excesses of the exclusive system of some philosophers, they attack philosophy and human knowledge. Instead of keeping the productions of the age within bounds by sound criticism, they discourage those productions, depreciate and debase them."

His admirable foresight and energy had soon provided the army with all the comforts which could be enjoyed in a rude encampment. The Russians, on the other hand, were almost starving. They wandered about in marauding bands, pillaging the villages, and committing the most frightful excesses. Sometimes, driven by hunger, they came even to the French encampments and begged bread of the French soldiers. By signs they expressed that for several days they had eaten nothing. The soldiers received them as brothers, and fed them bountifully.

To promote industry in Paris, Napoleon gave orders for an immense quantity of shoes, boots, harness, and gun carriages to be made there. To transport these articles from France to the heart of Poland, through hostile countries infested by prowling bands of shattered armies, he devised a plan as ingenious and effective as it was simple. He had been impressed, in the quagmires through which his army had advanced, with the little zeal which the drivers of the baggage-wagons evinced, and their want of courage in danger. He had previously, with great success, given a military organization to the artillery-drivers. He now resolved to do the same with the baggage-drivers. These men, who had previously been but humble day-laborers, now became a proud corps of the army, with the honorable title of Battalion of the Train. They were dressed in uniform. A new sentiment of honor sprang up in their hearts. It was a two months' journey from Paris to the Vistula. They protected their equipages, freighted with treasure, and urged them on with the same zeal with which the artillerymen defended their guns, and the infantry and cavalry their flags. Animated by that enthusiasm which Napoleon had thus breathed into their hearts, they now appeared insensible to danger or fatigue.

Such were the multitude of objects to which Napoleon directed his attention. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him during his encampment amid the snows of Poland. His enemies were awed by his energy and his achievements. His distant empire was as perfectly and as minutely under his government as if he were spending his days in his cabinet at the Tuileries. Though thus laden with a burden of toil and care such as never before rested upon a mortal mind, rarely did he allow a day to pass without writing a line to Josephine. Often he sent to her twice a day a brief note of remembrance and of love. The following are a few of his letters:

“Posen, December 2, 1806.

“It is the anniversary of Austerlitz. I have been to an assembly in the city. It rains. I am well. I love you and desire you. The Polish ladies are all French, but there is only one woman for me. Would you like to know her? I might, indeed, draw you her portrait, but I should have to flatter the portrait itself quite too much before you could recognize yourself in it. These nights here are long, all alone. Entirely thine, NAPOLEON.”

“Posen, December 3, 1806, noon.

“I have received yours of November 26. Two things I observe in it. You say I do not read your letters. This is an unkind thought. I do not thank you for so unfavorable an opinion. You also tell me that that neglect must be caused by some dream of another. And yet you add that you are not jealous. I have long observed that angry people insist that they are not angry; that those who are frightened say that they have no fear. You are thus convicted of jealousy. I am delighted. As to this matter, you are wrong. I think of any thing rather than that. In the deserts of Poland one has little opportunity to dream of beauty. I gave a ball yesterday to the nobility of the province. There were enough fine women, many rich, many badly dressed, although in Parisian fashion. Adieu, my love. I am well. Entirely thine, NAPOLEON.”

“Posen, December 3, 6 o'clock, evening.

“I have received your letter of November 27, in which I perceive that your little head is quite turned. I often recall the line,

“‘Woman’s longing is a consuming flame.’

You must calm yourself. I have written to you that I am in Poland, and that as soon as our winter quarters are established you can come. We must wait some days. The greater one becomes, the less can he have his own way. The ardor of your letter shows me that all you beautiful women recognize no barriers. Whatever you wish must be. As for me, I declare I am the veriest slave. My master has no compassion. That master is the *nature of things*. Adieu, my love. Be happy. The one of whom I wish to speak to you is Madame L——. Every one censures her. They assure me she is more a Prussian than a French woman. I do not believe it. But I think her a silly woman, and one who says only silly things. Thine entirely, “NAPOLEON.”

“Golimin, Dec. 29, 1806, 5 o'clock in the morning.

“I can write you but a word, my love. I am in a wretched barn. I have beaten the Russians. We have taken from them 30 pieces of cannon, their baggage, and 6000 prisoners. The weather is dismal. It rains. We are in mud up to our knees. In two days we shall be at Warsaw, from which place I will write to you. Wholly thine, NAPOLEON.”

“Warsaw, January 18, 1807.

“I fear that you are greatly disappointed that our separation must still be prolonged for several weeks. I expect of you more force of character.

They tell me that you weep continually. Fy ! How unbecoming that is. Your letter of the 7th of January gave me much pain. Be worthy of me, and show more force of character. Make a suitable appearance at Paris, and, above all, be contented. I am very well, and I love you very much ; but if you continually weep, I shall think you to be without courage and without character. I do not love the spiritless. An empress should have energy. NAPOLEON."

" January 23, 1807.

"I have received your letter of the 15th of January. It is impossible that I should permit ladies to undertake such a journey—wretched roads, miry and dangerous. Return to Paris. Be there cheerful, contented. I could but smile at your remark that you took a husband in order to live with him. I thought, in my ignorance, that woman was made for man ; man for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance. One is continually learning with our beautiful ladies. Adieu, my love. Think how much I suffer in not being able to call you here. Say to yourself, ' It is a proof how I am precious to him.' NAPOLEON."

Without date.

"My love ! Your letter of the 20th of January has given me much pain. It is too sad. Behold the evil of not being a little devout. You tell me that your happiness makes your glory. That is not generous. You ought to say, The happiness of others is my glory. That is not conjugal. You must say, The happiness of my husband is my glory. That is not maternal. You should say, The happiness of my children is my glory. But since others, your husband, your children, can not be happy without a little glory, you should not say fy ! at it so much. Josephine, your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble. Your perceptions are exquisite, but your deliberations are less wise.

"Enough of fault-finding. I wish that you should be cheerful, contented with your lot, and that you should obey, not murmuring and weeping, but with alacrity of heart and with some degree of satisfaction with all. Adieu, my love. I leave to-night to run through my advance posts.

"NAPOLEON."

From his rude encampment at Osterode he wrote, the 27th of March, "I desire, more strongly than you can, to see you, and to live in tranquillity. I am interested in other things besides war. But duty is paramount over all. All my life I have sacrificed tranquillity, interest, happiness, to my destiny."

The Emperor was exceedingly attached to the little Napoleon, to whom he often refers in his letters. He was the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy, five years of age, was exceedingly beautiful, and developed all those energetic and magnanimous traits of character which would win, in the highest degree, the admiration of Napoleon. The Emperor had decided to make this young prince his heir. All thoughts of the divorce were now relinquished. Early in the spring of this year the child was suddenly taken

sick of the croup, and died. The sad tidings were conveyed to Napoleon in his cheerless stable at Osterode. It was a terrible blow to his hopes and to his affections. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in painful musings. No one ventured to disturb his grief.

Napoleon was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. But he was without an heir. His death would plunge France into anarchy, as ambitious chieftains, each surrounded by his partisans, would struggle for the throne. Mournfully and anxiously he murmured to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this." Napoleon was ambitious. He wished to send down his name to posterity as the greatest benefactor France had ever known. To accomplish this, he was ready to sacrifice comfort, health, his affections, and that which he deemed least of all, his life. He loved Josephine above all other created beings. He deceived himself by the belief that it would be indeed a noble sacrifice to France to bind, as an offering upon the altar of his country, even their undying love. He knew that the question of the divorce would again arise. The struggle now resumed in his heart between his love for Josephine and his desire to found a stable dynasty, and to transmit his name to posterity, was fearful. Strong as was his self-control, his anguish was betrayed by his pallid cheek, his restless eye, his loss of appetite and of sleep.

To Josephine, apprehensive of the result, the bereavement was inexpressibly dreadful. Overwhelmed with anguish, she wept day and night. This little boy, Charles Napoleon, Prince Royal of Holland, died at the Hague, 5th of May, 1807. He was the elder brother of Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, Napoleon thus wrote to Josephine :

"May 14, 1807.

"I can appreciate the grief which the death of poor Napoleon has caused you. You can understand the anguish which I experience. I could wish that I were with you, that you might become moderate and discreet in your grief. You have had the happiness of never losing any children. But it is one of the conditions and sorrows attached to suffering humanity. Let me hear that you have become reasonable and tranquil. Would you magnify my anguish? Adieu, my love. NAPOLEON."

In the following terms he wrote to Hortense :

"My daughter !—Every thing which reaches me from the Hague informs me that you are unreasonable. However legitimate may be your grief, it should have its bounds. Do not impair your health. Seek consolation. Know that life is strewn with so many dangers, and may be the source of so many calamities, that death is by no means the greatest of evils.

"Your affectionate father, NAPOLEON.

"Finkenstein, May 20, 1807."

Four days after he thus wrote to Josephine :

"May 24, 1807.

"I have received your letter from Lacken. I see, with pain, that your grief is still unabated, and that Hortense is not yet with you. She is unreasonable, and merits not to be loved, since she loves but her children. Strive to calm yourself, and give me no more pain. For every irremediable evil we must find consolation. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

Again he writes to Hortense on the 2d of June :

"My daughter!—You have not written me one word in your just and great grief. You have forgotten every thing, as if you had no other loss to endure. I am informed that you no longer love—that you are indifferent to every thing. I perceive it by your silence. That is not right. It is not what you promised me. Your mother and I are nothing, then. Had I been at Malmaison, I should have shared your anguish; but I should also wish that you would restore yourself to your best friends. Adieu, my daughter. Be cheerful. We must learn resignation. Cherish your health, that you may be able to fulfill all your duties. My wife is very sad in view of your condition. Do not add to her anguish.

"Your affectionate father, NAPOLEON."

Again he wrote :

"My daughter!—I have received your letter dated Orleans. Your griefs touch my heart. But I would wish that you would summon more fortitude. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself. I do not love to see you unjust toward the little Louis Napoleon, and toward all your friends. Your mother and I cherish the hope to be more in your heart than we are. I have gained a great victory on the 14th of June. I am well, and I love you intensely. Adieu, my daughter! I embrace you with my whole heart. NAPOLEON."

While Napoleon was encamped upon the snows of Poland, waiting for the return of spring, all his energies of body and mind were incessantly active. Often he made the rounds of his cantonments, riding upon horseback ninety miles a day, through storms, and snow, and mire. He was daily in correspondence with his agents for the recruiting of his army, and for the transportation of the enormous supplies which they required. He kept a watchful eye upon every thing transpiring in Paris, and guided all the movements of the government there. During the long winter nights he was ruminating upon the general policy he should adopt in disarming enemies, in rewarding friends, in forming alliances, and in shielding France from further insults.

England now made the desperate endeavor to force Turkey into the alliance against France. Failing entirely to accomplish this by diplomacy, she resorted to measures which no one has had the boldness to defend.* An En-

* "Mr. Wellesley Pole, in the absence of Mr. Arbuthnot, the British minister," says Alison,

English fleet forced the Dardanelles, scorning the feeble batteries of the Turks. The squadron anchored in front of Constantinople, with its guns pointed at its thronged dwellings. The summons was laconic: "Dismiss the French minister, surrender your fleet to us, and join our alliance against France, or in one half hour we will lay your city in ashes."

But Napoleon had placed in Constantinople an ambassador equal to the emergency. General Sebastiani roused all the vigor of the Turkish government. He beguiled the foe into a parley. While this parley was protracted day after day, the whole population of the city—men, women, and children, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians—threw themselves into the work of rearing defenses. French engineers guided the laborers. In less than a week 917 pieces of cannon and 200 mortars were frowning upon the batteries. The squadron was now compelled to retreat. With difficulty it forced its way back through the Strait, pelted all the way by the feeble batteries of the Turks. The English lost in this audacious expedition two hundred and fifty men. The Turks, thus influenced, became more cordially allied to France. Napoleon was extremely gratified at the result.

Twenty-five thousand of the Allies had intrenched themselves in Dantzic. The conquest of the city was a matter of great moment to Napoleon. The conduct of the siege was intrusted to Marshal Lefebvre. He was a brave officer, but an ignorant man. He was extremely impatient of the slow progress of the engineers, and was restless to head his troops and rush to the assault. Napoleon, with his head-quarters about a hundred miles from Dantzic, kept up a daily correspondence with his marshal upon the progress of the works. It frequently, during the siege, became necessary for Napoleon personally to interpose to settle disputes between Marshal Lefebvre and his officers. The following letter to the impetuous soldier finely develops the prudence and the candor of the Emperor:

"You can do nothing but find fault, abuse our allies, and change your opinion at the pleasure of the first comer. You wanted troops. I sent you them. I am preparing more for you; and you, like an ingrate, continue to complain, without thinking even of thanking me. You treat our allies, especially the Poles and the Baden troops, without any delicacy. They are not used to stand fire; but they will get accustomed to it. Do you imagine that we were as brave in '92 as we are now, after fifteen years of war? Have some indulgence, then, old soldier as you are, for the young soldiers who are starting in the career, and who have not yet your coolness in danger. The Prince of Baden, whom you have with you, has chosen to leave the pleasures of the court for the purpose of leading his troops into fire.

"Pay him respect, and give him credit for a zeal which his equals rarely imitate. The breasts of your grenadiers, which you are for bringing in every where, will not throw down walls. You must allow your engineers to act,

"who was sick of fever presented himself before the Divan in his riding-dress, with a whip in his hand, and peremptorily announced that if the demands of Russia were not instantly acceded to, a British fleet would enter the Dardanelles, and lay the capital in ashes. Intimidated by this bold language and by the haughty air of the person who used it, and secretly aware of the weakness of the defenses of the capital, the counselors of Selim recommended a temporary concession to the demands of the allied powers." This is surely a novel exhibition of diplomatic courtesy, and one which would perhaps have more influence in Turkey than in some other latitudes.

and listen to the advice of General Chasseloup, who is a man of science, and from whom you ought not to withdraw your confidence at the suggestion of the first petty caviler, pretending to judge of what he is incapable of comprehending. Reserve the courage of your grenadiers for the moment when science shall tell you that it may be usefully employed; and, in the mean time, learn patience. It is not worth while, for the sake of a few days, which, besides, I know not how to employ just now, to get some thousand men killed whose lives it is possible to spare. Show the calmness, the consistency, the steadiness which befit your age. Your glory is in taking Dantzic. Take that place, and you shall be satisfied with me."

On the 26th of May, Dantzic capitulated, after a terrific conflict of fifty-one days. From the abundant stores which the Allies had gathered there, Napoleon immediately sent a million of bottles of wine to his troops in their cantonments. While the snows were melting, and the frost yielding to the returning sun of spring, it was hardly possible for either army to resume hostilities. The heavy cannon could not be drawn through the miry roads. Though Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from his capital, in a hostile country, and with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England combined against him, his genius, his foresight, his indefatigable activity supplied his troops with every comfort. The allied army was, on the contrary, suffering every privation. The starving soldiers, to appease the cravings of want, desolated extended tracts of country with violence and plunder.

The allied army now consisted of 140,000 men, of which 100,000 could be speedily concentrated upon a field of battle. Napoleon, with 400,000 men dispersed along his extended line of march, and stationed in the fortresses of his wide frontier, could, in a few days, concentrate 160,000 men upon any spot between the Niemen and the Vistula. With his accustomed vigilance and forecast, early in May he ordered all the divisions of his army to take the field, and to be daily exercised in preparation for the resumption of hostilities.

Early in June the Allies made a sudden rush from their intrenchments, hoping to surround and overwhelm the division of Marshal Ney. This was the signal for Napoleon's whole army, extended along a line of one hundred and fifty miles, to advance and to concentrate. They did advance. The opposing hosts every where met. The roar of musketry and of artillery, the rush of squadrons, and the clash of sabres, resounded by day and by night. Napoleon had matured all his plans. With iron energy he drove on to the result. By skillful maneuvering, he every where outnumbered his foes. Over mountains, across rivers, through defiles and forests, he pursued the retiring foe.

Field after field was red with blood. Mothers, with their babes, fled from their homes before the sweep of this awful avalanche of woe. In each village the Russians made a stand. For an hour the tempest of war roared and flashed around the doomed dwellings. The crash of cannon balls, the explosion of shells, the storm of bullets speedily did its work. From the smouldering ruins the panting, bleeding Russians fled. In the blazing streets horsemen and footmen met, hand to hand, in the desperate fight. Ten thousand homes were utterly desolated. Women and children were struck by

bullets and balls. Fields of grain were trampled in the mire. Still the storm of war swept on and swept on, mercilessly, unrelentingly. Regardless of prayers and tears, and blood and woe, barbarian Russians fled, and ferocious Frenchmen pursued.

Every vile man on earth loves the army and the license of war. No earthly power can restrain the desperadoes who throng the rank and file of contending hosts. From such an inundation of depraved and reckless men there is no escape. The farm-house, the village, the city is alike exposed. Humanity shudders in contemplating the atrocities which are perpetrated. The carnage of the field of battle is the very least of the calamities of war. Napoleon was indefatigable in his efforts. His energy appeared superhuman. He seemed neither to eat, nor sleep, nor rest. He was regardless of rain, of mud, of darkness, of storms. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, as, with his staff, like a whirlwind he swept along his lines, rousing, animating, energizing his mighty hosts, advancing over a space of fifty leagues.

It was on the 5th of June that the storm of war commenced. Day and night it continued unabated, as the Russians, fighting with desperation, suddenly retreated before their foes. On the 10th the Allies had concentrated, upon the field of Heilsberg, on the banks of the River Alle, 90,000 men. Here they planted themselves firmly behind intrenchments, fortified by five hundred pieces of heavy artillery. These were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot to mow down the French advancing over the open plain.

In utter recklessness of life, 30,000 Frenchmen, rending the skies with their wild hurrahs, rushed upon the muzzles of these guns. Murat and Ney headed the desperate assault. Napoleon was not there to witness a scene of butchery so inexcusable. The Russian batteries opened upon the bare bosoms of these moving masses, and the whole heads of columns were swept away. Still on and on the impetuous host rushed, with oaths and shouts, wading through blood, and trampling over piles of the slain. They pour over the intrenchments, sabre the gunners, shout victory.

Suddenly the tramp of iron hoofs is heard. Trumpets sound the charge. A squadron of horse, ten thousand strong, sweeps down upon the French with resistless plunge. The shout of victory sinks away into the wail of death. The French who had scaled the ramparts were overwhelmed, annihilated. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day long. Night came. Dense volumes of smoke canopied the field of demoniac war with the sulphurous gloom of the world of woe. By the light of the cannon's flash the surges of battle still rolled to and fro. Clouds gathered in the black sky. A dismal rain began to fall, as if Nature herself wept over the crimes of the children of earth. Midnight came. The booming of the guns gradually ceased, as the soldiers, utterly exhausted with a conflict of twelve hours, threw themselves, amid the dying and the dead, upon the storm-drenched and gory ground. Late in the night Napoleon came galloping upon the field. He was exceedingly displeased at the senseless butchery to which his impetuous generals had led the men.

The dawn of a gloomy morning of wind and rain revealed to both armies an awful spectacle. The two hostile hosts were within half cannon shot of each other. The narrow space between was covered with eighteen thousand

of the dead and wounded. All the dead and many of the wounded had been stripped entirely naked by those wretches, both male and female, who ever, in great numbers, follow in the wake of armies for such plunder. These naked bodies, crimsoned with gore, mutilated by balls and by ghastly sabre strokes, presented an aspect of war stripped of all its pageantry. By mutual, instinctive consent, both parties laid aside their guns, and hastened to the relief of the wounded and to the burial of the dead. How strange the scene! Russians and Frenchmen were now mingled together upon the same field, in perfect amity, vying with each other in deeds of kindness.

Each army then resumed its position to renew the fight. The Russians rallied behind their intrenchments, the French upon the open plain. Napoleon, ever anxious to spare the needless effusion of blood, so skillfully maneuvered, preparing to attack his foes in the rear, that the Russians were soon compelled, without the firing of a gun, to abandon their position and to continue their retreat. All the night of the 12th of June the Russians were precipitately retiring. Though dreadfully fatigued, they continued their flight the whole of the next day. They were compelled to make another stand upon the plain of Friedland. Their doom was sealed. Napoleon had driven them into the elbow of a river, and had so skillfully drawn together his forces as to render their escape impossible.

Early in the morning of the 14th the battle of Friedland commenced. The division of Lannes was in the advance. The Russian army fell upon it with the utmost energy, hoping to secure its destruction before the other divisions of the French army could come to its relief. Napoleon was ten miles distant when he heard the first deep booming of the cannon. He sent in every direction for his battalions to hasten to the scene of conflict. At noon Napoleon galloped upon the heights which overlooked the field. As he saw the position of the enemy, hemmed in by the bend of the river, and his own troops marching up on every side, a gleam of joy lighted up his features.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us."

The French, during the morning, had been contending against fearful odds. Lannes, with 26,000 men, had withstood the assault of the whole Russian army of 80,000. As Napoleon appeared upon the heights, General Oudinot, plunging his spurs into his horse, hastened to the Emperor, exclaiming, "Make haste, sire! My grenadiers are utterly exhausted. But give me a re-enforcement, and I will drive all the Russians into the river." The clothes of the intrepid soldier were perforated with balls, and his horse was covered with blood. Napoleon glanced proudly at him, and then, with his glass, carefully and silently surveyed the field of battle. One of his officers ventured to suggest that it would be best to defer the battle for a few hours, until the rest of the troops had arrived and had obtained a little rest. "No, no!" Napoleon replied, energetically; "one does not catch an enemy twice in such a scrape."

Calling his lieutenants around him, he explained to them his plan of attack with that laconic force and precision of language which no man has ever surpassed. Grasping the arm of Marshal Ney, and pointing to the little

town of Friedland, and the dense masses of the Russians crowded before it, he said, emphatically,

"Yonder is the goal. March to it without looking about you. Break into that thick mass, whatever it costs. Enter Friedland; take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that."

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this "bravest of the brave." Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, "That man is a lion." Ney's division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and smiling, said, "My friend, if that ball were destined for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings and its bloodstained streets. As the darkness of night came on, the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated toward the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were plowing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and, wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamored loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied, that after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honorable peace; and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of our inactivity. He perceived too late that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colors, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy's army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which

were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

“Frenchmen! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

Proposals for Peace—Raft at Tilsit—Intimacy of Napoleon and Alexander—The King of Prussia—Chagrin of the Queen—Treaty of Tilsit—Unfair Representations of English Historians—Return to Paris—General Rejoicing.

UPON the banks of the Niemen, which separates the rest of Europe from the boundless wastes of the Russian empire, Napoleon arrested the march of his triumphant columns. But twenty months had now elapsed since he left the camp of Boulogne. In that time he had traversed the Continent and conquered all the armies of combined Europe. The storms of winter had passed away. The beauty of summer was blooming around him. His soldiers, flushed with victory, and adoring their chieftain, were ready to follow wherever he should lead. But his enemies were incapable of any further resistance. Alexander and Frederick William, in the extreme of dejection, were upon the northern bank of the river, with about 70,000 men, the broken bands of their armies. These troops, having lost most of their artillery and munitions of war, were utterly dispirited. On the other bank the eagles of Napoleon fluttered proudly over 170,000 victors.

Upon the left bank of the Niemen there is the little town of Tilsit. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had just arrived in this place when a letter was placed in his hands from Alexander, proposing an armistice. Napoleon had now been absent from the capital of his empire nearly a year, enduring inconceivable toils and hardships. With the utmost cordiality he accepted the proffered advances. Marshal Kalkreuth appeared, in behalf of the Prussians, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon received him with great courtesy, and said, “You alone, of the Prussian officers, have treated the French prisoners humanely. On this account, and as a mark of my esteem and gratitude, I consent to a suspension of arms, without requiring the delivery of the remaining Prussian fortresses.”

The Niemen alone now separated the belligerent armies. But Napoleon, with characteristic caution, concentrated his forces, reared an intrenched camp, collected immense stores, and posted the divisions of his army just as if the war had not been interrupted. The two vanquished sovereigns were

now in great haste to open negotiations. The first interview was appointed for the 25th of June.

It is not often that the mathematical and the poetic elements combine in the same mind. They did so, in the most extraordinary degree, in the mind of Napoleon. No one ever had a more rich appreciation than he of beauty and of sublimity. He felt the impress of moral grandeur, and he well knew how to place that impress upon other hearts. The two most powerful sovereigns in the world were to meet, in friendly converse, to decide whether war should still desolate Europe. For a year their mighty armies had been engaged in one of the most sanguinary conflicts earth has ever witnessed. These hosts, consisting in the aggregate of more than two hundred thousand men, were now facing each other, separated but by a narrow stream. The eyes of all Europe were riveted upon the astonishing scene. Napoleon fully realized the grandeur of the occasion. With his accustomed tact, he seized upon it to produce an impression never to be forgotten.

He ordered a large and magnificent raft to be moored in the middle of the Niemen, equidistant from both banks of the river. The raft was carpeted,



THE RAFT AT TILSIT.

and ornamented with the richest decorations. Upon one part a gorgeous pavilion was erected. No expense was spared to invest the construction with the most imposing magnificence. The two armies were drawn up upon each shore. Thousands of people from the neighboring country had thronged to the spot to witness the extraordinary spectacle. God seemed

to smile upon this scene of reconciliation. The sun rose brilliantly into the cloudless sky, and the balmy atmosphere of one of the most lovely of June mornings invigorated all hearts.

At one o'clock precisely the thunders of artillery rose sublimely from either shore, as each emperor, accompanied by a few of his principal officers, stepped into a boat on his own side of the river. The numerous and gorgeously appareled suite of the respective monarchs followed in a boat immediately after their sovereigns. The main raft was intended solely for Napoleon and Alexander. Two smaller rafts, also of beautiful construction, were anchored at a short distance for the imperial retinue. Napoleon reached the raft first, and immediately crossed it to receive Alexander. The two emperors cordially embraced each other. Every man in both armies was gazing upon them. Instantly a shout arose from two hundred thousand voices, which filled the air like a peal of sublimest thunder. Even the roar of nearly a thousand pieces of artillery was drowned in that exultant acclaim.

The two emperors entered the pavilion together. The first words which Alexander uttered were,

"I hate the English as much as you do. I am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them."

"In that case," Napoleon replied, "every thing will be easily arranged, and peace is already made."

The interview lasted two hours. Napoleon, with his brilliant genius, possessed powers of fascination which few could resist. Alexander was perfectly entranced. "Never," said he afterward, "did I love any man as I loved that man." "You and I," said Napoleon, "shall understand each other better if we treat directly than by employing our ministers. We shall advance business more in an hour than our negotiators in several days. Between you and me there must be no third person."

Alexander was but thirty years of age. He was extremely ambitious. To be thus addressed by one whose renown filled the world was in the highest degree gratifying to the vanquished monarch. Napoleon proposed that they should both establish themselves in the little town of Tilsit, which should be neutralized to receive Alexander. There they could at any hour, in person, engage in business. The proposal was eagerly accepted. It was agreed that the very next day, Alexander, with his guard, should occupy one half of Tilsit, and Napoleon the other. Napoleon immediately ordered the most sumptuous arrangements to be made for the accommodation of the Russian emperor. Furniture of the richest construction was sent to his apartments, and he was provided with every luxury.

On the morning of the next day the emperors met again upon the raft. The unfortunate King of Prussia accompanied Alexander. Frederick William was a dull, uninteresting, awkward man, with no graces of person or of mind. He had unjustly provoked the war. His kingdom was in the hands of the conqueror. He could receive nothing but what Napoleon, in compassion, might condescend to restore. Alexander could treat on terms of equality. His kingdom was not yet invaded. All its resources were still under his control. The interview was short, lasting but half an hour. It was extremely embarrassing upon the part of the King of Prussia. He tried to

frame some apologies for drawing the sword against France. Napoleon was too generous to wound his humbled foe by reproaches. He merely said that it was a great calamity that the court of Berlin should have allowed itself, by the intrigues of England, to embroil the Continent in war. It was decided that the King of Prussia should also come to Tilsit, to reside with his ally Alexander. Both parties then returned to their respective sides of the river.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Alexander again crossed the Niemen to take up his residence in Tilsit. Napoleon went to the water's edge to receive him. They met like friends of long standing. Napoleon was especially courteous and cordial. Alexander was greeted with all the honor which the French army could confer. He was conducted to his quarters amid the discharges of artillery and the acclamations of a countless host. Alexander dined with Napoleon. The highest honors and the most delicate attentions were lavished upon him. It was immediately settled that the Russian emperor should take all his meals with Napoleon. Alexander was a gentleman of highly polished address, exhibiting all that grace and elegance which give such a peculiar charm to the *salons* of Paris. He was entirely dazzled by the grandeur and the fascinations of Napoleon, and was willingly led captive by one who could conquer hearts even more easily than he could vanquish armies.

The two emperors took long rides every day, side by side, upon the banks of the Niemen, conversing with the utmost frankness. Their intimacy became so extraordinary, that not only did they dine daily together, but nearly every hour they were with each other, arranging the complicated conditions of the treaty into which they were about to enter. The officers and soldiers of the two armies, witnessing the perfect cordiality between the two emperors, vied also with each other in testimonials of esteem and friendship. Fêtes and entertainments succeeded in rapid order, and the two encampments were united in the kindest ties of brotherhood. The emperors, as they rode in company along the ranks of both armies, were received with the liveliest acclamations. Shouts of "Vive Alexander!" "Vive Napoleon!" were harmoniously blended. "My soldiers," said Napoleon to the Czar, "are as brave as it is possible to be, but they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassible firmness and docility of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits."

One morning Napoleon and Alexander were walking out together, when they passed a French sentinel, who respectfully presented arms. The grenadier had a hideous scar upon his face, caused by a long and deep sabre gash, extending from his forehead to his chin. Napoleon looked at the man kindly for a moment, and then said to Alexander,

"Sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

Alexander fixed his eyes upon the wound, and replied, "And you, sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

The grenadier murmured, in a grave voice, without changing a feature of his cast-iron face, "They are all dead—they are."

For a moment Alexander was embarrassed, and then turning to Napoleon,

very courteously replied, "Here, my brother, as elsewhere, the victory remains with you."

"Here, as elsewhere," Napoleon most aptly rejoined, "it is to my soldiers that I am indebted for victory."

The emperors often spent hours together with the map of the world spread out before them. Alexander became quite entranced with the new and brilliant thoughts which Napoleon suggested to his mind. It was Napoleon's great object to withdraw Alexander from the alliance with England, and to secure his cordial co-operation with France.

"What," said he, one day, "are the objects at which England aims? She wishes to rule the seas, which are the property of all nations, to oppress neutral flags, to monopolize commerce, to compel other nations to pay for colonial produce whatever price she demands, to plant her foot upon the Continent wherever she can—in Portugal, in Denmark, in Sweden; to take possession of the dominant points of the globe, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, and the entrance to the Baltic, that she may impose her laws upon the whole trading world. She is now endeavoring to conquer Egypt. And recently, if she had obtained possession of the Dardanelles, what would she have done with them?"

"I am accused of being fond of war. It is not so. I am ready instantly to prove it. Be you my mediator with the cabinet of London. That character befits your position as the former ally of England and the future ally of France. I am willing to give up Malta. Great Britain may keep that island in compensation for what I have acquired since the rupture of the peace of Amiens. But let her, in her turn, give up the colonies which she has wrested from my allies, Spain and Holland. I will then restore Hanover to her. Are not these conditions just—perfectly equitable? Can I accept others? Can I desert my allies? And when I am willing to sacrifice my conquests on the Continent to recover for my allies their lost possessions, is it possible to dispute my probity and my moderation?"

"If England refuse these terms, she ought to be forced to submit. It is not right that she should keep the world continually harassed by war. We have the means of compelling her to peace. If England refuses these just terms, proclaim yourself the ally of France. Declare that you will join your forces with hers to secure a maritime peace. Let England know that besides war with France she will have a war with the whole Continent, with Russia, with Prussia, with Denmark, with Sweden, and with Portugal, all which powers must obey when we signify our will to them. Austria must speak out in the same spirit when she finds that she must have war with England or with us. England, then exposed to a universal war—if she will not conclude an equitable peace—England will lay down her arms.

"You are to act as a mediator with England for me. I will act the same part with the Porte for you. If the Porte refuses to treat on equitable terms, I will unite with you against the Turks. Then we will make a suitable partition of the Ottoman empire."

Alexander was thrown by these magnificent conceptions into almost a delirium of enthusiasm. He yielded himself, without resistance, to the fascinations of the master-mind which had now obtained an entire ascendancy

over him. He was never weary of expressing his unbounded admiration of Napoleon. To those who approached him he incessantly exclaimed, "What a great man! what a genius! What extensive views! What a captain! what a statesman! Had I known him sooner, from how many errors he might have saved me! What great things we might have accomplished together!"

The unfortunate King of Prussia was truly an object of commiseration. With neither an empire nor an army, he was but a suppliant for such alms as the generosity of Napoleon might confer upon him. He was lonely and dejected, and was quite an incumbrance in the way of his crowned companions. Napoleon treated him with great delicacy and respect. Said Napoleon at St. Helena,

"Almost every day at Tilsit the two emperors and the King of Prussia rode out together on horseback. Napoleon rode in the middle between the



THE THREE SOVEREIGNS.

two sovereigns. Frederick William could hardly keep pace with the two emperors, or, deeming himself an intruder on their *tête-à-tête*, generally fell behind. Alexander was sometimes fatigued with his companion, whose chagrin was so evident that it damped our satisfaction. We broke up, in consequence, our dinner parties at an early hour, under pretense of business at home. Alexander and I remained behind to take tea together, and generally prolonged the conversation till past midnight."

In these long interviews the fate of Turkey was a continual topic of con-

versation. The Moslem empire was rapidly crumbling to decay. Alexander was exceedingly desirous to drive the Turks out of Europe, and take possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was irreconcilably opposed to this plan. He felt that it was giving the dreaded Colossus of the North altogether too much power. He was willing that Russia should take the provinces on the Danube, but could not be persuaded to allow Alexander to pass the range of the Balkan Mountains, and annex to his realms the proud city of Constantine.

One day, having returned from a ride, the two emperors shut themselves up in the writing cabinet, where numerous maps were spread out. Napoleon requested his secretary, M. Meneval, to bring him a map of Turkey. Clapping his finger upon Constantinople, he exclaimed with great earnestness, as if repeating a conversation, "Constantinople! Constantinople! never! 'tis the empire of the world!"

"All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive these brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."

"A dispensation of Providence," said Napoleon to Alexander at Tilsit, "has set me at liberty in regard to the Porte. My ally and friend, Sultan Selim, has been hurled from the throne into confinement. I did think that one might make something of these Turks; restore to them some energy; teach them to make use of their natural courage. 'Tis an illusion. It is time to put an end to an empire which can no longer hold together, and to prevent its spoils from contributing to increase the power of England."

The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit with her husband, hoping by her extraordinary charms of person and of manner to secure more favorable terms from the conqueror. She was one of the most brilliant of women, retaining, at the age of thirty-two, that surpassing loveliness which had made her the admiration of Europe.

"The Queen of Prussia," said Napoleon, "unquestionably possessed talents, great information, and singular acquaintance with affairs. She was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose, but still with so much tact and delicacy that it was impossible to take offense.

"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence upon the result of our negotiations. But, happily, she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit. She was very beautiful, but somewhat past the first flower of youth. After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

He wrote to Josephine: "The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coqueting with me. But do not be jealous. I am like a cere-cloth, along which every thing of this sort slides without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

The unhappy queen was violently agitated when she found that her efforts had been of no avail, and that all was concluded. As Napoleon conducted her down stairs at the close of their final dinner, she stopped, gazed earnestly into his eyes, pressed his hand, and said,

"Is it possible that, after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age, he has not left me the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has attached me to him forever!"

"Madame," Napoleon replied, "I lament that it is so. It is my evil destiny."

When she reached her carriage, she threw herself into it, buried her face in her hands, and departed sobbing most bitterly. The grief of the unhappy queen wore so heavily upon her spirits that she soon sank into the grave. Her persuasions had roused Prussia to the war, and her lofty spirit could not brook the ruin she had thus drawn upon her country and her house.

The treaty concluded upon this occasion has become famous in history as the "Treaty of Tilsit." The King of Prussia had about one half of his empire restored to him. The portion wrested from Poland, in the infamous partition of that empire, was organized into a Polish state, called the Duchy of Warsaw, and was placed under the protection of the King of Saxony. Napoleon liberated all the serfs, entirely abolished slavery, established perfect liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and rescued the Jews from all oppression. The inhabitants of the duchy were overjoyed in being thus emancipated from Prussian rule, and restored to comparative independence.

Napoleon earnestly desired the complete re-establishment of Poland. But he could not induce Alexander to consent to the plan. The provinces of Prussia, upon the left banks of the Elbe, were formed into the kingdom of Westphalia, and assigned to Jerome Bonaparte. The kingdom of Prussia was reduced from nine millions of inhabitants to five millions; her revenue of twenty-four millions of dollars was diminished to fourteen millions. Alexander recognized the Confederation of the Rhine, and also acknowledged the Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia. Russia agreed to mediate with England, and France engaged to mediate with the Porte, for the restoration of peace throughout the world. Alexander and Napoleon also entered into a mutual alliance, offensive and defensive. Such were the essential articles of this celebrated treaty. Thus Napoleon endeavored to strengthen his own position, and to protect himself from any further attacks from the north.

Some accused Napoleon of weakness and folly in leaving Prussia so powerful when she was entirely at his mercy. Others accused him of ambition and arrogance in despoiling her of so large a portion of her resources. Impartial history will decide that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, he acted not only with much wisdom and moderation, but also with great magnanimity. He manifested no spirit of revenge for the wrongs which he had received. He endeavored only to shield himself from future attacks.

Immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, in which Napoleon manifested so little disposition to aggrandize France as to excite the wonder even of his most hostile historians, he sent for Savary, and said to him, "I have concluded peace. I am told that I have done wrong, and that I shall find myself deceived. But truly we have had war enough. It is time that the world should enjoy repose. I wish to send you to St. Petersburg until I make choice of an ambassador. I will give you a letter to Alexander which will serve as your credentials. You will manage the business for me. Recollect that I do not wish to go to war with any power whatever. Let this principle be the guide of your conduct. I shall be much displeased if you do not avoid drawing me into fresh difficulties. In your conversation, carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities. It is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and to set themselves up as models. You know how I have been deceived by the Austrians and Prussians. I place confidence in the Emperor of Russia."*

Napoleon had now been absent from France nearly a year. Upon the banks of the Niemen he was fifteen hundred miles from his capital. The Continent was now at peace. At this moment Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. Europe, dazzled by his genius, and vanquished by his armies, was compelled to recognize his crown. England alone, protected by her invincible fleet, and triumphantly sweeping all seas, refused to sheathe the sword. She still exerted all her powers of diplomacy and of gold to combine new coalitions against the foe she so relentlessly pursued. Notwith-

* In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott remarks, with a disingenuousness deeply to be regretted in one whom we love to honor, "It may seem strange that the shrewd and jealous Napoleon should have suffered himself to be so much overreached in his treaty with Alexander, since the benefits stipulated for France were in a great measure vague, and subjects of hope rather than certainty." Sir Walter, with his inveterate Tory prejudices, could not deem it possible that Napoleon could be influenced by a generous impulse. "If the reader," he says, "should wonder how Bonaparte, able and astutious as he was, came to be overreached in the treaty of Tilsit, we believe the secret may be found in a piece of private history. *He had hopes that he might obtain the hand of one of the Archduchesses of Russia!*"

History may be searched in vain for a parallel to the unjust treatment of Napoleon. The great facts in his career are admitted by all. The false coloring put upon these facts is perfectly astounding. It is one of the most extraordinary of the curiosities of literature. Take one example out of hundreds, from Alison, who, better than any other English historian, with the exception of Hazlitt, appreciates the character of Napoleon. All admit that after every victory Napoleon pleaded for peace. How can this be reconciled with his alleged passion for war? "It had ever been," says Alison, "his policy to offer peace to his enemies during the first tumult and consternation of defeat; and more than once, by such well-timed advances, he had extricated himself from a position of the utmost peril." After the battle of Eylau, Napoleon wrote a generous and noble letter to Frederick William, offering, on terms most equitable and moderate, to make peace with Prussia, either singly or united with her allies. The fact no one can deny. And yet Alison allows himself to say, "*Amid these tardy and extorted expressions of moderation, the Emperor had nothing less at heart than to come to an accommodation.*" Still Alison is compelled to admit that Napoleon did make peace the very moment his enemies were willing to sheathe the sword, and that he did this on terms so favorable to his enemies as to excite the astonishment of the world. History is indeed recreant to her trust when, abandoning the broad highway of facts, she wanders in the crooked by-paths of hostile and ungenerous insinuations. Napoleon conducted nobly, magnanimously at Tilsit. Friend and foe should acknowledge it. The surmise that Napoleon hoped that Alexander would *toss in a sister to help balance the bargain*, can not command respect.

standing England's sovereignty of the seas, the genius of Napoleon had placed her in an unenviable position. The haughty bearing of that government had rendered England universally unpopular. Says Hazlitt, "As to the complaints urged by the French ruler against the encroachments, the insolence, and the rapacity of England, as a maritime power, nothing could be more just." Europe was now ready to combine to compel England to recognize the rights of other nations, and to sheathe her dripping sword. But proudly this majestic power, in her inaccessible domain, gathered her fleets around her, and bid defiance to the combined world.

On Napoleon's return journey, when he had arrived at Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, he wrote to Josephine:

"I reached this city last evening, at five o'clock, very well, though I had been in my carriage, without leaving it, one hundred hours. I am with the King of Saxony. I like him much. I have now traversed one half the distance which has separated us. It will happen that, one of these beautiful nights, I shall burst into St. Cloud like a jealous husband. I forewarn you of it. It will give me the most intense pleasure again to see you. Entirely thine,
NAPOLEON."

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, the cannon of the Invalides, reverberating through the metropolis, announced to the overjoyed Parisians the return of their emperor. With his accustomed disregard of all personal comfort, and his characteristic avoidance of all empty pomp, he had traveled through the night, and entered his capital, unannounced, at that early hour of the morning. The tidings of his arrival passed through the city like an electric flash. Spontaneous rejoicings filled all the streets. Napoleon had rescued France from the abyss of anarchy and want, and placed her upon the very pinnacle of prosperity and glory. Bourbonist and Democrat, friend and enemy, alike admitted this. As the day passed away, and the evening twilight faded, every window, by popular concert, blazed with illuminations. But Napoleon tarried not in the city to receive these congratulations. Without the delay of an hour he repaired to St. Cloud, where he assembled the ministers before him, and immediately entered upon business, as if he had just returned from a short tour for recreation.

The confidence of the public in the stability of Napoleon's power may be inferred from the rate of the public funds. The government five per cent. stock Napoleon found, when he ascended the consulship, worth but twelve dollars on the hundred. At his return from Friedland the same stocks were selling at ninety-three dollars on the hundred. As it was easy then to obtain, with good security, an interest of six or seven per cent., this high appreciation of the public funds proves the firmest confidence in the established government.

Before Napoleon left Paris to enter upon these campaigns, into which he was so reluctantly dragged, he addressed his ministers in the following solemn and emphatic appeal:

"I am innocent of this war. I have done nothing to provoke it. It did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my own seek-

ing. One of the principal reasons of the assurance I feel that my enemies will be destroyed is, that I view in their conduct the finger of Providence, who, willing that the guilty should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils, that when they intended to attack me in the moment of weakness, they selected the very instant when I was stronger than ever."

Before the battle of Jena, when Napoleon had so effectually outmaneuvered his enemies as to feel sure of victory, wishing to save the effusion of blood, he wrote to the King of Prussia :

"The success of my arms is not doubtful. Your troops will be beaten. But it will cost me the blood of my children. If that can be spared by any arrangement consistent with the dignity of my crown, I will do all that may depend upon myself. Excepting honor, nothing is so precious in my eyes as the blood of my soldiers."

After the utter and unparalleled overthrow of the Prussians upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, he concluded a bulletin with the following words : "It appears as if it were a decree of Providence that all those who have fomented this war should be cut off by the first blows which were struck."

Napoleon had now returned to Paris after a series of victories unparalleled in history. As has been stated, he immediately repaired to St. Cloud, and convened a council of his ministers. He had never before seemed so happy. Joy beamed from his countenance.

"We are now," said he, "sure of Continental peace. And as for maritime peace, we shall soon obtain that by the voluntary or the forced concurrence of all the Continental powers. Let us enjoy our greatness, and now turn traders and manufacturers. I have had enough of the trade of *General*. I shall now resume with you that of *First Minister*, and recommence my *great reviews of affairs*, which it is time to substitute for my *great reviews of armies*." The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, and by all the high dignitaries of state, repaired to the church of Nôtre Dame, where a *Te Deum* was chanted in solemn thanksgiving to God for the Peace of Tilsit.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POLITICAL VIEWS.

Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Jerome Bonaparte—Abolition of the Tribunate—Napoleon in Council—Care of the Children of deceased Officers and Soldiers—Far-sighted Policy—Report of the Minister of the Interior.

WITHOUT devoting a day to rest or to triumph, Napoleon immediately plunged, with all the energy of his ardent and incessantly active mind, into boundless plans for the promotion of the great interests of France. Carefully selected agents were dispatched to all the cabinets of Europe. Minute directions were given to each to secure the efficient co-operation of all those powers in the attempt to coerce England to peace, if she should refuse to accept the terms which Russia was commissioned to offer her. In this warfare it was not possible that there should be any neutrality. Those Continental powers which continued to open their ports for the reception of En-

English goods, were most efficiently aiding the belligerent and indomitable islanders. Those, on the contrary, who closed their ports against the manufactures of England, co-operated with the Allies in their great measure to disarm that hostile power. The Allies! But yesterday, guided by the genius of English diplomacy, they were combined against Napoleon. To-day, the genius of Napoleon has turned all their energies against his formidable rival. The rights of neutrals were by both parties entirely disregarded. England first assailed the rights of neutrals by prohibiting all commerce with France, or with the allies of France. Napoleon, immediately meeting wrong with wrong, prohibited all neutrals as well as his own subjects from buying any goods of the English.

Holland was almost exclusively a commercial country. Louis Bonaparte, a humane, kind-hearted, conscientious man, was more interested in the welfare of his own subjects than in the general welfare of Europe, consequently he was quite lax in enforcing the Continental system. Smuggling was very extensively practiced in his kingdom. Napoleon, in the following able and earnest terms, remonstrated with his brother :

“It is not to the present alone that sovereigns must accommodate their policy. The future must also be the object of their consideration. What is at this moment the situation of Europe? On one side, England, who possesses, by her *sole* exertions, a dominion to which the whole world has hitherto been compelled to submit. On the other side, the French empire and the Continental states, which, strengthened by the union of their powers, can not acquiesce in this supremacy exercised by England. Those states had also their colonies and a maritime trade. They possess an extent of coast much greater than England; but they have become disunited, and England has attacked the naval power of each separately. England has triumphed on every sea, and all navies have been destroyed. Russia, Sweden, France, and Spain, which possess such ample means for having ships and sailors, dare not venture to send a squadron out of their ports.

“I wish for peace. I wish to obtain it by every means compatible with the dignity of the power of France—at the expense of every sacrifice which our national honor can allow. Every day I feel more and more that peace is necessary. The sovereigns of the Continent are as anxious for peace as I am. I feel no *passionate prejudice* against England. I bear her no *insurmountable hatred*. She has followed against me a system of repulsion. I have adopted against her the Continental system, not so much from a jealousy of ambition, as my enemies suppose, but in order to reduce England to the necessity of adjusting our differences. Let England be rich and prosperous. It is no concern of mine, provided France and her allies enjoy the same advantages.

“The Continental system has, therefore, no other object than to advance the moment when the public rights of Europe and of the French empire will be definitely established. The sovereigns of the North observe and enforce strictly the system of prohibition, and their trade has been greatly benefited by it. The manufactures of Prussia may now compete with ours. You are aware that France, and the whole extent of coasts which now forms part of the empire, from the Gulf of Lyons to the extremity of the Adriatic,

are strictly closed against the produce of foreign industry. I am about to adopt a measure with respect to the affairs of Spain, the result of which will be to wrest Portugal from England, and subject all the coasts of Spain, on both seas, to the influence of the policy of France. The coasts of the whole of Europe will then be closed against England, with the exception of those of Turkey, which I do not care about, as the Turks do not trade with Europe.

“Do you not perceive, from this statement, the fatal consequences that would result from the facilities given by Holland to the English for the introduction of their goods on the Continent? They would enable England to levy upon us the subsidies which she would afterward offer to other powers to fight against us. Your majesty is as much interested as I am to guard against the crafty policy of the English cabinet. A few years more, and England will wish for peace as much as we do. Observe the situation of your kingdom, and you will see that the system I allude to is more useful to yourself than it is to me. Holland is a maritime and commercial power. She possesses fine sea-ports, fleets, sailors, skillful commanders, and colonies which do not cost any thing to the mother country. Her inhabitants understand trade as well as the English. Has not Holland, therefore, an interest in defending all these advantages? May not peace restore her to the position she formerly held? Granted that her situation may be painful for a few years; but is not this preferable to making the King of Holland a mere governor for England, and Holland and her colonies a vassal of Great Britain? Yet the protection which you would afford to English commerce would lead to that result. The examples of Sicily and Portugal are still before your eyes.

“Await the result of the progress of time. You want to sell your gins, and England wants to buy them. Point out the place where the English smugglers may come and fetch them; but let them pay for them in money, and never in goods—*positively never!* Peace must at last be made. You will then make a treaty of commerce with England. I may, perhaps, also make one with her, but in which our mutual interests shall be reciprocally guaranteed. If we must allow England to exercise a kind of supremacy on the sea—a supremacy which she will have purchased at the expense of her treasures and of her blood, and which is the natural consequence of her geographical position—of her possessions in the three other quarters of the globe—at least our flags will be at liberty to appear on the ocean without being exposed to insult, and our maritime trade will cease to be ruinous. For the present, we must direct our efforts toward preventing England from interfering in the affairs of the Continent.”

It will be remembered that Napoleon had placed two Spanish princes over the kingdom of Etruria. The king, an idle, dissolute, weak-minded man, soon died. The Queen of Etruria, daughter of the King of Spain, now reigned as regent for her son. She was a feeble and a careless woman. She could neither appreciate nor comprehend the Continental system which Napoleon was determined to have enforced. The English traded as freely at Leghorn as in the ports of their own country. Their goods, thus entered, were scattered widely over the Continent. Napoleon ordered Eugene to draft an

army of 4000 men, and, rapidly crossing the Apennines, to fall upon Leghorn and capture all property belonging to the enemy. He was then to fortify Leghorn against any attack from the English, and to enforce the Berlin decree. This was an act of despotism. Napoleon asserted, in defense, that the world demanded peace; that England, mistress of all seas, could not be conquered by force of arms; that the only influence which could be brought to bear upon England to induce her to consent to peace, was to strike at her trade. To accomplish this, Europe was ready to combine. It seemed to him preposterous that a frivolous and foolish woman, nominally governing the petty kingdom of Etruria, should be a fatal obstacle to the success of a plan of such grandeur.

Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, was at that time a wild, thoughtless, kind-hearted young man about twenty-one years of age. His extravagance and his frivolous dissipation greatly displeased his imperial brother. He had been appointed to the command of a small sloop of war. Napoleon was in the habit of calling him *that little miscreant*. At one time, when Jerome wrote for more money, Napoleon replied:

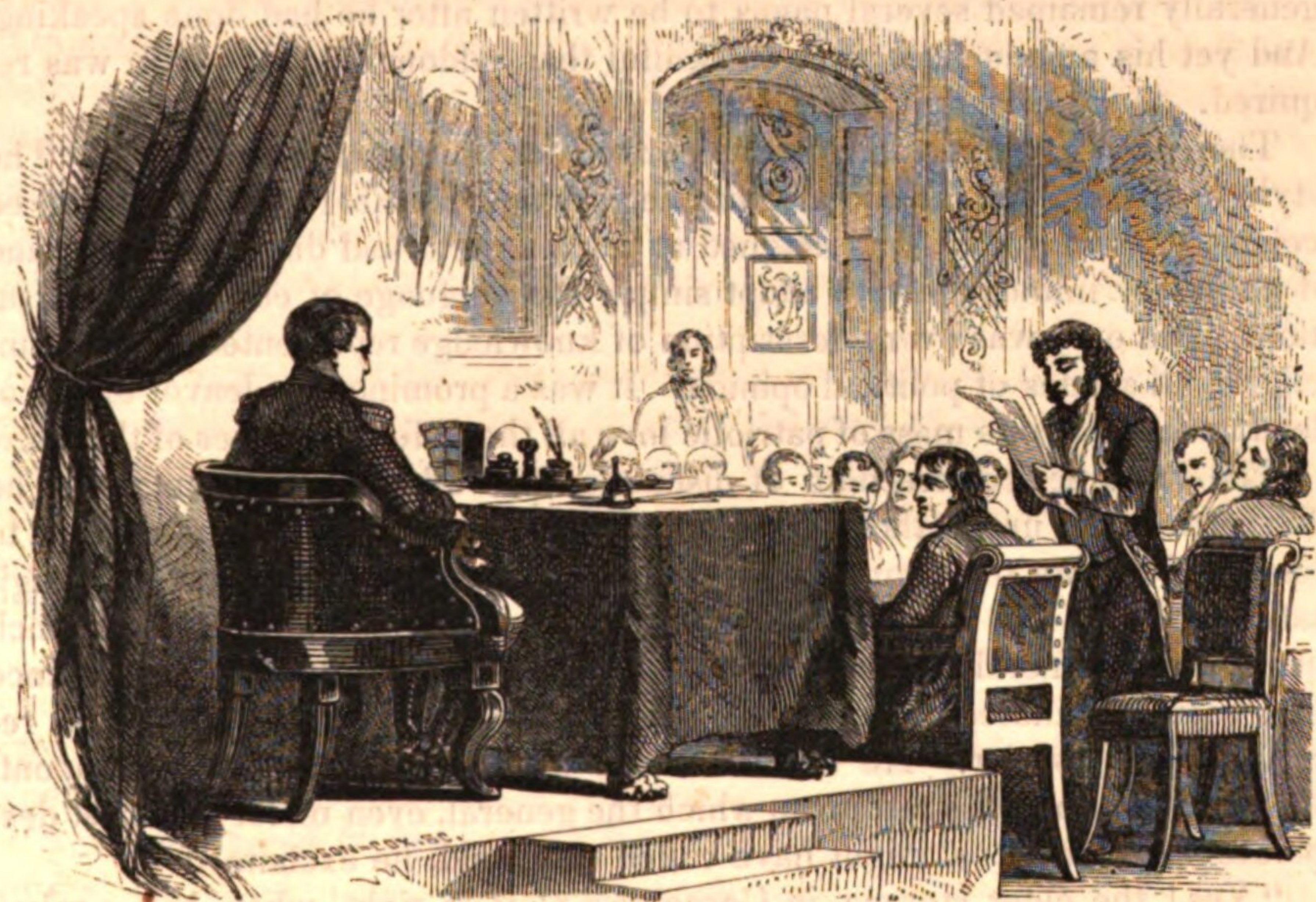
"I have seen your letter, *Mr. Naval Ensign*, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you an honorable memory, you had better never have been born."

Jerome, in one of his cruises, landed in New York. He there met and married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a very beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore. Napoleon was founding a new dynasty. By the laws of France, this marriage, without the consent of the government, of a French prince, to whose heirs the imperial crown might descend, was null. It was deemed essential to the interests of France that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which would strengthen their power. Napoleon consequently refused to recognize this marriage, or to allow the youthful bride of his brother to land in France. Madame Bonaparte, in sorrow, returned to Baltimore with her youthful son. Jerome accepted the hand of the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, and was appointed by Napoleon King of Westphalia. His son is now heir to the empire of France, should Louis Napoleon die without issue.

It will be remembered that the French government was composed of three houses, the Senate, the Tribune, and the legislative body. Napoleon resolved to simplify the cumbrous machinery, by blending into one body the functions and the persons of the Tribune and the Legislature. "It is certain," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "that the Tribune was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million. I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against the violation of the law; but I was strong. I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer. This at least is certain, that I did all for the best. I should, on the contrary, have created the Tribune, had I been hypocritical or evil-disposed; for who can doubt that it would have adopted and sanctioned, when necessary, my views and intentions? But that is what

I never sought after in the whole course of my administration. I never purchased any vote or decision by promises, money, or places."

The Council of State, or cabinet, Napoleon formed with the greatest care. In this body he collected for his assistance the most able men in every department of government, wherever he could find them. The council was divided into sections to report upon literature, science, legislation, civil, military, naval, and ecclesiastical affairs. The moment a new province was added to the empire, Napoleon sought from it the most distinguished men with whom to enrich his council. Genoa, Florence, Turin, Holland, furnished men so brilliant for talents that they survived the downfall of their master, and, upon their return to their own countries, were appointed to high stations by their respective sovereigns.



NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

The meetings of the council were usually held in the palace of the Tuileries, or, if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. The Emperor generally presided in person. His seat was a common mahogany chair, raised one foot above the floor, at the head of several long tables where the counselors of state were seated. At times Napoleon would drop his head upon his bosom and sink into a profound reverie, apparently unconscious of the languishing discussion. At other times the whole body was electrified by the brilliancy and the intense activity of his mind. Sometimes he gave notice of his intention to be present. Again he appeared unexpectedly. The roll of the drum on the stairs of the Tuileries gave the first intimation of his approach. The Emperor's seat always remained in its place. When he was absent, the High Chancellor presided, occupying a chair by the side of the vacant seat. The moment business commenced the key was turned, and no loiterer could then obtain admittance.

No matter how long the sittings, the mind of the Emperor never seemed fatigued. He often kept the council at St. Cloud in session from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, with an intermission of but a quarter of an hour for refreshments. He sometimes presided at a meeting of the sections in the Tuileries from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. He then took a bath, and was ready to commence work as vigorous as ever. "One hour," said Napoleon, "in the bath, is worth, to me, four hours of sleep." He expected from others mental activity in some degree corresponding with his own. If a report was to be drawn up, it was ordered for the next morning. If one of the council was charged with proposing a law to the Legislature, he often had not two hours to arrange the matter and to prepare his speech: The Emperor dictated with such rapidity that there generally remained several pages to be written after he had done speaking. And yet his amanuenses were so skillful that seldom any alteration was required.

There was no opportunity in the council for the pomp of eloquence. The style of speech was laconic and simple. A new member, who had acquired celebrity as an orator, was laughed at for his rhetorical display. He found it necessary immediately to adopt simply the language of earnest conversation. Not only was every description of knowledge represented in the council, but all shades of political opinion. It was a prominent endeavor of Napoleon to fuse into one mass of patriotic love all the different parties of the state.

The most perfect freedom of discussion prevailed in the council. The Emperor often urged those persons to speak whose opinions he desired to learn. One day the Emperor entered the council in a state of intense agitation. News had arrived of the surrender to the Spaniards of the French army under General Dupont. It was the first time that the eagles of France had been humiliated. Napoleon's voice trembled with emotion as he recounted the disaster. He was extremely displeased with General Dupont. As he dwelt upon the resources which the general, even under the most desperate circumstances, might have called to his aid, he exclaimed,

"Yes! the elder Horace, in Corneille's play, is right, when, being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, '*He might have died; or he might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.*' Little," continued Napoleon, "do they know of human nature who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation by that which follows."

On one occasion, General Gassendi, an old artillery comrade of the Emperor, was advocating some rather visionary views of political economy.

"Where, my dear general," said Napoleon, ironically, "did you gain all this knowledge?"

The blunt soldier, a little irritated, exclaimed, "From you, sire, I have borrowed my principles."

"What do you say?" replied the Emperor, with warmth; "from me! I have always thought that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the chimeras of political economists would grind it to powder. No, general! you must have fallen asleep in your office and dreamed all this."

"Fall asleep in our offices!" exclaimed the privileged soldier. "No, sire,

I defy any one to do that. Your majesty torments us too much with hard work to allow of any repose."

A general burst of laughter followed this retort, in which the Emperor heartily joined.

A woman had three times been tried for a capital offense, and each time acquitted. Through some informality in the proceedings, a fourth trial was still demanded. Napoleon claimed for the poor woman the immunity which in justice she ought to have obtained. Alone he contended against the whole Council of State. It was declared that the Emperor possessed the power of pardon, but that the law was inflexible and must take its course. "Gentlemen," Napoleon replied, "the decision here goes by the majority. I remain alone, and must yield. But I declare in my conscience that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

On another occasion, in the ardor of debate, the Emperor was three times interrupted in giving his opinion. Turning to the individual who had thus transgressed, he exclaimed, in a severe tone, "I have not yet done, sir. I beg that you will allow me to continue. I believe that every one here has a right to express his sentiments." This reply struck the whole body so comically as to produce a general laugh, in which the Emperor himself very good-naturedly joined.

Napoleon manifested the most unremitted attention to the wants of his wounded soldiers, and provided, with truly paternal affection, for the children of those who had fallen on the field of battle. He was continually revolving in his grateful mind what he could do for those who, through toils and sufferings incredible, had been so true to him. At one time he proposed to the Council of State that, in future, all vacant situations in the customs, and in the collection of the revenue and the excise, should be given to wounded soldiers, or to veterans capable of filling those offices, from the private up to the highest rank in the army. The plan was very coldly received. Napoleon urged a free expression of opinion.

"Sire," answered M. Maluet, "I fear that the other classes of the nation will feel aggrieved in seeing the army preferred."

"Sir," the Emperor replied, "you make a distinction where none exists. The army no longer forms a separate class in the nation. In the situation in which we are now placed, no member of the state is exempt from being a soldier. To follow a military career is no longer a matter of choice. It is one of necessity. The greatest number of those who are engaged in that career have been compelled to abandon their own professions. It is therefore just that they should receive some compensation."

"But will it not be inferred," said M. Maluet, "that your majesty intends that, in future, almost all vacant situations shall be given to soldiers?"

"And such, indeed, is my intention," the Emperor replied. "The only question is whether I have the right to do so. The Constitution gives me the nomination to all places. I think it a principle of strict equity that those who have suffered most have the greatest claims to be indemnified." Then, raising his voice, he added, "Gentlemen, war is not a profession of ease and comfort. Quietly seated on your benches here, you know it only by reading our bulletins, or by hearing of our triumphs. You know nothing of our

nightly watches, our forced marches, the sufferings and privations of every kind to which we are exposed. But I do know them, for I witness them, and sometimes share them." Though the Emperor was deeply interested in the passing of this decree, and defended it in its most minute details, he yielded to the opposition and abandoned the plan.

Napoleon had adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers who fell at Austerlitz. In consequence of this adoption they were all authorized to add *Napoleon* to their names. One of these young men happened, on a certain occasion, to attract the especial attention of the Emperor. Napoleon asked him what profession he would choose, and, without waiting for an answer, pointed out one himself. The young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it. "What has that to do with the question?" replied the Emperor. "Am not I also your father?" The pulsations of Napoleon's generous heart were as gigantic as were the energies of his imperial mind.

The Emperor wished to establish a military classification of the whole empire, as a measure of national defense. The first class, which was to consist of young men, was to march as far as the frontiers. The second, which was to be composed of middle-aged and married men, was not to quit the department to which it belonged. The third, consisting of men advanced in years, was to be kept solely for the defense of the town in which it had been raised. During a discussion of the above subject, the Emperor spoke in very emphatic terms, urging the importance of this measure. His piercing eye seemed to penetrate futurity, and to anticipate the hour of national peril which soon arrived. One of the members of the cabinet, in a very circumlocutory style, expressed his disapproval of this plan of organization. The Emperor immediately exclaimed, "Speak, boldly, sir. Do not mutilate your ideas. Say what you have to say freely. We are here by ourselves."

The speaker then declared "that the measure was calculated to inspire general alarm. That every individual trembled to find himself classed in the divisions of the national guard, being persuaded that under the pretext of internal defense, the object was to remove the guards from the country."

"Very good," said the Emperor; "I now understand you. But, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the members of the council, "you are all fathers of families, possessing ample fortunes, and filling important posts. You must necessarily have numerous dependents; and you must either be very maladroit or very indifferent if, with all these advantages, you do not exercise a great influence on public opinion. Now how happens it that you, who know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known by others? When did you ever know me to employ deception and fraud in my system of government? I am not timid. I therefore am not accustomed to resort to indirect measures. My fault is, perhaps, to express myself too abruptly, too laconically. I merely pronounce the word, I order; and with regard to forms and details, I trust to the intermediate agents who execute my intentions; and heaven knows whether on this point I have any great reason to congratulate myself. If, therefore, I wanted troops, I should boldly demand them of the Senate, who would levy them for me; or, if I could not obtain them from the Senate, I should address myself to the people, and

you would see them eagerly march to join my ranks. Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, the whole of the French people love and respect me. Their good sense is superior to the malignant reports of my enemies. The French people know no benefactor but me. Through me they fearlessly enjoy all that they have acquired. Through me they behold their brothers and sons indiscriminately promoted, honored, and enriched. Through me they find their hands constantly employed, and their labor accompanied by its due reward. They have never had occasion to accuse me of injustice or prepossession. Now the people see, feel, and comprehend all this. Be assured, then, that the people of France will always conform to the plans which we propose for their welfare.

“Do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the supposed opposition which has just been alluded to. It exists only in the saloons of Paris, and by no means in the great body of the nation. In this plan, I solemnly declare I have no ulterior view of sending the national guard abroad. My thoughts, at this moment, are solely occupied in adopting measures at home for the safety, repose, and stability of France. Proceed, then, to embody the national guard, that each citizen may know his post in the hour of need; that even M. Cambacères yonder may shoulder a musket, should our danger require him so to do. We shall thus have a nation built of stone and mortar, capable of resisting the attacks both of time and men.”



ARCH OF THE CARROUSEL.

The great works of public utility to which Napoleon now turned his energies are too numerous to be mentioned. Over forty thousand miles of high roads formed a vast network reticulating the empire. The monumental routes of the Simplon, Mont Cenis, and Mont Genevre were urged to their completion. Fourteen bridges were built, some of which are still regarded as among the grandest monuments in Europe. Two majestic canals were dug, opening all France to artificial navigation. The amazing works constructed at Antwerp still attract the admiration of the world. All the fortresses of the empire were carefully examined and repaired. Thirty fountains, flowing day and night, embellished Paris. Thousands of laborers reared, as if by magic, the triumphal arches of the Carrousel and the Etoile. The



ARCH DE L'ÉTOILE.

column in the Place Vendôme, the exquisite temple of the Madeleine, the façade of the Legislative Hall, the Palace of the New Exchange, are all from the hand of Napoleon.

France was never before in such a state of activity and prosperity. Per

fect tranquillity pervaded the empire. The popularity of Napoleon was boundless. England prohibited all commerce upon the seas. The genius of the Emperor opened a new world of commerce upon the land. The roads were crowded with wagons, and the canals were covered with boats laden with the richest merchandise.

The following candid admissions of Sir Archibald Alison, as he quotes the Report of the Minister of the Interior, will show that the above statements are not exaggerated.

“And these works, undertaken under the imperial government, were really such as to justify the enthusiastic admiration of a people even less passionately devoted than the French to public splendor. They were thus noticed in the Report of the Minister of the Interior in August, 1807, when Napoleon met the Chambers after his return from Tilsit, and, after making every allowance for the exaggerated style of such state papers, much remains to attract the admiration of succeeding ages, and demonstrate the great objects to which, in domestic administration, the ambition of the Emperor was directed.

“‘Thirteen thousand leagues of public roads,’ says the report of the minister, ‘have been kept in order or repaired; the two greatest works undertaken for centuries, the roads of Mont Cenis and of the Simplon, have, after six years of labor, been completed. The road from Spain to Italy is in progress; the Apennines are the theatre of a series of works which will unite Piedmont to the shores of the Mediterranean, and complete the union of Liguria to France; eighteen rivers have seen their navigation improved, or prolonged beyond hitherto impassable barriers, by means of locks, dikes, or towing paths; four bridges have been erected during the last campaign; ten others are in full progress; ten canals, almost all commenced during the present reign, are in full activity. Nor do the maritime harbors offer fewer prodigies. Antwerp, so recently insignificant, has become the centre of our great maritime preparations; for the first time, that part of the Scheldt sees vessels of seventy-four and eighty guns floating on its bosom; fourteen ships of the line are on the stocks within its walls; many are finished, and have descended to Flushing; that harbor has seen its docks deepened, its entrance improved, and it is already capable of containing a squadron. At Dunkirk and Calais piers have been constructed. At Cherbourg two vast breakwaters are erected. At Rochefort and Marseilles equally important maritime improvements are in progress. The existence of our cotton manufactures being secured, investigations are in progress for the discovery of places suited to the culture of that important article. The improvement of the linen fabrics has been the object of constant solicitude. Veterinary schools have been established, and have filled the army and the fields with skillful practitioners. A code is preparing for the regulation of commerce. The school of arts and mechanics at Compeigne flourishes, and has been transferred to Chalons; others, on a similar plan, are in the course of formation. Italy opens an extensive mart for our industry. The war, changed into a contest for commercial independence, has become the greatest stimulant to French industry. Every one of our conquests, while it is a market closed to England, is a new encouragement afforded to French enterprise. Nor has

the capital of this great empire been neglected. It is the emperor's wish that that illustrious city, become the first in the universe, should befit by its splendor so glorious a destiny. At one extremity of Paris a bridge has been completed, to which victory has given the name of Austerlitz. At another, a second is commencing, to which Jena will afford a more glorious appellation. The Louvre advances to its completion, marking, in its matured progress through centuries, the successive ages of Francis I., of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., restored to life by the voice of Napoleon. Fountains without number flow night and day in all parts of the city, testifying, even to the humblest classes, the care which the Emperor bestows on their most trifling accommodation. Two triumphal arches are already erected or founded, one in the centre of the palace inhabited by the Genius of Victory, the other at the extremity of the most beautiful avenue of the finest city in the world. The tomb of Desaix has been erected on the summit of the Alps, whose rugged precipices are not less startled at the monument of our perfection in the arts, than they were by the passage of the artillery drawn by the arms of valor. The fine arts in France are occupied almost entirely in tracing on marble and canvas the glorious exploits of our armies, while the mind of the Emperor, ever meditating fresh triumphs, has selected for his antagonist the Demon of Ignorance, and by the establishment of twelve colleges for the study of law, and gratuitous schools for the study of medicine in all the principal cities of the empire, has laid the foundation for the extension of general knowledge in the most essential subjects of general instruction."

"When the French people," says Alison, "saw this magnificent announcement of internal improvement, contemporaneous with the official promulgation of the treaty of Tilsit, the conquest of Prussia, the restoration of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the erection of the Kingdom of Westphalia, it is not surprising that they were dazzled by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and yielded to the pleasing illusion that the Revolution, nursed in violence and baptized in blood, was to set amid a blaze of unprecedented glory."

Where is there another monarch to be found who has shown such total disregard for personal luxury, and such entire devotion to the prosperity of his country? The French, who knew Napoleon, loved him; and as his true character becomes known throughout the world, he will be loved by every generous heart in every land.



ST. CLOUD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

Untiring Industry of Napoleon—Letter to the Minister of the Interior—The Secretary—Meeting of the Institute—Expenditures for the Improvement of the City of Paris—The Code Napoleon—The Writings of the Emperor—The Painting by David—Plans for establishing a Democratic Aristocracy—Calumniation of Napoleon—Goldsmith's Life of the Emperor.

THE amount of intellectual labor which Napoleon performed seems actually superhuman. No other man has ever approached him in this respect. His correspondence, preserved in the archives of Paris, would amount to many hundred volumes. His genius illumines every subject upon which he

treats. The whole expanse of human knowledge seemed familiar to him. He treats of war, government, legislation, education, finance, political economy, theology, philosophy, engineering — every subject which can interest the human mind, and he is alike great in all. Notwithstanding the constant and terrible wars through which his banded foes compelled him to struggle, and all the cares of an empire which at times seemed to embrace the whole of Europe, during the twenty years of his reign he wrote or dictated more than the united works of Lope da Vega, Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott, three of the most voluminous writers of Spain, France, and England. His confidential correspondence with the Directory, during the two years from 1796 to 1798, which was published in Paris in 1819, amounts to seven large, closely-printed volumes. The following letter will be read with interest, as a specimen of his correspondence with his ministers. It strikingly shows his lofty spirit, his noble ambition, his expanded views, his practical wisdom, and the blended familiarity and elevation of tone with which he addressed his ministers :

“Fontainebleau, November 14, 1807.

“Monsieur Cretet, Minister of the Interior,—You have received the imperial decree by which I have authorized the sinking fund to lend 1,600,000 dollars to the city of Paris. I suppose that you are employed in taking measures which may bring these works to a speedy conclusion, and may augment the revenues of the city. In these works there are some which will not be very productive, but are merely for ornament. There are others, such as galleries over the markets, the slaughter-houses, &c., which will be very productive ; but to make them so will require activity. The shops for which I have granted you funds are not yet commenced. I suppose you have taken up the funds destined for the fountains, and that you have employed them provisionally for the machine at Marly. Carry on the whole with spirit. This system of advancing money to the city of Paris to augment its branches of revenue, is also intended to contribute to its embellishment. My intention is to extend it to other departments.

“I have many canals to make : that from Dijon to Paris ; that from the Rhine to the Saône ; and that from the Rhine to the Scheldt. These three canals can be carried on as vigorously as could be wished. My intention is, independently of the funds which are granted from the revenues of the state, to seek extraordinary funds for the three canals. For this purpose I should like to sell the canals of St. Quentin, the produce of which might be employed to expedite the works of the canal of Burgundy. In fact, I would sell even the canal of Languedoc, and apply the proceeds to the construction of the canal from the Rhine to the Saône. I suppose that the canal of St. Quentin might be sold for 1,600,000 dollars ; that of Loing for as much ; and the canal of Languedoc for more. There would then be 6,000,000 dollars procured immediately, which I should employ in carrying on the three great canals with all possible rapidity. I have the money. The state will lose nothing ; on the contrary, it will gain ; since, if it loses the revenues of the canals of Loing, St. Quentin, and that of the south, it will gain the product of the canals of the Scheldt, Napoleon, and Burgundy.

“When these works are completed, if circumstances permit, I shall sell these in order to make others. Thus my object is to pursue a directly opposite course to that of England. In England, a charter would have been granted for constructing the canal of Quentin, and the work would have been left to capitalists. I have, on the contrary, begun by constructing the canal of St. Quentin. It has cost, I believe, 1,600,000 dollars; it will produce 100,000 dollars annually. I shall then lose nothing by selling it to a company for what it has cost me, since with this money I shall construct other canals. Make me, I beg of you, a report upon this subject, otherwise we shall die without seeing these canals navigated. In fact, it is six years since the canal of St. Quentin was begun, and it is not yet finished. Now these canals are of much more importance. The expense of that of Burgundy is estimated at six millions. What can be expended from the general funds of the state does not exceed 250,000 dollars yearly. The departments do not furnish more than 100,000 dollars. It would, then, require twenty years to finish this canal. What may not happen in this time? Wars and inefficient men will come, and the canals will remain unfinished.

“The canal from the Rhine to the Scheldt will also cost a large sum. The general funds of the state are not sufficient to carry them on as quickly as we could wish. The canal of Napoleon is in the same situation. Let me know how much it will be possible to expend yearly on each of these three canals. I suppose that, without injuring other works, we might allow to each yearly three or four millions, and that thus, in five or six years, we might see them all navigated. You will inform me how much the existing imposts will furnish for these three canals; how much I have granted for 1808; and the supplementary funds which I granted in 1806, for carrying on these works with the greatest activity. You will propose to me to sell the three canals already finished, and at what price it would be best to sell them. I take upon myself the charge of finding purchasers: then we shall have money in abundance. You must tell me, in your report, how much the three which I wish speedily to finish are estimated to cost, and compare it with the sums which the three old canals have cost that I wish to sell.

“You understand what I wish. My intention is to go beyond your report. Perhaps it will lead to opening a fund for public works, into which the proceeds of the navigation of the canals would be immediately thrown. We might thus grant to this the proceeds of the sale of the three canals, and of others besides, if there are any which can be sold. With this institution we should change the face of the country.

“I have made the glory of my reign to consist in changing the surface of the territory of my empire. The execution of these great works is as necessary to the interests of my people as to my own satisfaction. I attach equal importance and great glory to the suppression of mendicity. Funds are not wanting. But it seems to me that the work proceeds slowly, and meantime years are passing away. *We must not pass through this world without leaving traces which may commend our memory to posterity.*

“I am going to be absent for a month. Be ready on the 15th of December to answer all these questions, which you will have examined in detail, that I

may be able, by a general decree, to put the finishing blow to mendicity. You must find, before the 15th of December, in the reserved funds and the funds of the communes, the necessary means for the support of sixty or one hundred houses for the extirpation of beggary. The places where they shall be erected must be designated, and the regulations completed. Do not ask me for three or four months to obtain further instructions. You have young auditors, intelligent prefects, skillful engineers. Bring all into action, and do not sleep in the ordinary labors of the bureau. It is necessary, likewise, that, at the same time, all that relates to the administration of the public works should be completed, so that at the commencement of the fine season France may present the spectacle of a country without a single beggar, and where all the population may be in action to embellish and render productive our immense territory.

"You must also prepare for me all that is necessary respecting the measures to be taken for obtaining, from the draining of the marshes of Cottentin and Rochefort, money for supporting the fund for public works, and for finishing the drainings or preparing others.

"The winter evenings are long; fill your portfolios, that we may be able, during the evenings of these three months, to discuss the means for attaining great results. NAPOLEON."

At a meeting of the Privy Council, Napoleon appeared much incensed against one of his generals. He attacked him with great severity, asserting that his principles and opinions tended to the entire subversion of the state. A member of the council, who was a particular friend of the absent general, undertook his defense, stating that he lived quietly on his estate, without obtruding his opinions upon others, and that, consequently, they were productive of no ill effects. The Emperor vehemently commenced a reply, when suddenly he stopped short, and, turning to the defender of the absent, said, "But he is your friend, sir. You do right to defend him. I had forgotten it. Let us speak of something else."

M. Daru was at one time Secretary of State. He was distinguished for his indefatigable application to business. Napoleon said of him that "he labored like an ox, while he displayed the courage of a lion." On one occasion only were his energies ever known to fail. The Emperor called him at midnight to write from his dictation. M. Daru was so completely overcome by fatigue that he could scarcely hold his pen. At last nature triumphed, and he fell asleep over his paper. After enjoying a sound nap, he awoke, and to his amazement perceived the Emperor by his side, quietly engaged in writing. As he sat for a moment overwhelmed with confusion, his eyes met those of the Emperor.

"Well, sir," said Napoleon, with rather an ironical smile, "you see that I have been doing your work, since you would not do it yourself. I suppose that you have eaten a hearty supper and passed a pleasant evening. But business must not be neglected."

"I pass a pleasant evening, sire!" exclaimed M. Daru; "I have been for several nights closely engaged in work, without any sleep. Of this your majesty now sees the consequence. I am exceedingly sorry for it."



NAPOLEON AND HIS SECRETARY.

"Why did you not inform me of this?" said Napoleon; "I do not wish to kill you. Go to bed. Good-night, M. Daru."

Napoleon, conscious of the influence wielded by literary and scientific men, ever kept a watchful eye upon the meetings of the Institute. It was an invariable rule of this body, that a newly-elected member was to deliver a speech eulogistic of the member whom he was succeeding. M. Chateaubriand, a friend of the Bourbons, was succeeding M. Chenier, one of the judges of Louis XVI. Chateaubriand, trampling upon established courtesy, stigmatized the political principles of his predecessor, and proscribed him as a regicide. A scene of uproar immediately ensued, and a stormy and angry debate agitated the assembly. From the Institute the dispute spread rapidly through Paris. Old feuds were revived, and the most bitter animosities re-kindled. Napoleon ordered the speech to be shown to him, pronounced it extravagant in the extreme, and forbade its publication. One of the members of the Institute, who was also a prominent officer in the Emperor's household, had taken a lively part in the discussion, sustaining the views of M. Chateaubriand.

At the next levée, when a group of the most distinguished men of France was assembled around the Emperor, the offending officer made his appearance. Napoleon thus addressed him:

"How long is it, sir," said he, with the utmost severity, "since the Institute has presumed to assume the character of a political assembly? The province of the Institute is to produce poetry and to censure faults of language. Let it beware how it forsakes the domain of literature, or I shall take measures to bring it back within its limits. And is it possible that *you*, sir, have sanctioned such an intemperate harangue by your approbation? If M. de Chateaubriand is insane, or disposed to malevolence, a mad-house may cure him, or a punishment correct him. Yet it may be that the opinions he has advanced are conscientiously his own, and he is not obliged to surrender

them to my policy, which is unknown to him. But with you the case is totally different. *You* are constantly near my person. You are acquainted with all my acts. You know my will. There *may* be an excuse in M. de Chateaubriand's favor. There *can* be none in *yours*.

"Sir, I hold you guilty. I consider your conduct as criminal. It tends to bring us back to the days of disorder and confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Are we then banditti? And am I but a usurper? Sir, I did not ascend the throne by hurling another from it. I found the crown. It had fallen. I snatched it up, and the nation placed it on my head. Respect the nation's act. To submit facts that have recently occurred to public discussion in the present circumstances, is to court fresh convulsions, and to become an enemy to the public tranquillity. The restoration of monarchy is veiled in mystery, and must remain so. Wherefore then, I pray, this new proposed proscription of members of the Convention and of regicides? Why are subjects of so delicate a nature again brought to light? To God alone it must belong to pronounce upon what is no longer within the reach of the judgment of men! Have I then lost the fruit of all my care? Have all my efforts been of so little avail, that as soon as my presence no longer restrains you, you are quite ready once more to bathe in each other's blood?"

"Alas! poor France!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "long yet wilt thou need the guardian's care. I have done all in my power to quell your dissensions. To unite all parties has been the constant object of my solicitude. I have made all meet under the same roof, sit at the same board, and drink of the same cup. I have a right to expect that you will second my endeavors. Since I have taken the reins of government, have I ever inquired into the lives, actions, opinions, or writings of any one? Imitate my forbearance. I have ever had but one aim. I have ever asked but this one question, 'Will you sincerely assist me in promoting the true interest of France?' All those who have answered affirmatively have been placed by me in a straight road, cased in a rock, and without issue on either side. Through this I have urged them on to the other extremity, where my finger pointed to the honor, the glory, and the splendor of France."

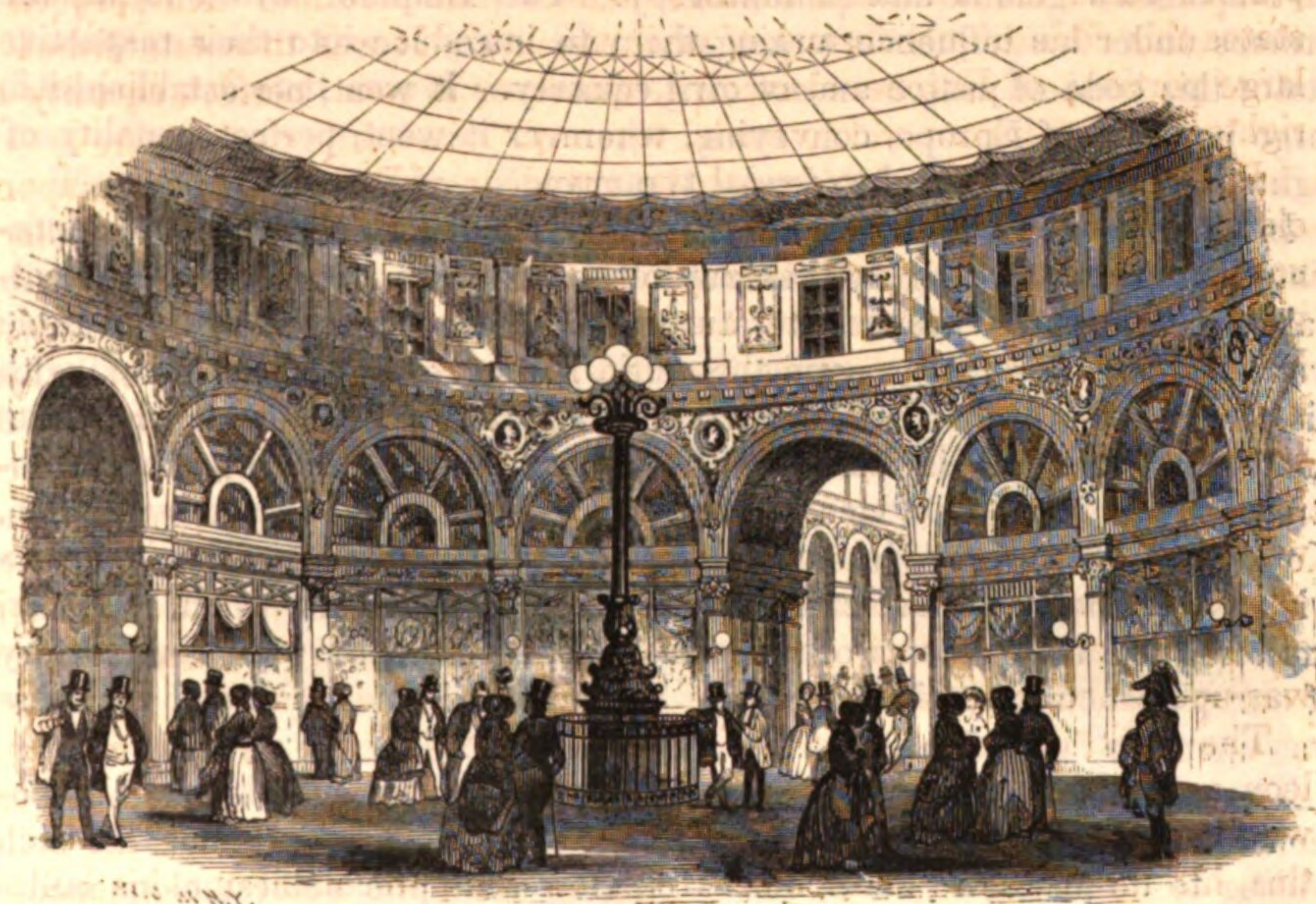
This reprimand was so severe, that the person to whom it was addressed, a man of honor and delicate feelings, determined to ask an audience the next day, in order to tender his resignation. He was admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who immediately said to him,

"My dear sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday. You felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so. But it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person. If it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance. Think no more about it."

Napoleon introduced this year into the financial department the most rigid system of accounts by double entry. The decree requiring this is in force to the present day. It has rendered the French system of accounts the most sure, the most accurate, and the most clear of any in Europe.

In one of the meetings of the council, Napoleon proposed that long galleries, or rather streets, covered with glass, for pedestrians only, should be constructed, to shelter buyers and sellers from the vicissitudes of the weather.

This was the origin of those brilliant Passages, where every visitor to Paris loiters away so many pleasant hours. Forty slaughter-houses had deformed Paris, filling the air with pestilent odors, and paining the eye with the revolting necessities of the shambles. At the suggestion of Napoleon they were all removed. Four large and peculiarly appropriate houses were constructed for these purposes outside of the city, and near the four principal entrances to the metropolis.



THE PASSAGES.

The generals and the soldiers who had endured such wasting fatigue, and who had achieved such herculean enterprises for France, were most magnificently rewarded. Besides their regular pay, nearly four millions of dollars were expended in gifts, as an expression of gratitude. A handsome annuity was settled upon every wounded soldier. Napoleon seemed never weary in lavishing favors upon those who, in the fields of blood, had defended and established the independence of France.

He was magnificent in his provision for others. He was simple, frugal, economical in the highest degree, in every thing which related to himself. With an eagle eye, he guarded against the slightest misapplication of the public funds.

The adopted mother of Josephine having died at Martinique, he directed that the negroes and negresses who had served her should be made free, and placed in a condition of comfort for the rest of their lives. He ordered the number of Christian chapels to be increased to 30,000, that the benefits of divine service might be extended to every village in the empire. He endowed several theological seminaries to encourage suitable persons to enter the priesthood.

The nation insisted that the civic code, which had become the crowning glory of France, should be called the Code Napoleon.

"Assuredly," says Thiers, "if ever title was merited, it was this; for that code was as much the work of Napoleon as were the victories of Austerlitz and of Jena. He had soldiers who lent him their arms. He had lawyers who lent him their knowledge. But to the force of his will, to the soundness of his judgment, was owing the completion of that great work."

It will remain through all time a memorial, which never can be sullied, of Napoleon's genius and philanthropy. The Emperor wrote to all the princes under his influence, urging them to introduce into their respective states this code of justice and of civil equality. It was thus established in large portions of Europe, conveying, wherever it went, perfect equality of rights, and putting an end to feudal tyranny.

In his intense desire to promote the grandeur of France, Napoleon appreciated, perhaps more highly than any other sovereign, the glory of intellectual achievements. Science, literature, arts, he encouraged in every possible way. He was the first general the world has ever known who united with his army a literary and scientific corps, to extend the bounds of human knowledge. Under his fostering care, Lagrange gave a new power to abstract calculation. La Place, striding beyond the limits attained by Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, rendered his name as immortal as those celestial bodies whose movements he had calculated with such sublime precision. Cuvier, exploring the mausoleums of past creations, revealed the wondrous history of our planet, when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The world is destined to be as much astonished by the writings of Napoleon as it has been by his deeds. Neither Bourbon nor Orleanist has been willing to do justice to his fame. His letters, his proclamations, his bulletins, his instructions to his ministers, glow with the noblest eloquence of genius. They will soon be given to the world; and they will disperse much of that mist of calumny and detraction which have so long sullied his renown. No one can peruse the papers of this extraordinary man without admiring the majesty of his all-comprehensive mind. The clearness, the precision, the fervor, the imperious demonstration, and the noble simplicity which are impressed upon all of his utterances, give him a place in the foremost ranks of science, of literature, and of eloquence.

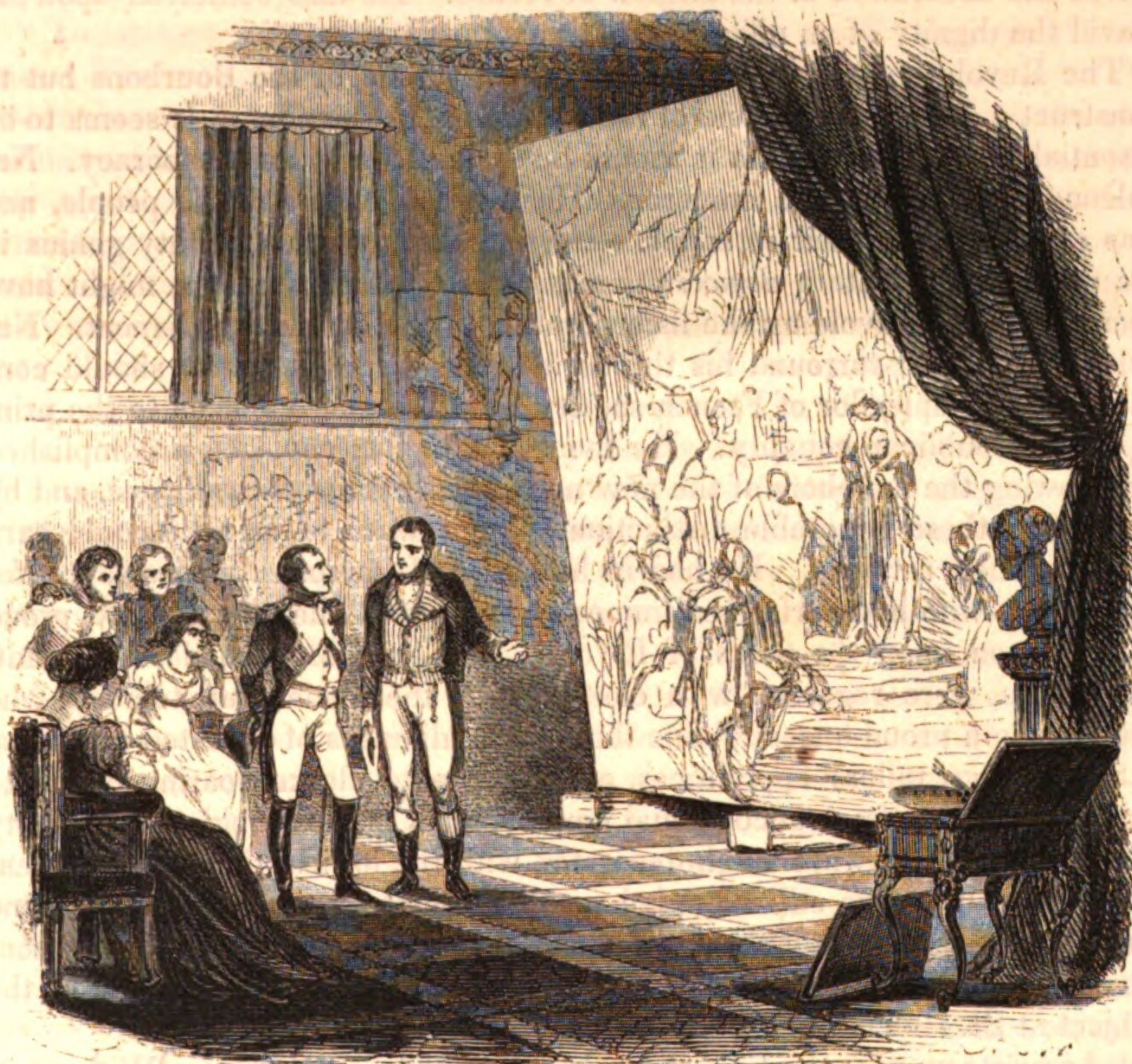
"Singular destiny," exclaims Thiers, after perusing volumes of manuscripts from his pen, "of that prodigious man, to be the *greatest writer* of his time, while he was its *greatest captain*, its *greatest legislator*, its *greatest administrator*."

Every man of refined genius admires the classical productions of the scholars of Greece and Rome. Napoleon, from a natural appreciation of the beautiful, strove to create an enthusiasm for classical studies in the university. There is an element of melancholy which pervades every noble mind. Amid the mausoleums of dead empires such spirits love to linger. The utilitarianism of Napoleon was beautifully blended with the highest poetic sensibility. The sun, which ripens the corn, and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

To encourage exertion, and to rescue merit from hostile or unjust detraction, Napoleon had classes of the Institute organized to give an impartial report upon the progress of literature, the arts, and the sciences. These reports were read to the Emperor in the presence of the Council of State, and munificent rewards were conferred upon the deserving. When the reading of the first report was finished, Napoleon said to the deputies of the Institute,

"Gentlemen, if the French language is become a universal language, it is to the men of genius who have sat, or who still sit among you, that we are indebted for this. I attach a value to the success of your labors. They tend to enlighten my people. They are essential to the glory of my crown. I have heard with satisfaction the report you have just made to me. You may rely on my protection."

The approbation of the Emperor was the highest reward which genius could receive. Desirous of giving an impulse to the arts of design, he visited, with Josephine and a brilliant assemblage of his court, the studio of the



NAPOLEON IN THE STUDIO OF DAVID.

painter David. This distinguished artist had just completed the picture of the Coronation. He had selected the moment when the Emperor was placing the crown upon the brow of the Empress. The painting had been criticised as rather representing the coronation of Josephine than that of Napoleon. The Emperor contemplated for a few moments in silence the impressive

scene which the pencil of the artist had so vividly delineated ; then turning to the painter, he said,

“ Monsieur David, this is well—very well indeed. The Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight. I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying toward the Empress.” Then advancing two steps, and turning toward the painter, he uncovered his head, and, bowing profoundly, said, “ Monsieur David, I salute you.”

“ Sire,” replied the painter, with admirable tact, “ I receive the compliment of the Emperor in the name of all the artists in the empire. I am happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor.”

This painting was afterward suspended in the grand museum of the Louvre. Napoleon, in a second visit, met by appointment M. David and all his pupils. He conferred upon those young artists who had distinguished themselves the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He also conferred upon M. David the dignity of an officer in that honorary corps.

The Revolution had destroyed the feudal throne of the Bourbons but to construct a democratic throne of vastly surpassing splendor. It seems to be essential to a monarchy that it should be surrounded by an aristocracy. Napoleon was a democratic emperor. He was the choice of the people, and was ever studying their interests. He now displayed his mighty genius in the attempt to create a *democratic aristocracy*. This, perhaps, might have been possible, by avoiding the incorporation of the hereditary element. Napoleon wished to surround his throne with great families, who should contribute to the splendor of French society without doing violence to the principles of republican equality. He thought that this could be accomplished by allowing the members of the new nobility no exclusive privileges, and by presenting these honorable distinctions as a reward to all who could earn them by their services. He had at his disposal immortal names to confer upon those who had performed immortal exploits. The new nobility, proud of titles won upon the fields of Rivoli, Castiglione, Montebello, Auerstadt, and Eylau, were regarded with contempt by the ancient aristocracy, who could trace a proud ancestral line through the dimness of departed centuries.

Stable-boys, tailors' apprentices, and merchants' clerks, soaring upon the pinions of genius from uncongenial employments into the regions of mighty enterprise and renown, though decorated with the loftiest titles, and burdened with wealth, were still regarded with contempt by the impoverished and undistinguished descendants of the Condés, the Guises, and the Montmorencies. Napoleon was fully conscious of this difficulty. In speaking of the subject at St. Helena, he said :

“ An aristocracy is the true, the only support of a monarchy. Without it, the state is a vessel without a rudder—a balloon in the air. A true aristocracy, however, must be ancient. Therein consists its real force, its talismanic charm. That was the only thing which I could not create. Reasonable democracy will never aspire to any thing more than obtaining an equal power of elevation to all. The true policy in these times was to employ the remains of the aristocracy with the forms and the spirit of democracy.

Above all, it was necessary to take advantage of the ancient historic names. It was the only way to throw the halo of antiquity over our modern institutions.

“My designs on this were quite formed, but I had not time to bring them to maturity. It was this: that every lineal descendant of an old marshal or minister should be entitled at any time to get himself declared a duke by the government upon proving that he had the requisite fortune; every descendant of a general or governor of a province to obtain the title of a count upon obtaining a similar endowment. This system would have advanced some, excited the hopes of others, awakened the emulation of all, without injuring any one. Pretty toys, it is true, but such as are indispensable for the government of men. Old and corrupted nations can not be governed on the same principles with those which are simple and virtuous. For one in these times who would sacrifice all to the public good, there are thousands and millions who are governed only by their interests, their vanity, or their enjoyment.

“To attempt to regenerate such a people in a day would be an act of madness. The true genius of the workman consists in making a right use of the materials which he has at his disposal, to extract good even from the elements which appear at first sight most adverse to his designs. There is the real secret of the revival of titles, ribbons, and crosses. And, after all, these toys are attended with few inconveniences, and are not without some advantages. In the state of civilization in which we are placed, they are proper to awaken the respect of the multitude, and not without influence in producing a feeling of self-respect in their owners. They satisfy the vanity of the weak, without giving any just cause of offense to the strong.”

The attempt to unite republican equality with imperial splendor is vain. But Napoleon was now involved in a labyrinth of events from which no finite wisdom could extricate him. That France was incapable of sustaining a true republic, ten years of anarchy had conclusively proved. But Napoleon was now gathering all power into his own hands, and surrounding himself with a proud hereditary aristocracy. Though he was disposed to consecrate all his energies to the welfare of the people, he was laying the foundations of a perfect despotism. He seems to have had some misgivings himself respecting the expediency of appointing an hereditary aristocracy.

O'Meara remarked to Napoleon at St. Helena that it had excited some surprise that he never gave a *dukedom in France* to any person, although he had created many dukes elsewhere.

He replied, “It would have created great discontent among the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals Duke of Bourgogne, it would have excited great alarm in Bourgogne. They would have conceived that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title. The nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal discontent, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to destroy the old. The greater part of those I created had sprung from the people. Every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke. I believe that I acted wrong in doing even this. It lessened that system of equality which

pleased the people so much. But if I had created dukes with a French title, it would have been considered as a revival of the old feudal privileges with which the nation had been cursed so long."

The power of Napoleon was absolute. Circumstances which he could not control rendered it necessary that it should be so. It was essential that he should be invested with dictatorial authority to repel the foes banded against the independence of France. Every intelligent man in France recognized this necessity. That Napoleon devoted this absolute power to the glory of France, and not to his own selfish indulgence, no one can deny. He says, with his accustomed glow of eloquence,

"I had established a government the most compact, carrying on its operations with the utmost rapidity, and capable of the most nervous efforts; and, truly, nothing less was required to triumph over the immense difficulties with which we were surrounded, and to produce the marvels which we accomplished. The organization of the prefectures, their action and results, were alike admirable. The same impulse was given at the same instant to more than forty millions of men. By the aid of these centres of local activity, the movement was as rapid at all the extremities as at the heart of the empire. Strangers who visited us were astonished at this system. They never failed to attribute the immense results which were attained to that uniformity of action pervading so great a space. Each prefect, with the authority and local patronage with which he was invested, was in himself a *little emperor*. Nevertheless, as he enjoyed no force but from the central authority, owed all his lustre to official employment, and had no natural or hereditary connection with the territory over which his dominion extended, the system had all the advantages of the feudal government without any of its inconveniences. It was indispensable to clothe them with all that authority. I found myself made dictator by the force of circumstances. It was necessary, therefore, that all the minor springs should be entirely dependent on, and in complete harmony with, the grand central moving power."

The efficiency of this government no one can question. That France was driven to its adoption by the incessant attacks of its foes can not be denied. That this alone enabled Napoleon for twenty years to triumph over the combined despots of Europe in arms against him, is equally beyond a doubt. France, in her peril, surrendered herself to a dictator in whom she reposed confidence, and invested him with absolute power. Nobly did Napoleon requite the trust. He concentrated every energy of his body and every thought of his soul to the promotion of the welfare of France. Wherever he erred, it was in the path of a lofty and a generous ambition.

His power was as absolute as that of Alexander; but the Czar was the monarch of the nobles, Napoleon the chosen sovereign of the people. The centralization of power was, however, appalling. The Emperor selected the members of the Council of State, the Senate, and the legislative bodies. He appointed all the officers in the army and the navy. The whole police of France, all the magistrates, the judges of all the courts; all persons connected with the customs, the revenue, and the excise; all the ministers of religion, the teachers in schools, academies, and universities, the postmasters, and all persons concerned in the administration of roads, public buildings, canals,

fortresses, &c., were either directly or indirectly subjected to the appointment of the Emperor.

One day Napoleon at St. Helena was reading the infamous memoir of his life by Goldsmith. He found himself there accused of every crime which a demon could perpetrate. Calmly laying down the book, he said,

"After all, let them abridge, suppress, and mutilate as much as they please, they will find it very difficult to throw me entirely into the shade. The historian of France can not pass over the Empire. If he have any honesty, he will not fail to render me my share of justice. The facts speak of themselves. They shine like the sun.

"I closed the gulf of anarchy and cleared the chaos. I purified the Revolution, dignified nations, and established kings. I excited every kind of emulation, rewarded every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory. This is at least something. And on what point can I be assailed on which an historian could not defend me? Can it be for my intentions? But even here I can find absolution. Can it be for my despotism? It may be demonstrated that the dictatorship was absolutely necessary. Will it be said that I restrained liberty? It can be proved that licentiousness, anarchy, and the greatest irregularities still haunted the threshold of freedom. Shall I be accused of having been too fond of war? It can be shown that I always received the first attack. Will it be said that I aimed at universal monarchy? It can be proved that this was merely the result of fortuitous circumstances, and that our enemies led me step by step to this determination. Lastly, shall I be blamed for my ambition? This passion I must doubtless be allowed to possess, and that in no small degree. But, at the same time, my ambition was of the highest and noblest kind that perhaps ever existed—that of establishing and consecrating the empire of reason, and the full exercise and complete enjoyment of all the human faculties. And here the historian will probably feel compelled to regret that such ambition should not have been fulfilled and gratified. This is my whole history in a few words."*

* "Collated with the eight hundred thousand sterling (\$4,000,000,000) of British debt, half of it created to put him down, it is one of the miracles of Napoleon that he waged all his enormous wars without contracting a debt or borrowing a cent, without discounting a note or using one not forthwith convertible into coin; and when expelled from the throne, left in the cellars of his palace a large sum—many millions in cash—economized from family show for public service. The imperial budget of France, when he ruled fifty millions of subjects, was little more than half of the royal budget when Louis Philippe reigned over thirty-four millions. The standard of probity was as much higher in Napoleon's time. Some years of peace were purchased by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. contracting debts to pay foreign governments for conquering, and their troops for occupying France, and to reimburse restored nobles for their estates confiscated, because they deserted and made war upon their country. Those debts are the crushing inheritance and the greatest difficulty of republicanized France, which Napoleon left at least partly free, and altogether clear of debt. Although it may be said that he supported France by the conquests which England, by successive coalitions, forced him to make, yet the abundance, regularity, and management of the national income and expenditures in his time, without an idea of what is now recognized as the science of political economy, without paper money and without debt, is a monument as amazing as his code of laws."—*Ingersoll's Second War*, vol. i., p. 157, second Series.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCENES IN PARIS.

Levee at the Tuileries—The little Boy—Address to the Council of State—Speech of the President—Visit of the Emperor to the Female School—Heroism of a young Lady—Advice to Jerome, King of Westphalia—Napoleon's Remarks at St. Helena—Testimony of Lockhart—Sir Richard Cobden.

THE 15th of August, 1807, Napoleon was thirty-eight years of age. A brilliant party was assembled at the Tuileries. It was an evening of surpassing loveliness. All Paris, intoxicated with enthusiasm, thronged the spacious garden of the palace. With loud acclamations they called for their sovereign. He repeatedly appeared in the balcony, holding the Empress by the hand, and surrounded by a brilliant group. Spontaneous bursts of applause from one hundred thousand voices greeted him whenever he appeared. Taking the arm of his faithful friend Duroc, Napoleon, in disguise, left the palace, and mingled with the groups crowding the garden. Every where he heard his name pronounced with gratitude and love. A little boy was shouting with transport, *Vive l'Empereur!* Napoleon caught the child in his arms. "Why do you shout in that manner?" said he. "My father and mother," replied the child, "taught me to love and bless the Emperor." Napoleon conversed with the parents. He found that they had fled from the horrors of civil war in Brittany, and had found employment and competence in Paris. With glowing hearts they testified to the blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France. The next day a present from the Emperor informed them to whom they had unbosomed their gratitude.

On the ensuing day, Napoleon, accompanied by his marshals, and followed by an immense concourse of people, met the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative Body. He thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen,—Since your last session, new wars, new triumphs, new treaties of peace have changed the political state of Europe. All nations rejoice with one accord to see the influence which England exercised over the Continent destroyed forever. In all that I have done, I have had in view solely the prosperity of my people, more dear in my eyes than my own glory. I am desirous for maritime peace. No resentment shall be allowed to interfere with this desire. But, whatever be the issue which the decrees of Providence have allotted to the maritime war, my people shall find me ever the same, and I shall ever find my people worthy of me. Your conduct, when your Emperor was more than fifteen hundred miles away, has heightened my esteem. The proofs of attachment which you have given me have excited my warmest emotions.

"I have contemplated various plans for simplifying and improving our institutions. I have created several imperial titles, to give new lustre to distinguished subjects, to honor eminent services by eminent rewards, and to



NAPOLEON AND THE CHILD.

prevent the revival of any feudal title incompatible with our Constitution. My Minister of the Interior will inform you of the public works which have been commenced or finished. But what remains to be done is of far greater importance. I intend that in all parts of my empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the prosperity of the citizen and the value of land shall be augmented by the effect of the general system of improvement which I have conceived. Gentlemen, your assistance will be necessary for me to arrive at this great result. I have a right to rely firmly upon it."

This speech was heard with deep emotion and applauded with transport. After Napoleon had retired, the President of the Legislative Body gave utterance to the almost unanimous sentiment of France in the following words:

"The picture set before our eyes seems to present the image of one of those pacific kings exclusively engaged in the internal administration of his

dominion. And yet all these useful labors, all these wise projects, were ordered and conceived amid the din of arms, on the furthest confines of conquered Prussia, and on the frontiers of threatened Russia. If it be true that, at the distance of five hundred leagues from the capital, amid the cares and the fatigues of war, a hero prepared so many benefits, how is he about to increase them by returning among us! The public welfare will wholly engage him, and his glory will be the more touching for it.

"He displaces, he contracts, he extends the boundaries of empires. All are borne away by his ascendancy. Well! this man, covered with so much glory, promises us still greater. Peaceable and disarmed, he will prove that this invincible force, which, as it runs, overturns thrones and empires, is beneath that truly royal wisdom which preserves states by peace, which enriches them by agriculture and industry, adorns them with master-pieces of art, and founds them everlastingly on the twofold support of morality and the laws."

Napoleon took great interest in the female school which he had established at Ecouen. He often made presents to the young ladies who distinguished themselves.

One day, on a visit, he found all the young ladies engaged in needle-work. After having addressed a few pleasant words to each of the classes, he playfully asked a bright-looking girl,

"How many needles-full of thread does it take to make a shirt?"

She archly replied, "Sire, I should need but one if I could have that sufficiently long."



NAPOLEON AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL

Napoleon was so pleased with the readiness of the reply, that he immediately gave a gold chain to the young lady. It became, of course, to her a priceless treasure. All the pupils of the school most enthusiastically loved the Emperor.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, an order was issued that every thing should be removed from the institution which could call to mind the *Usurper*. The gifts which the pupils had received from the Emperor were taken from them. But Miss Brouard kept her chain in her bosom. She had declared that she would part with it only with her life. One day a servant perceived it. The fact was reported to the principal. The chain was demanded. It was refused. She was reported to the higher authorities. The chain was again demanded. She replied, "It was the gift of the Emperor, and I will keep it, be the consequences what they may, till I die." She was imprisoned in the Hall of Correction, where she remained in solitude several days. Still she would not yield. The whole school was assembled together, and Miss Brouard, though a universal favorite, was expelled.

A short time after, one of the ladies of the Bourbon family, the Duchess of Angoulême, made a visit to the school. All the young ladies were ordered, as soon as she should enter, to shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" in honor of the Bourbon king. The duchess entered, and, to her utter consternation, was greeted with the unanimous acclaim, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Count de Lille, afterward Louis XVIII., then residing in Russia, made some movement indicative of a new conspiracy to recover the Bourbon throne. Alexander, that his good faith might not be suspected, communicated the fact, through General Savary, to Napoleon. The Emperor replied, "Thank the Emperor Alexander for the communication which he directed you to make to me. He is mistaken if he supposes that I attach the least importance to any thing that the Count de Lille can do. If he is tired of his residence in Russia, he may come to Versailles. I will make every necessary provision for him."

Napoleon was minutely informed of every thing that was passing in the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander, often the victim of wayward passions, had become so captivated by a beautiful woman, that all his time was absorbed in devotion to her. At the close of a letter of diplomatic instructions, Napoleon wrote to his minister,

"It is not a matter of indifference to me to observe the character of that man who was born a sovereign. A woman turns the head of the autocrat of all the Russias! All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour. Continue to acquaint me of every thing. Let me know the most minute details. The private life of a man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected."

After the marriage of Jerome with the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, as the young couple left Paris for their kingdom of Westphalia, Napoleon gave the following instructions to his brother:

"My brother, I think you ought to go to Stuttgart, as you have been invited thither by the King of Würtemberg. You will proceed thence to Cassel with all the pomp with which the hopes of your people will induce them to surround you. You will convoke the deputies of the towns, the ministers of all religions, the deputies of the states now existing, taking care that there shall be half not noble, half noble. Before that assembly, so composed, you will receive the Constitution and swear to maintain it.

"Appoint at first only half of your counselors of state. That number

will be sufficient for commencing business. Take care that the majority be composed of non-nobles, but without letting any one perceive this habitual caution to keep up a majority of the third estate in all offices. I except from this some places at court, to which, upon the same principles, the highest names must be called. But in your ministries, in your councils, if possible, in your courts of appeal, in your administrations, the greater part of the persons whom you employ should not be nobles. This conduct will go to the heart of Germany, and, perhaps, mortify the other class. It is sufficient not to use any affectation in this conduct. Take care never to enter into discussions, nor to let it be understood that you attach such importance to the advancement of the third estate. The avowed principle is to select talents wherever they are to be found.

“What is of particular consequence to me is, that you delay not in the least the introduction of the Napoleon Code. The happiness of your people is of importance to me, not only for the influence which it may have upon your glory and mine, but also under the point of view of the general system of Europe. Listen not to those who tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefits unthankfully. They are more enlightened in the kingdom of Westphalia than some persons would fain persuade you. Your throne will never be firmly founded but on the confidence and the love of the population. What the people of Germany desire with impatience is, that individuals who are not noble, and possess talents, should have an equal right to your consideration and to office; that every species of bondage, and all intermediate restrictions between the sovereign and the lowest class, should be entirely abolished.

“The benefits of the Napoleon Code, the publicity of law proceedings, the institution of juries, will be so many distinguished characteristics of your monarchy. And, if I must tell you my whole mind, I reckon more upon their effects for the extension and consolidation of that monarchy than upon the results of the greatest victories. Your people must enjoy a liberty, an equality, a prosperity unknown to the other people of Germany. This liberal government will produce, in one way or another, changes the most salutary to the system of the confederation and to the power of your monarchy. This mode of governing will be a stronger barrier to separate you from Prussia than the Elbe, than fortresses, than the protection of France. What people would be willing to return under the arbitrary Prussian government after it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The people of Germany, those of France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and require liberal ideas. It is now several years that I have directed the affairs of Europe, and I have had occasion to convince myself that the grumbling of the privileged classes was contrary to the general opinion. Be a constitutional king. If the reason and the intelligence of your times were not sufficient in your position, good policy would enjoin it.”

“It was the subject of my perpetual dreams,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “to render Paris the real capital of Europe. I sometimes wished it, for instance, to become a city with a population of two, three, or four millions—in a word, something fabulous, colossal, unexampled until our days, and with public establishments suitable to its population.

“Had Heaven but granted me twenty years and a little more leisure, ancient Paris would have been sought for in vain. Not a trace of it would have been left. I should have changed the face of France. Archimedes promised every thing provided he was supplied with a resting-place for his lever. I should have done as much, wherever I could have found a point of support for my energy, my perseverance, and my budgets. A world might be created with budgets. I should have displayed the difference between a constitutional emperor and a king of France. The kings of France have never possessed any administrative or municipal institution. They have merely shown themselves great lords, who ruined their men of business.

“The nation itself has nothing in its character but what is transitory and perishable. Every thing is done for the gratification of the moment and of caprice—*nothing for duration*. That is our motto; and it is exemplified by our manners in France. Every one passes his life in doing and undoing. Nothing is ever left behind. Is it not unbecoming that Paris should not possess even a French theatre, or an Opera House, in any respect worthy of its high claims?

“I have often set myself against the feasts which the city of Paris wished to give me. They consisted of dinners, balls, artificial fireworks, at an expense of two or three hundred thousand dollars, the preparations for which obstructed the public for several days, and which afterward cost as much to take away as they had cost in their construction. I proved that with these idle expenses they might have erected lasting and magnificent monuments.

“One must have gone through as much as I have in order to be acquainted with all the difficulties of doing good. If the business related to chimneys, partitions, and furniture for some individuals in the imperial palaces, the work was quick and effectual. But if it were necessary to lengthen the garden of the Tuileries, to render some quarters wholesome, to clean some sewers, and to accomplish a task beneficial to the public, in which some particular person had no direct interest, I found it requisite to exert all the energy of my character, to write six, ten letters a day, and to get into a downright passion. It was in this way that I paid out as much as six millions of dollars in sewers, for which nobody was ever to thank me. I pulled down a property of six millions in houses in front of the Tuileries for the purpose of forming the Carrousel and throwing open the Louvre. What I did is immense. What I had resolved to do, and what I projected, were still much more so.”

Some may suppose that the above account of Napoleon's administrative labors is the glowing eulogy of a friend. Read, then, the testimony of an English historian. Every page of Lockhart's *Life of Napoleon* bears the impress of his hostility to the mighty emperor against whom England waged such unrelenting warfare; and yet Lockhart is constrained to witness the following facts:

“Wherever the Emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely, perhaps, than other sovereigns of not half so great an empire did during years of profoundest peace. His dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in geometry or algebra. He carried this passion into every

department of affairs. Having with his own eye detected some errors of importance in the public accounts shortly after his administration began, there prevailed henceforth, in all the financial records of the state, such clearness and accuracy as are not often exemplified in those of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for every thing. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the Emperor's personal superintendence. The omnipresence of his police came in lieu, whenever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen.

"The Code Napoleon, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the Emperor labored personally, along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the Code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed, being drawn up by consummate skill and wisdom. It at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals.

"In the splendor of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general predominance to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for all domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon, in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honor to his service by their talents and diligence.

"He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuileries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns, and over all the ceremonies of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in the ante-chambers where kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great Emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office; Napoleon, as Emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few. His days were given to labor, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes the minutest details of arrangement, and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during those journeys, and his anxiety to promote, by any means consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of every French district, town, or even village."

Such was Napoleon as delineated by the pen of his enemies. Napoleon left no means untried to promote peace with England. He exhausted the arts of diplomacy and of conciliation to secure that end. There never was a greater historic error than to suppose Napoleon accountable for those long

wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Mr. Richard Cobden, with a candor highly honorable to his stern sense of justice, says,

“There is a prevalent and active belief among us that that war arose from an unprovoked and unjust attack made upon us; that we were desirous of peace, but were forced into hostilities; that, in spite of our pacific intentions, our shores were menaced with a French invasion.

“Now, so far is this from being a true statement of the case, it is, I regret to say, the very opposite of the truth. *I do not hesitate to affirm that nothing was ever more conclusively proved by evidence in a court of law than the fact, resting upon historical documents and official acts, that England was the aggressor in the last French war. It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees (if I may apply such a phrase to a nation) to avert a rupture with this country.*

“But, in truth, the originators of war never pretended that they were fighting for the liberties of the people any where. Their avowed object was to sustain the old governments of Europe. The advocates of the war were not the friends of popular freedom even at home. The Liberal party were ranged on the side of peace—Lansdowne, Bedford, and Lauderdale in the Lords, and Fox, Sheridan, and Grey in the Commons, were the strenuous opponents of the war. They were sustained out of doors by a small minority of intelligent men, who saw through the arts by which the war was rendered popular. But—and it is a mournful fact—the advocates of peace were clamored down, their persons and property left insecure, and even their families exposed to outrage at the hands of the populace. Yes, the whole truth must be told, for we require it to be known as some safeguard against a repetition of the same scenes. The mass of the people, then wholly uneducated, were instigated to join in the cry for war against France. It is equally true, and must be remembered, that when the war had been carried on for two years only, and when its effects had been felt in the high price of food, diminished employment, and the consequent sufferings of the working classes, crowds of people surrounded the king’s carriage as he proceeded to the Houses of Parliament, shouting ‘Bread! bread!—Peace! peace!’

“But to revert to the question of the merits of the last French war. The assumption put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war.”

CHAPTER XL.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH ALEXANDER.

England still rejects Peace—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Hopes of Peace blasted—Desires of Alexander—Communications with Caulaincourt—Proposed Conference—Decision of Napoleon respecting Turkey—Perplexity of Austria.

MUCH has been said respecting certain secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France. The two powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandise. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special ambassador to Turkey to endeavor to secure peace between that power and Russia. He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish empire. By these means she ere long roused Turkey again to war. The mediation of Russia with England was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality. Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers. Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark that, should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the powers of Europe must choose, in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St. James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereign of the seas, resolved by stealth to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbor of Copenhagen. Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 5000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted

of 25 sail of the line, 40 frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the



COPENHAGEN HARBOR.

Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately dispatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary

to secure the passage of the Sound and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French. He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that, in the mean time, the English would conduct as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal?"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair. The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets. As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

The English, having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements for the awful deed were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun until their furnaces were completed and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shot and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2d of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets burst

upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. The English waited



THE BOMBARDMENT.

a few hours, hoping that the chastisement had been sufficiently severe to induce the surrender. General Peymann, intrusted with the defense of the metropolis, gazed upon the spectacle of woe around him, his heart almost bursting with grief and indignation. He still maintained a firm and gloomy silence. The conflict in his bosom between the dictates of humanity and the pleadings of a high and honorable pride was terrific.

In the evening the English recommenced their fire. They kept it up all night, the whole of the next day, and the ensuing night. Two thousand of the citizens had now perished. Three hundred houses were burned to the ground. Two thousand dwellings had been blown to pieces by the shells. Half of the city was in flames. Several beautiful churches were in ruins. The arsenal was on fire. For three days and three nights those demoniac engines of death, exploding in the thronged streets, in churches, chambers, parlors, nurseries, had filled the city with carnage, frightful beyond all conception. There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars; bursting with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings. Happy were they who were instantaneously killed. The wounded, struggling hopelessly beneath the ruins, were slowly burned alive in the smouldering flames.

The fragments of shells, flying in every direction, produced ghastly mutilation. The mother, distracted with terror, saw the limbs of her infant torn from its body. The father, clasping the form of his daughter to his bosom, witnessed with a delirium of agony that fair form lacerated and mangled hideously in his arms. The thunders of the cannonade, the explosion of the shells, the crash of falling dwellings, the wide, wasting conflagration, the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, the shrieks of women and children, the pools of gore in parlors and on pavements, the mutilated forms of the dying and of the dead, presented a spectacle which no imagination can compass. General Peymann could endure this horrible massacre of women and children no longer. Copenhagen was surrendered to England.

The victors rushed into the city. Almost every house was more or less shattered. One eighth part of the city was in ashes. It required the utmost exertions of both friend and foe to arrest the conflagration. They found about fifty vessels, ships, brigs, and frigates, of which they immediately took possession. Two ships of the line upon the stocks were burned; three frigates were also destroyed. All the timber in the ship-yards, the tools of the workmen, and an immense quantity of naval stores, were conveyed on board the English squadron. From the ramparts and the floating batteries they took 3500 pieces of artillery. The prize money divided among the crew amounted, as estimated by Admiral Lord Gambier, to four million eight hundred thousand dollars. One half of the English crews were then put on board the Danish ships. The entire expedition, leaving the hapless metropolis of the Danes drenched with blood and smouldering with fire, made sail for the coast of England. With triumphant salutes and streaming banners of victory, the squadron, rich with the booty of this buccaneering expedition, entered the Thames. Such was the emphatic response which the cabinet of St. James gave to Napoleon's earnest appeal for peace through the mediation of Russia.

The Duke of Wellington had just returned from boundless conquests in India. At Copenhagen he commenced that European career which he afterward terminated so brilliantly at Waterloo. When the expedition returned to London, the *Iron Duke* received the thanks of Parliament for the skill and efficiency with which he had conducted the bombardment. Copenha-

gen and Waterloo! The day is not far distant when England will be willing to forget them both.*

In reference to this deed, there was but one sentiment throughout all Europe. Nowhere was it more severely condemned than in England. Distinguished members of both houses of Parliament, and the masses of the people, raised a loud cry of indignation. Lord Grenville, Addington, Sheridan, Grey, and others, most vehemently expressed their abhorrence. All idea of peace was now abandoned. England on the one hand, and Napoleon on the other, prepared for the most desperate renewal of the strife.

Russia was extremely anxious to wrest from the Turks the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia upon the Danube. She would thus make a long stride toward Constantinople. The Turks, unaided by other powers, could not prevent this conquest. Napoleon was reluctant to allow Russia to make such an advance toward the Empire of the East. With great hesitancy, he was at times half disposed, for the sake of securing the friendship of Alexander, to consent to this encroachment.

The British cabinet immediately dispatched a messenger to Alexander to endeavor to secure his favor by offering to aid him in obtaining these provinces. An envoy extraordinary was sent to Austria to dispose her to see with calmness Moldavia and Wallachia become the property of the Russians. The English ambassador at St. Petersburg endeavored to apologize for the affair of Copenhagen. He said that the British ministers had merely endeavored to deprive the common enemy of Europe of the means of doing mischief; that Russia ought to rejoice over the event instead of being irritated by it; that England relied upon Russia to bring back Denmark to a more just appreciation of the occurrence, and that the fleet should be returned to the Danes if Denmark would join against Napoleon. Alexander was indignant, and returned a haughty reply. Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries soon ceased.

Alexander immediately sent for General Savary, the envoy of Napoleon, and thus addressed him: "You know that our efforts for peace have ended in war. I expected it; but I confess I did not expect either the Copenhagen expedition or the arrogance of the British cabinet. My resolution is taken, and I am ready to fulfill my engagements. I am entirely disposed to

* "Sir Arthur Wellesley," say the Berkeley men in the *Napoleon Dynasty*, "had been recalled from the East Indies, where he had achieved all his fame hitherto by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation, in the height of his ambition, paled into insignificance. And here we will allow truth to arrest us for a single moment, while we enter our protest against any of the complaints of England or of English writers about the usurpations of Napoleon. For the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement, England has robbed more territory, taken more lives, confiscated more property, enslaved more men, and wrought wider and darker ruin on the plains of Asia, than Napoleon can ever be charged with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century. It is unholy mockery of truth, it is Puritanic cant, it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles. England began, under the administration of Pitt, the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through to maintain the position she had taken. It was all a costly and well-nigh a fatal mistake for England; and her historians have no business whatever to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who ventured to set limits to the proud empire of Britain." Strong and impassioned as is this utterance, it can not be controverted by facts.

follow that conduct which shall best suit your master. I have seen Napoleon. I flatter myself that I have inspired him with a part of the sentiments with which he has inspired me. I am certain that he is sincere. O that I could see him as at Tilsit—every day, every hour! What talent for conversation! What an understanding! What a genius! How much should I gain by living frequently near him! How many things he has taught me in a few days! But we are so far distant! However, I hope to visit him soon.”

Alexander requested permission to purchase muskets from the French manufactories. “I desire,” said he, “that the two armies, now destined to serve the same cause, may use the same weapons.” He also solicited permission to send the cadets who were to serve in the Russian navy to France for their education. These friendly expressions were accompanied by a magnificent present of furs for the Emperor Napoleon. “I wish to be his furrier,” said Alexander.

Napoleon was greatly embarrassed. The cordial friendship of Alexander gratified him. He perceived the intensity of desire with which this ambitious monarch was contemplating Constantinople and a mighty empire in the East. The growth of Russia threatened to overshadow Europe, and to subjugate the world. “Leaning upon the north pole,” with her right hand grasping the Baltic, and her left the Dardanelles, she might claim universal sovereignty. Nothing would satisfy Alexander but permission to march toward the East. Napoleon earnestly desired his friendship, but also feared to make concessions too dangerous for the repose of Europe.

He sent Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg as his confidential ambassador, informed him fully of his embarrassments, and urged him to do every thing in his power to maintain the alliance without encouraging the designs of Alexander upon the Turkish empire. That Caulaincourt might worthily represent the Great Nation, Napoleon allowed him the sum of 160,000 dollars a year, and placed in his suite several of the most distinguished young men of France. He also wrote a letter to Alexander, thanking him for his presents, and returning still more magnificent gifts of Sèvres porcelain. Denmark promptly threw herself into the arms of Napoleon. A strong division of French troops, at the solicitation of the Danish court, immediately entered Denmark for its protection.

Alexander himself, having been brought under the fascinations of Napoleon’s mind at Tilsit, was very enthusiastic in his admiration of his new ally. But the Russian nobles, having never seen the great enchanter, trembled at the advance of democratic freedom. The republican equality of France would elevate the serf and depress the noble. The Czar was willing that his haughty lords should lose a little of their power, and that his degraded serfs should become a little more manly. Hence there arose two parties in Russia: one, headed by the haughty queen mother, and embraced by most of the nobles, was for war with France; the emperor was at the head of the less numerous and the less influential peace party.

Caulaincourt, conscious of the hostility still existing in the bosoms of the Russian nobles toward Napoleon, sent an employé into the circles of the old aristocracy at Moscow to report to him what was said there. Freely the

nobles censured the sudden change at Tilsit, by which the young Czar had espoused the policy of France. War with England struck the commerce of Russia a deadly blow. Nothing, they said, could compensate for such sacrifices but obtaining possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon, however, they affirmed, will never allow Russia to take those fine provinces.

Caulaincourt immediately transmitted these particulars to Napoleon. He assured the Emperor that, notwithstanding the sincerity of Alexander, the court of Russia, deeply mortified, could not be relied upon. Napoleon pondered the question long and anxiously. The alliance of Russia was of vital importance. The aggressive power of Russia, overshadowing Europe with its gloom of despotism, was greatly to be dreaded. The Turks, having deposed, imprisoned, and finally put to death Sultan Selim, the friend of Napoleon, were now cutting off the heads of all who were in favor of alliance with France. The agents of England were busy in rousing the barbarian Turks. They did not hold themselves accountable for the excesses which ensued.

Napoleon was not much troubled with conscientious scruples about transferring the sovereignty of Turkish provinces to Russia. The only claims the Turks had to those provinces were claims obtained by fire and sword—by outrages, the recital of which causes the ear to tingle. The right of proud despots to rob a people of liberty and of happiness is not a very sacred right. Bad as was the government of Russia, the government of Turkey was still worse. Napoleon consequently did not hesitate to consent to the transfer of these provinces because he thought it would be wrong, but simply because he thought it would be impolitic. The Turkish government, waging now a savage war against him, and in alliance with England, his ever relentless foe, could claim from his hand no special protection. Napoleon could not, however, merely step aside, and let Turkey and Russia settle their difficulties between themselves. Turkey and England were now united as one power against France. The Turks, in defiance of Napoleon's mediation, had renewed the war against Alexander. France was consequently pledged by the treaty of Tilsit to unite her armies with those of Russia.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon proposed a conference with Alexander and with Francis of Austria, to consider the whole Turkish question. He also suggested a grand, gigantic enterprise of the three united powers, to cross the continent of Asia, and attack the English in the territories which they had invaded in India. Austria was deeply interested in this matter. Already she was overshadowed by the colossal empire of the North. To have the mouths of the Danube, the Mississippi of Austria, in the hands of the Turks, indolent as they were, was bad enough. The transfer of the portals of that majestic stream to the custody of her great rival, Russia, was to be resisted at all hazards. Alexander received the proposal of a conference with transports of joy. The acquisition of the coveted provinces would add to the glory of his reign, would immeasurably increase the prospective greatness of Russia, and would compel the nobles to a cordial approval of his alliance with France. So deeply was Alexander excited, that he read the letter of Napoleon with trembling eagerness. Caulaincourt, who had delivered to him the letter, was present.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alexander, again and again, as he read the welcome lines, "the great man! the great man! Tell him that I am devoted to him for life. My empire, my armies, are all at his disposal. When I ask him to grant something to satisfy the pride of the Russian nation, it is not from ambition that I speak. I wish to give him that nation whole and entire, and as devoted to his great projects as I am myself. Your master purposes to interest Austria in the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. He is in the right. It is a wise conception. I cordially join in it.

"He designs an expedition to India. I consent to that too. I have already made him acquainted, in our long conversations at Tilsit, with the difficulties attending it. He is accustomed to take no account of obstacles. Nevertheless, the climate and distances here present such as surpass all that he can imagine. But let him be easy. The preparations on my part shall be proportioned to the difficulties. We must come to an understanding about the territories which we are going to wrest from Turkish barbarism. This subject, however, can be usefully discussed only in an interview between me and Napoleon. As soon as our ideas have arrived at a commencement of maturity, I shall leave St. Petersburg, and go to meet your emperor at whatever distance he pleases. I should like to go as far as Paris. But I can not. Besides, it is a meeting upon business which we want, not a meeting for parade and pleasure. We might choose Weimar, where we would be among our own family. But even there we should be annoyed by a thousand things. At Erfurt we should be more free, more to ourselves. Propose that place to your sovereign. When his answer arrives, I will set out immediately. I shall travel like a courier."

Here originated the idea of the celebrated conference which was soon held at Erfurt. After many long interviews between the Russian minister and the French ambassador, two plans were addressed to Napoleon for his consideration. The one proposed but a partial division of the Turkish empire. The Turks were to be left in possession of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and of all their Asiatic possessions. Russia was to have the coveted provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, upon the left bank of the Danube, and Bulgaria upon the right. Austria, as a consolation for seeing the Colossus of the North take so long a step toward universal power, was to receive Serbia and Bosnia. Greece was to be emancipated from its Turkish oppressors, and placed under the protection of France. The second plan was bold and gigantic in the extreme. All of Europe and all of Asia Minor were to be rescued from Turkish sway.

Russia was to gratify her long and intensely-cherished ambition in taking possession of Constantinople and all the adjoining provinces on each side of the Bosphorus. Austria was to receive a rich accession to her territory in the partition. All of Greece, all the islands of the Archipelago, the Straits of the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt, were to be transferred to France. Such were the plans proposed by the Russian cabinet to Napoleon. It was not deemed prudent to affix any signature to a paper containing propositions of such startling magnitude. As the documents were placed in the hands of the French ambassador to be conveyed to Napoleon, Alexander, whose ambition was excited to its highest pulsations, said to him, "Tell

Napoleon that this note meets my full approbation. It is an authentic expression of the ideas of the Russian cabinet.”*

* This extraordinary document, so characteristic of the times, and of the illustrious personages then, by their position and energies, controlling the fate of Europe, we give in full, unaltered and unabridged.

“ Since his majesty, the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, &c., has recently adjudged that, in order to attain a general peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe, it would be expedient to weaken the Ottoman empire by the dismemberment of its provinces, the Emperor Alexander, faithful to his engagements and to his friendship, is ready to concur in it.

“ The first idea, which could not fail to present itself to the Emperor of all the Russias, who is fond of calling to mind the occurrences at Tilsit, when this overture was made to him, was, that the Emperor, his ally, purposed to proceed immediately to the execution of what the two monarchs had agreed upon in the treaty of alliance relative to the Turks; and that he added to it the proposal of an expedition to India.

“ It had been settled at Tilsit that the Ottoman power was to be driven back into Asia, retaining in Europe nothing but the city of Constantinople and Roumelia.

“ There was drawn at the same time this consequence, that the Emperor of the French should acquire Albania, and Morea, and the island of Candia.

“ Wallachia and Moldavia were next allotted to Russia, giving that empire the Danube for its boundary, comprehending Bessarabia, which is, in fact, a strip of sea-coast, and which is commonly considered as forming part of Moldavia. If to this portion be added Bulgaria, the Emperor is ready to concur in the expedition to India, of which there had been then no question, provided that this expedition to India, as the Emperor Napoleon himself has just traced its route, shall proceed through Asia Minor.

“ The Emperor Alexander applauded himself for the idea of gaining the concurrence of a corps of Austrian troops in the expedition to India, and as the Emperor, his ally, seemed to wish that it should not be numerous, he conceives that this concurrence would be adequately compensated by awarding to Austria Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, unless the Emperor of the French should find it convenient to retain a portion of them. There might, moreover, be offered to Austria a less direct but very considerable interest, by settling the future condition of Servia, incontestably one of the finest provinces of the Ottoman empire, in the following manner.

“ The Servians are a warlike people, and that quality, which always commands esteem, must excite a wish to regulate their lot judiciously.

“ The Servians, fraught with a feeling of just vengeance against the Turks, have boldly shaken off the yoke of their oppressors, and are, it is said, resolved never to wear it again. In order to consolidate peace, it seems necessary, therefore, to make them independent of the Turks.

“ The peace of Tilsit determines nothing in regard to them. Their own wish, expressed strongly and more than once, has led them to implore the Emperor Alexander to admit them into the number of his subjects. This attachment to his person makes him desirous that they should live happy and content, without insisting upon extending his sway. His majesty seeks no acquisition that could obstruct peace. He makes with pleasure this sacrifice, and all those which can contribute to render it speedy and solid. He proposes, in consequence, to erect Servia into an independent kingdom, to give its crown to one of the archdukes who is not the head of any sovereign branch, and who is sufficiently remote from the succession to the throne of Austria; and in this case it should be stipulated that this kingdom should never be incorporated with the mass of the dominions of that house.

“ This whole supposition of the dismemberment of the Turkish provinces, as explained above, being founded upon the engagements at Tilsit, has not appeared to offer any difficulty to the two persons commissioned by the two emperors to discuss together the means of attaining the ends proposed by their imperial majesties.

“ The Emperor of Russia is ready to take part in a treaty between the three emperors which should fix the conditions above expressed; but, on the other hand, having conceived that the letter which he recently received from the Emperor of the French seemed to indicate the resolution of a much more extended dismemberment of the Ottoman empire than that which had been projected between them at Tilsit, that monarch, in order to meet the interests of the three imperial courts, and particularly in order to give the Emperor, his ally, all the proofs of friendship and deference that are in his power, has declared that, without wanting a further diminution of the strength of the Ottoman Porte, he would cheerfully concur in it.

“ He has laid down as a principle of his interest in this greater partition, that his share of the

Upon receiving this communication, Napoleon peremptorily refused his assent to the latter plan. No consideration could induce him to permit Russia to take possession of Constantinople. He was ready to break the

increased acquisition should be moderate in extent or magnitude, and that he would consent that the share of his ally in particular should be marked out of much larger proportion. His majesty has added that beside this principle of moderation he placed one of wisdom, which consisted in not finding himself, by this new plan of partition, worse placed than he is at the present in regard to boundaries and commercial relations.

"Setting out with these two principles, the Emperor Alexander would see, not only without jealousy, but with pleasure, the Emperor Napoleon acquire and incorporate with his dominion, in addition to what has been mentioned above, all the islands of the Archipelago, Cyprus, Rhodes, and even whatever is left of the seaports of the Levant, Syria, and Egypt.

"In case of this more extensive partition, the Emperor Alexander would change his preceding opinion respecting the state of Servia. Studying to form an honorable and highly advantageous share for the house of Austria, he should wish that Servia should be incorporated with the mass of the Austrian dominions, and that there should be added to it Macedonia, with the exception of that part of Macedonia which France might desire in order to fortify her Albanian frontier, so as that France might obtain Salonichi. This line of the Austrian frontier might be drawn from Scopia to Orphane, and would make the power of the house of Austria extend to the sea.

"Croatia might belong to France or to Austria, as the Emperor Napoleon pleases.

"The Emperor Alexander can not disguise from his ally that, finding a particular satisfaction in all that has been said at Tilsit, he places, according to the advice of the Emperor, his friend, those possessions of the house of Austria between theirs, in order to avoid the point of contact, always so liable to cool friendship.

"The share of Russia in this new and extensive partition would have added to that which was awarded to her in the preceding plan, the possession of the city of Constantinople, with a radius of a few leagues in Asia; and in Europe, part of Roumelia, so as that the frontier of Russia, on the side of the new possessions of Austria, setting out from Bulgaria, should follow the frontier of Servia to a little beyond Solismick, and the chain of mountains which runs from Solismick to Tray-anpol inclusive, and then the River Moriza to the sea.

"In the conversation which has taken place respecting this second plan of partition, there has been this difference of opinion, that one of the two persons conceived that, if Russia were to possess Constantinople, France ought to possess the Dardanelles, or at least to appropriate to herself that which was on the Asiatic side. This assertion was contested, on the other part, upon the ground of the immense disproportion proposed to be made in the shares of this new and greater partition, and that even the occupation of the fort would utterly destroy this principle of the Emperor of Russia not to be worse placed than he now is in regard to his geographical and commercial relations.

"The Emperor Alexander, moved by the feeling of his extreme friendship for the Emperor Napoleon, has declared, with a view to remove the difficulty, 1stly. That he would agree to a military road for France running through the new possessions of Austria and Russia, opening to her a military route to the ports of Syria. 2dly. That, if the Emperor Napoleon wished to possess Smyrna, or any other port on the coast of Natolia, from the point of that coast which is opposite to Mytilene to that which is situated opposite to Rhodes, and should send troops thither to conquer them, the Emperor Alexander is ready to assist in this enterprise, by joining, for this purpose, a corps of his troops to the French troops. 3dly. That if Smyrna, or any other possession on the coast of Natolia, such as has just been pointed out, having come under the dominion of France, should afterward be attacked, not merely by the Turks, but even by the English, in hatred of that treaty, his majesty the Emperor of Russia will, in that case, proceed to the aid of his ally whenever he shall be required to do so.

"4thly His majesty thinks that the house of Austria might, on the same footing, assist France in taking possession of Salonichi, and proceed to the aid of that port whenever it shall be required of her

"5thly The Emperor of Russia declares that he has no wish to acquire the south coast of the Black Sea, which is in Asia, though, in the discussion, it was thought that it might be desirable for him.

"6thly The Emperor of Russia has declared that, whatever might be the success of his troops in India, he should not desire to possess any thing there, and that he would cheerfully consent that France should make for herself all the territorial acquisitions in India which she might think fit;

alliance, and to see that immense power again arrayed against him, rather than thus betray the liberties of Europe.

"Constantinople," said Alexander, "is the key of my house."

"Constantinople!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is the dominion of the world."

The possession of European Turkey will enable Russia to bid defiance to every foe. The Black Sea becomes a Russian harbor which no enemy can penetrate. How this conquest is to be prevented is now the great problem which agitates every cabinet in the Old World. The foresight of Napoleon anticipated this question. "In half a century," said he at St. Helena, "Europe will become either Republican or Cossack." Republican equality was entombed at St. Helena. Europe now promises to become Cossack.

Austria was in great perplexity. She dreaded the liberal opinions which France was every where diffusing. She was inconsolable for the loss of Italy. She was intensely mortified by the defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz. She was much alarmed by the encroachments of Alexander, her great rival. On the other hand, she was unable to contend against France, even with Russia as an ally. How, then, could she resist France and Russia combined? England, always unpopular, had become absolutely odious to Europe by her conduct at Copenhagen. Yet through England alone could Austria hope to regain Italy, and to retard the appalling growth of Russia. Napoleon was perfectly frank in his communications with the court of Vienna. There was no occasion for intrigue. He sincerely wished to unite Austria and Russia with France, that, upon perfectly equitable terms, peace might be forced upon England. He desired nothing so much as leisure to develop the resources of France, and to make his majestic empire the garden of the world. Weary of contending, with all Europe against him, he was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of peace. "England," said he, "is the great enemy of peace. The world demands repose. England can not hold out against the strongly expressed unanimity of the Continent."

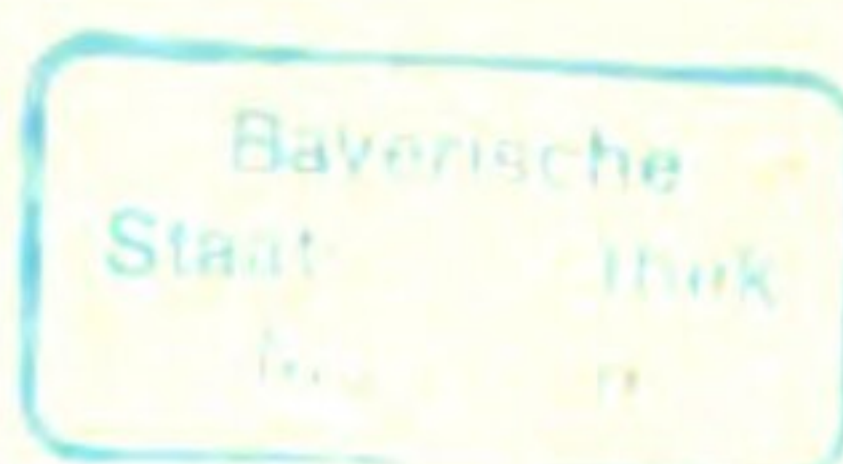
The Austrian court, never frank and honorable, with much hesitancy joined the Continental alliance. An envoy was dispatched to the court of St. James with two messages. The one was public, and for the ear of Europe. It declared that France, through the mediation of Russia, had proposed equitable terms for peace; and that, if England now refused peace, all nations must combine against her. The other message was secret and deceitful. It stated that Austria, left alone upon the Continent, could not resist France and Russia. There was a little blending of magnanimity in the addition that England ought to think of peace; that if she still persisted

and that it should be likewise at her option to cede any portion of the conquests which she might make there to her allies.

"If the two allies agree together in a precise manner that they adopt one or the other of these two plans of partition, his majesty the Emperor Alexander will have extreme pleasure in repairing to the personal interview which has been proposed to him, and which could, perhaps, take place at Erfurt. He conceives that it would be advantageous if the basis of the engagements that are to be made there were previously fixed with a sort of precision, that the two emperors may have nothing to add to the extreme satisfaction of seeing one another but that of being enabled to sign without delay the fate of this part of the globe, and thereby, as they purpose to themselves, to force England to desire that peace from which she now keeps aloof willfully and with such boasting."

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